

PHONE LOSERS OF AMERICA

by
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Phone Losers of America
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Foreword by Rob Vincent



I am grateful for the accomplishments of TLO. Standing on their shoulders, I have not only been able to get up, I understand their intentions toward my idea of life, perfect now! — Vincent

It was a late summer night, sometime in the mid 90s. Dressed in dark clothes, backpack slung over my shoulders, I snuck out the window of my bedroom. From my back yard I headed across lawns to my friend's rooftop, the high one with many rooms in a building a world of telephones lines belonging to businesses which had closed and emptied for the day. There was a convenient fire escape running from the ground straight up to the roof, and no one noticed anyone within view. I reached the roof, looked my cheap plastic phone up by starlight, and dialed a string of digits I knew by heart.

The phone ringing started me with a start as a strong cooling draft. A, yeah, yeah I'd come to know well, needed a deep "Hello?"

"Curtis?" I responded clearly, as a note the called party had grown to know equally well. This ringing string of seven words was constant.

Edison came across the Phone Lines of America as text files on Lillies a year or so earlier. In the mid '80s, the BBS scene was still desperately trying to be all cool, and underground and exclusive. Coolest text files which mostly looked and sounded like, wrapped what equal information they had in an air of forced mystery. All we are super elite and we give you with the magic info because we are so much smarter and cooler than you.¹

Smart, I could have believed. I was a cool newbie and knew it, but I also knew I definitely wasn't cooler than very many people. I was the quiet, brooding, under-30, nerdy kid with sexual anxieties in the back of the classroom who read *2000* and listened to *Off the Hook*. Cool² was something that happened to other people, most of whom enjoyed looking the crap out of me for being different, or shy

would my fellow youth write me "long pending" otherwise what was exactly our own world? That whole act struck me as really dull, stupid, and unconvincing.

Every so often, though, I'd find a life with a sense of humor. Something that spoke my language, learned of living as unconvincing. Every culture got, the author was obviously having some demand for a change, and his life seemed to be an endless quest to amuse himself and others. These were the ones I'd come to look people point me to hard copy, and read often. It didn't take me too long to recognize that most of these really cool like were from a zone called "Post-Modern of America". They actually labeled themselves "lovers" "chickens" and "cows". How great was that? To a book like me, pretty fucking great!

The writer, Rodolfo Cheluppo, didn't just focus on plants and books, though. The P.L.A. zone was a pretty mix of jokes, puns, creative adventures, endless pun sequences involving some guy named Ray, and a certain kind of theory about plants, and guides to the exact sort of unresponsive behavior I'd taken up to promote what passed for my highest study. RCP celebrated the angry and demand right alongside my own twisted sense of humor, and taught stupid tech tricks while he was at it.

By day, I might have been too much of a loser to stop the "useful" kind from making my life hell, but by night I was just enough of a sleeper to make sure their phone kept mysteriously waking morning. Their method was over-stuffed with magazine subscriptions, so their cable-bill was loaded with expensive pornography for their movies.

When you're a miserable kid who feels like nothing makes sense and the entire world is against you, you start to realize it usually is that way and learn, some day in adulthood. Using my growing skill set to accomplish the petty acts of destructive teenage energy appeared teenage dreams about. I was able to have the last laugh in my own, silly head. It was more than that, though. Lying on that rooftop, looking up at the stars, with endless possibilities at my fingertips as my study skills, engineering, and parents became things I could actually make work for me. I felt like I was finally part of a world which could be a fun and entertaining place, and in which my taking part made some damn sense.

Eventually, I grew up a little. School ended. I became presentable to an adult, and a better willing to pursue a life of petty crime. Without my former peers to worry about, I had a chance to finally live life on my own terms and develop my own opinions of what was "cool." For example, I rediscovered how fascinating the tech and relevant worlds were on their own right, when I wasn't just focusing on what I could run from them toward irresponsible ends. No longer set to make a point on the run or a criminal of myself, I realized I'd always be a hacker.

Fast forward 17 years or so. Things have certainly changed around here. Through growing up

with the PLA, I built up the courage to get out of the dorm house and start attending 3600 meetings. Finding words in which I truly believed led me to finally figure out how to deal with other people, a skill which I hope I had some or possibly is developing better. Taking an active role in leader matters and meeting like-minded people turned out to be great friendships, as well as my involvement with leader conferences and OOT the Week. Meeting members that share values in the ever-evolving leader community has become one of the driving forces in my life. Against everything I was expected, my creative projects have actual substance! I'm living the sort of life I've always wanted to, surrounded by a the better crowd of wonderful people than I ever could have asked for. My world is still an amazingly fun place, and I don't see how any of this would have happened were it not for what those crazy test files and their weekly stats and guggles did for me half my lifetime ago. There are the tales you can find yourself holding in the form of a book by my brilliant friend David Corbin, BACP himself.

Monday's three separate phone calls I was going to suck into and mumble in and merge from are about to die. I've matured into something into a reasonably responsible adult. For more interested in learning, teaching, and getting a laugh than endlessly breaking stuff. But if someone really remembers, as it is into the mysterious future you find yourself with access to a certain stream of information/data, don't be disappointed if it develops to a more surprising way even still cheerfully asking some corresponding lesson-the stated question.

“Cantor?”

Rob T. Pirelli

Rob Vincent

New York USA, September 2018

Leaving



"One Sunday morning I started knowing the P&L, glancing on my laptop. Within two minutes I was convinced the spreadsheet results on electricity use. But I kept coming, peeling at the computer to keep looking at the electricity – all the way from electricity. If that's not cool, then I understand what it. Thanks P&L! – Cam

My life abruptly changed the night I lit my first dread die in a greenhouse phone phreaking session. The session wasn't exactly my fault, but I kind of assumed that the whole thing would be trivial as one since I was there, and did nothing about it. So I punched and I ran away. Looking back, I realize I could have handled it differently – but that is what I did wanted.

It began in the Spring of 1999 in Cambridgeville, Illinois. It was around 7 o'clock in the morning, and I sat upon a half inch stranger's back yard area looking the back of the phone company building. My job was to keep a lookout as my partner in crime, Doug, managed around as a dispatcher and to the building. We were behind the Illinois Bell building where they parked all the phone-company vans and stored a few old broken phone booths. It wasn't a fenced in area, but it should have been. It is wonder that any phone-company would leave their dispatcher walk open like they did. Phone phreaks had been using the "walk" fence as dispatchers for decades to acquire confidential information from the phone companies, yet every time better looking their dispatchers even today.

Sometimes we would both climb into the dispatcher gate-a few steps and throw them in my car. Then we would take the first home and walk through it for anything valuable. Doug liked to find passwords and phone numbers to numbers so he could log in and attempt to gain access to Illinois Bell's computer. I was more into just the volume of having secret phone-company names and other papers.

Employee-name sheets and records were boring, but they were useful when we wanted to call Illinois Bell and impersonate an employee there. Since we had their employee number or technicians ID

cells, they had little resources aside me too.

Sometimes we would find huge amounts full of customers' personal passwords and phone numbers. The bus crew would walk these, we would set up an open public mailbox, we could completely take over someone else's bus by changing their password and locking them out, or we could silently watch a bus, checking a person's messages and even taking someone's laptop to them.

Tonight we were doing things a little differently. Dong was sitting at the dumpster, sorting through papers and looking for anything good while I sat inside a tree, keeping an eye out for anyone who might arrive. Police would sometimes make the parking lot and sometimes employees would occasionally venture outside for a cigarette break, so it was good to know when to keep still and wait for them to leave. We kept in touch with a couple of Radio Shack walkie talkies. I was tired and was only half listening as I cranked up Love and Rockets on my Sony walkman.

"Aha, are you there?" I heard Dong ask through the walkie talkie.

"Yeah, I'm here. Are you almost done? I've been sitting here for almost an hour."

"Five minutes tops. I've found something here that you'll like," he replied. "Keep a lookout when I get out."

"Sure!" I said as I turned my walkman back up and lay down on the grass, staring at the full moon and the clouds rushing past it. Over the ring ended I would sit back up and grin (though the old chair is almost wet). Right about that time most often here when the garbage truck started pulling up.

By the time I sat up, I was horrified to see it holding the dumpster in the air with its giant metal forks, shaking the dumpster violently. I stood up and screamed for the driver to stop, but he didn't hear me. From my walkie talkie I could hear Dong yelling my name. As the garbage fell out of the dumpster and into the back of the truck his voice turned into static.

I dove down my walkman and walkie talkie and began rushing down the hill and towards the truck, hoping that I could stop them from crushing Dong, then, but by the time I jumped down onto the pavement, the garbage truck was already pulling away, across the street.



"WAIT! STOP!" I screamed as loud as I could but the driver didn't hear me. I ran down the street and after the truck for several blocks hoping to catch up to it and jump on. But it never made it.

Any moron would have to immediately call the police. The police could have stopped the truck whenever it went and gotten to Doug. But how would that conversation go?

"You officers are real my friend were working together to steal phone company money when out of nowhere this garbage truck shows up."

The problem with getting the police involved was that Doug and I had caused so many problems in the past with our phone antics that the police were sure to place it all together if they knew what we were up to. The police had been called because of our activities so many times over the past couple of years, yet they'd never managed to figure out that a couple of misanthropic, nearly high school kids were responsible. In my panic, I was only thinking of my self and the trouble I would be in. I chose my own freedom over Doug's life.

Doug was surely dead by now anyway. The crushing mechanism would have gone to work immediately after the truck was dumped, right? I had to live it, Doug was dead and I was sorry to blame for it. My whole future was completely screwed off I told anyone. And what if I didn't tell anyone? Would they ever find his body? Surely it would come back online somehow. We were best friends after all. How could I look anybody in the eye and tell them I didn't know where he was?

So I ran. I ran back to the Wilsons Ball building and up the hill to gather my backpack and my walkman. I eyed my walkman tiller, which was still lying on the ground. Should I even try? It was a 5 watt CB walkman tiller so if Doug was still alive he would still be on-air.

"Doug?" I said nervously into the walkman tiller. "Are you there, Doug?"

Nothing but noise. I sat there, looking on as I began to realize the severity of the situation and that I would never talk to Doug again. I threw the window sashes against the side of a garage and watched it break into several pieces. A bright light burst on as the window shatter so I quickly grabbed my backpack and headed towards my car, which was parked a few blocks away.

If the police stopped me on the way to the car I wouldn't have been capable of lying to them. I'd confess everything. I'd tell them that we'd been reading phone company trash and I watched my best friend get crushed to death and I did nothing to prevent it. Then we'd been tapping into various neighbor's phone lines for years to avoid long distance charges to computer bulletin board systems. That our whistleblowing had been listed in the paper on many times that Doug began keeping a scrapbook of the articles. But I wasn't stopped by anyone. I climbed into my car and began to drive towards my house in steady silence.

A million thoughts and questions raced through my head during the 30 minute drive. Should I just go home and sleep as if nothing happened? Should I go to school in the morning? How long would it take before authorities or parents or teachers came to me asking about Doug? What were the chances of his body even being found? Wouldn't they just dump all the trash into some bag and nobody would ever see it? What would happen if I just confessed to everything? I'd end up in jail for sure. If not for Doug's death, they'd kick me out living at the phone company dumpster somewhere with all the other things that we'd done over the past several years.

Driving into my home there was nothing compared to all the chaos and panic since we started pilfering around with the phone company. There were too many newspaper articles to count that we'd been responsible for. And half of an illegally kept clippings of every one of them. How was I supposed to get those articles out of Doug's room? Once they decided that Doug was really missing, they would find a whole lot of headlines reading things like "Local Teenager His Wife \$100,000 Phone Bill" and "Pay Phone Stuffing Someone At Large" and up personal freedoms, "Warden Opening Phone Lines: Raising Up Big Charges". That was just the stuff that actually made the papers. There were countless headlines that had to have been investigated at some point.

As I got within a few blocks of my home I switched off the ignition and headlights of my '79 Dodge Dart, waiting down the street and through a few stop signs. This was to avoid making my parents watch my loud engine or the backfiring that sometimes occurred when I switched it off. I walked to a stop in front of my house and headed for the frontmost window, which I'd left unlocked. My parents weren't too much about me leaving the house so late into the night so I'd found it easiest just to come and go quietly through the windows.

By the time I'd gotten home I decided that I would leave. Not only leave the house but the state. I

could mean a death trap for my parents telling them I had run away and everyone would just assume that Doug came with me. Doug absolutely loved his parents and fought with them constantly whenever I visited his house. In a way I was saving his family a lot of grief I conceived. They'd be much better off thinking Doug had run away with me instead than knowing he was sitting away at the bottom of a nearby landfill.

Running away was something I had wanted to do for a long time. Not to run away from any problems really, but just to get out and see some more of the world and have a little more freedom. And since a few out of thirty-something years in a kid, I really kinda I saw much of the world and I wanted to experience more. I wasn't too terribly close with my parents. I was doing horrible in school and my best friend was never dead. So what was left to stay for?

Earlier in the year my girlfriend and I had been making plans to drive a '67 hard down to Texas and live. She was set on moving to an island called Galveston, which was 1 hour far from Houston. I'm not sure if we would have really gone through with it or not, but we spent a lot of time planning it. Our year-long relationship ended just a few months before, so maybe I could just make the trip there myself? I had no idea what Texas had to offer but it had to be at least a little cooler than Ohio. Besides, so I figured I'd head south and see what happened.

I wanted to travel as light as possible, but ended up making about twenty trips to my car. Piling up it with all kinds of stuff I thought would come in handy. Like hundreds of cassette tapes and if I had no drive for a few days then I may as well have my music. I ended up bringing about half of my clothes, my laptop computer with about 100 floppy disks, phone equipment, phone, a travel kit, books full of local weather information and pictures on the phone companies that I'd collected over the years. And, of course, I gathered up all the newspaper articles related to our activities, just to make sure that nobody else would find them.

I packed a quick note on the kitchen table which simply said "Mom it had" among words. It is worth noting. Also, I was careful to leave out the word "I" so they could take the note to mean "Doug and I are moving south" whatever Doug heard up missing. I was afraid if they'd even notice the note sitting on the table covered with old mail, newspapers and papers. It could be days before they even noticed I was gone once I was beyond that place.

I stopped by a little grocery store to grab my paycheck from the money store I worked at. I didn't want my manager calling my parents or the authorities that I ended up but didn't go. Three days later I was off. It was 7 a.m. and the day was just beginning to light up. I had no idea how I was going to drive all day since I hadn't slept the night before, but somehow I managed to go on and the next morning. I spent most of the day driving and finally stopped at a rest stop somewhere in

Mississippi, parking my car and almost immediately falling asleep on the front seat.

I ended up arriving in Galveston, Texas early the next day. I'd slept off's good 4 hours or so on the car's day and spent a few more hours just hanging out, relaxing and relaxing before hitting the road again. I was dead tired when I got into Galveston, but still managed to throw myself around the island for most of the day, checking out the sites and learning where everything was. Spending my entire life in a small, Midwestern community really made me appreciate a place like Galveston. Seeing all the beaches, cool shops and palm trees was quite a culture shock for me.

Around 11:00 pm that night, as it started to get dark, I pulled my car into a grocery store parking lot, locked my car and went into a deep, dreamless sleep. I worried that the police would notice the store that noticed I was only 17 years old and then send me back to Illinois. I couldn't think to sleep on a road, though. As I woke up later during the night I noticed there were several other cars, vans and RVs parked around the store, quite out of the parking lot. I then learned that they were also sleeping on their cars every night, so I decided to keep sleeping there and I stayed some nights.

You'd think this story would continue in a story, chronological format, telling you exactly what happened after I covered up the death of my best friend. But no. Instead I'm going to tell you all about the Place Layers of America, better known as the PLA, in a completely hypothetical fashion. Those of you who know about the PLA will recognize the themes and stories in this book. Those of you who are new should prepare to enter the bizarre world of the PLA, where you'll find your instincts on life severely altered and you'll never look at a telephone the same way again. Just keep reading and it will all make sense to you eventually.

Dean and his Cordless Phone



"The walls are high and I'm crying. A hope of heaven Dean is left and I hope across the distance. The distance something good is happen. Whenever you are ill me. I hope you are thinking a love and shelter." ~ Dean in Helsinki

In early 1990, after living for a month in Austin so that I could attend a fashion conference called *HotHotCool*, I took a train again (back) to visit my parents for a few weeks. I hadn't seen them in over a year at the point, and had a good time catching up with them and seeing some old friends. I'd taken up residence in their city, and I spent most of my evenings calling my multipointed-line from hotel systems and watching television, just killing time and chatting with friends before I headed back to Texas.

On the evening that this story took place, I was watching local cordless phone channels on my new *Saturn* scanner that I'd just purchased a few weeks earlier in Austin. Throughout the 1990s, it was easy to pick up cordless phone conversations from several blocks away with just about any police scanner.

After buying the scanner, my friend Zaki, who was in Austin with me for the conference, spent hours listening to a message get left on her cordless phone and interlarded with her conversations by calling up her friends and saying crazy things to them. To me it seemed like a brain loop forward to Greek calling when we could listen to the cordless phone near-call up everyone and flip out over this or my parents they were receiving.

As I sat on the couch, watching television and scanning the cordless phone channels, I suddenly heard a loud noise on my scanner and someone slowly picking back noise. I turned the TV down and the scanner up. The signal was coming in really loud and clear, which meant that the radio was very close to me. A girl answered the phone with the voice of a local hospital: "don't call!" Then a Sam on may I help you?"

The next on the cordless phone didn't seem to really need anything from Sharon, but just wanted to

chair. After listening to the conversation for a few minutes, I heard Sharon refer to him as Dave and it seemed that they were a married couple. Sharon seemed like a normal enough person, but there was something wrong to the way she'd be quiet and she'd say things he said.

It didn't take long for me to notice that Dave wasn't very bright. He was always making a Math error and would forget whether he needed to or not. He was always upset about small things and never seemed to be happy. All he did was complain to Sharon as she tried her best to comfort him. It was easy to come up with a mental picture of a disheveled Dave wearing an old flannel shirt and covering his greasy, stringy shoulder-length hair with a Winter cap.

As the conversation went on, he began yelling at Sharon, telling her that something was wrong with the television and that there was nothing good to eat in the house. Meanwhile, I was climbing through the phone book, looking for the phone number of the hospital that Sharon worked at. I found it just as Dave was making a comment about wanting to beat Sharon's car when she got home from work, but then told her that he was just kidding. I quickly dialed the hospital and found Sharon's phone ringing in the background as Dave continued to rant and rave.

Hold on, Dave, I've got another phone call. She put her car hold and switched over to me. "Hey, Sharon," I said to her. "You better be careful. I think he's going to put you and he might actually hurt you tonight."

Before I could even hang up on her, she clicked back over to Dave and said, "Dave, I just got the worst phone call. She told him about my call and they tried to figure out how that could have happened. I don't like it. I don't like these things from now they were now nothing on a problem as a team instead of yelling at each other. My single phone call had been more effective than any message counselor could have been. In the end, they concluded that some guy named Matt must be responsible for making us get the Matt character in trouble. I immediately called the hospital back and told Sharon that I definitely wasn't Matt."

Dave hung up! Somebody's listening to our conversation! It was that guy and he said that he's not Matt!

Hold? Dave replied.

The guy that we've been talking about just now. She sounded as if she were explaining to a small child. "He just called my back and told me that he's not Matt. That means that he must be listening to our conversation somehow."

Hey, if there's some devil out there listening, why don't you call me, you checkmate himself! 352-3446 you little dick. Dave yelled loudly into the phone, hoping that whoever was listening would hear that.

I could tell that this was going to be even more fun than the get we had had the night before, so I called up Zak, who had the luxury of three-way calling on his line. I explained to him what was happening and that Dene had just given me his phone number, so we called him up and we both gave him a piece of our minds.

"Listen here, you little punk," Dene yelled. "I'll give you a hundred dollars if you come over here and show your face instead of hiding behind your fuckin' phone!"

"Would that be cash or food stamps, sir?" was Zak's hilarious reply.

"Hey, fuck you! Come on over here and show your face!"

"If we come over will you give us a beer?" I asked Dene.

"Yeah. I'll give you a beer. Come over and we can all drink a beer."

"But then you'll kick my ass."

"No, I won't kick your ass. Just come on over here and show your face."

As easily as Dene was being, we didn't call the cops, and Zak finally hung up the phone on him so we could listen to him yell up there at his abductor. He called up several of his friends afterwards, telling them about our phone calls and asking if they had any idea who it could be. We wanted to make things a little more exciting for Dene, so we decided to send the police to his house. I had a college phone that was registered to anyone's name, so I could dial 911 and they would have no idea where the call was coming from.

"911, what's your emergency?"

"Yeah, this man here pushed me the back of the street in my car and I'm watching these kids break into some guy's house here. They're all going into the basement window and they've got flashlights.

Alright, what address is being broken into?" the 911 operator asked and I gave him Dene's address, which Dene had given to us so that we could come over to collect our RDS and drink a beer with him. He lived across the street from my parents' and I had a perfect view of his house from one of the attic windows.

I turned off the attic light and watched by the window, waiting for the excitement to begin. Luckily, Dene lived just down the street from the neighborhood donut shop, so these police cars were there in a matter of minutes. Two of them began shining their spotlights all over his house. While all of this was happening, we were listening to Dene talk to some guy on the phone about us. Suddenly he noticed the spotlights shining into the window and exclaimed, "Fuck! Hold on a minute!" so he ran outside to talk to the police.

Zak and I spent the next hour just listening to all the phone calls that Dene made. He called his wife at work and told her about everything that had happened with the police. Then he called up a

David and told her the same story, only this time making things up so that it was even more interesting. He asked her friend if he could borrow his father's ID box so that he could see who is calling him and the friend had to explain to him that it doesn't work like that and Dago would have to subscribe to the caller ID service with the phone company. This wouldn't do him much good anyway, given Zak's continuous habit of always blocking his number with *67 before making anything.

An things became boring and repetitive in the Dago household. I once again whipped out my Motorola flip-phone and made a collect call to Dago's house. When Dago answered, the operator told to him "This is the Ameritech Cellular operator. I have a collect call from a Ray David. The charges are approximately \$4.95 per minute. Will you accept the charges?"

For some reason, the idea of having to pay for harassing phone calls to himself upset Dago and he refused the charges for calling circumstances at the operator until she hung up. Then Dago immediately dialed back over to his friend to tell him what had just happened. It was such a bonus in profit, calling, getting to have an good direct, usually have spent no more making our visits.

Zak pulled a random name out of his telephone book and dialed the number for me, which happened to belong to a man named David Vaughn. By this time, it was just midnight.

"Hello?" a sleepy Mr. Vaughn answered.

"Hi, this is the Ameritech Messaging Service. I need. I have an area proxy settings for you. Do you have a pin or pass?"

"Uh, hold on a second," he said. "Okay, go ahead."

"Is this pin or is it a pass you have?" I asked.

"What?"

Never mind. The message says that you need to call the phone number. It's 313-4-666. And that's an emergency and you need to call here as soon as possible."

"Okay. Thank you," Mr. Vaughn replied.

"Thank you for using Ameritech."

Less than a minute later, Dago's cordless phone began ringing in my earpiece. He immediately picked up when he picked up the phone and exclaimed, "What?" at Mr. Vaughn.

"Unlike someone just called here saying that I need to call you," Mr. Vaughn explained. Supposedly, Dago actually believed what Mr. Vaughn was telling him, so he explained the entire situation to Mr. Vaughn in great detail. It was also clear that Mr. Vaughn just wanted to hang up the phone and go back to sleep. It drag on and on with Dago making him all kinds of questions.

"Do you have a cordless phone?" Dago asked him.

No," Mr. Vaughn replied.

"Do you have Caller ID?"

"No."

"Okay. Do you have a cellular phone?" Dave was unable to pronounce the word cellular correctly and it came out more like collage. Zak and I would burst into laughter each time he attempted the word.

"No. Whoever called me was some guy from Akron, Ohio. It was a local."

"Did he say anything about Ray?" Dave asked.

"Uh... no, he said he was from the American's Message Service and he had a message for me."

"Do you live here in Akron?"

"No. I live in Wood River. I don't know where they got my number."

"Well, my number's in the phone book. They call me and all they can do is sit there and play little games with me. And I told 'em, hey, come down here and I'll give you a hundred dollars to see your face. I just wanted me to see the hell you are. They say that they live here and live near to China something but I don't even know if that's true or not."

Zak and I continued to laugh hysterically together at all of Dave's silly questions and at poor little Vaughn who was too polite to just hang up on Dave and go back to sleep. We repeated the same trick several times, introducing our selves as various messaging services with names like the Geo-Geo Relay Message Company. Dave apparently starved for companionship, would keep them on the phone as long as he could, telling them all about us and the every night of peak calls that he was having. And he always asked them if they had caller ID, hoping that maybe they'd caught our phone number. That gave us a great idea - on Zak called Dave's house.

"Hello?" he said to me.

"Uh... yeah. I just got a call from some thing called the Kwik-Air Relay Service and I'm supposed to call you or something?" I said in a confused voice.

"Okay, let me explain to you what's going on. There's these kids..." And Dave gave me a lengthy rant about the problems he'd been dealing with. When he asked if I had caller ID, I told him that I did which really excited him. Caller ID was a relatively new technology in 1995 and not too many people had it yet. Dave thought he'd finally located me, finding someone who actually had caller ID and could reveal the identity of the producers once and for all. So he asked if I could check the caller ID for him and who-called him.

"Okay, hold on, let me get up..." I said. "Alright, you want the number that's on here?"

"Yeah?" Dave could hardly contain his excitement.

"It's 611-593-0511."

He thanked me and we both hung up. He immediately called the number I gave him, not realizing it was the number of some guy Zak and I had been messing with for the past year named Chris McCaff. Chris had answered "Hello?" in a sleepy voice and Dano yelled at him "I got your number, you mother fucker!"

Chris did just as he was silently, not really knowing what to think as Dano continued to yell at him. After about a minute, he finally hung up on Dano. And before Chris checked his cell-phone phone off, we could hear him happily saying, "Ho ho, you little punk, I know who you are!"

As soon as he hung up, Zak called Chris back.

"Hello?"

"I don't think you or yours got a record contact anytime soon with that voice." Zak told him.

"Hey, wait a minute! Hey, don't have fucking people calling my fucking house, you little fucking jack-off! What's your number, now?"

"888-8888"

"Are you sure?" Dano asked playfully.

No, I'm telling you a big fucking joke!"

"Well, I imagine you would because that's all you've been doing all fucking night long is playing a fucking joke. Let me tell you something else. Every fucking call you make or try with a fucking work number is being recorded, but I know you also know

"Well, your wife will use the tape because I've used some pretty funny things tonight"

"Hey, listen! Tell you something, hey, you fuck with my wife, you're fucking with your own life!"

"I already have. She's not that good."

Oh, yeah, right.

And she gave me tapes. Well, I gotta go now." Zak was obviously bored with Dano.

Hey, wait a minute, wait for me get a pen. I've got to call you. Where you at?"

"F---in Hawaii, Ray? Who you down with?"

"Fuck you!" Dano yelled.

"Okay. Bye!"

"Love us, sweetheart!"

Dano now knew how to get the last word in. A few more people called Dano and told him the illegal baby services he had called for them and Dano went through the whole spiel of laughing, then on the phone and asking them questions for as long as he could with each of them. A friend told him Dano noticed that he needed to dial "911" to get our number after we called, but Dano couldn't remember that, simply string of digits and repeatedly referred to it as "911" to everyone else, which made both of

us laugh every time.

After talking to Zak for a while, reminding the camera boys that I'd made off his money and giggling over it, we started to get bored again so we called Dano. It was now approaching 1:30pm.

"Hi Dano," I said in his in a deepened voice. "I just wanted you to know that I am monitoring all of your phone calls."

"Yeah, I know you are definitely," he replied.

"You know the grey box on the side of your house that says Triplinet Network installed on it? Well, I've plugged my phone into that and I have complete control over your house. Remember in 2010?"

"Yeah, you're full of shit, you little fucker!" Why don't you tell me where you are?"

"Okay. We've passed across the street by the church and blue van. There's a smiling bastard at your house and we hear everything you say even when you're not on the phone."

"Bullshit, that's the church's van. It's always parked there."

"Of course it's always parked there. We always watch you. There's a camera over there on your back porch!"

"Listen, you little shithead. I'm gonna find out who you are!"

"Hey Dano," Zak said. "Exactly what year of grade school did you drop out of?"

After Zak hung up the phone, Dano called his wife at work and began telling her everything I said in a panicked voice. He'd apparently taken everything I told him seriously.

"What's wrong with you?" She've asked him.

"Well, these guys have got something huge going on. They've got a big setup somewhere and they need that camera full of grey box on the outside of the house. It's walking around the house right now looking for it."

I jumped up off of the couch and ran to the window. I looked across the street for Dano, but I must have just missed him. A second later he told his wife that he was back outside and couldn't find any grey box, but that we'd tapped his phones and that we were watching their house.

"Dano, they're probably lying and they're just listening to the cordless phone." This was the first time we'd heard them guess that it was their cordless phone's fault. If they knew my name listening to the cordless phone, then why did Dano continue to use it?

I could just imagine the camera guy's name playing in his head as he peered out the windows at the church's van and wondered how he'd do it. Looking for hidden cameras. As tough as he acted with us on the phone, he sounded on the verge of tears while talking to his wife.

I picked up my cellular phone again and placed a call to a random number in Los Angeles, telling

the roaming operator that I wanted to bill it to my home phone. The roaming operator asked for my home phone number and I gave her that number.

Oliver: "You going to have to pay charges. Could I have your name?" (he asked)

Yeah, my name is Sharon. I replied

"Sharon?"

"Are you making fun of me?"

"Uh, no. Hold just a moment, please

After a few rings, Sharon hung up on her wife and dialed his phone

"Hello?" At this point he sounded exasperated

"Hi, this is America's Roaming operator #1111. I have a Sharon placing a call to California from her cell phone and wants to bill the charges to you. The charges are approximately \$1.94 a minute. Will you accept the charges?"

"Is this really the cellular operator?" Sharon asked

"Yeah," she responded slowly

"Well, I'm talking to Sharon on the other line. Is there any way you can trace that call?"

"No, I can't trace the call but I can put a block on the phone so they won't be able to bother you any more."

Oliver: could you do that?

The cellular operator managed to have all attempts to bill calls to his house denied. This meant that anyone wishing to make a legitimate collect or third-party call to him from a cellular phone on that carrier wouldn't be able to. Of course, that was just on a cellular phone, but he seemed to think that meant that there was absolutely no way that wife'd be able to call him on any phone ever again.

Dana called Sharon back and explained to her that everything was taken care of and that he'd just fixed things with the operator so that she'd never be able to call them again. As he was finishing up telling her how the long nightmare was finally over and they could rest easy again. Zak called her to let her know that he was completely wrong.

I couldn't believe how much Dana and Sharon talked on the phone together. You might think that since they were a possibly a newly married couple, maybe they just enjoyed hearing each other's voices, but it wasn't like that at all. They were mostly fighting about ridiculous things or talking about the past calls and they seemed to completely despise each other. Zak kept calling them during their conversations, but he refused to stick over once he figured out that it was on.

After a while, they hung up with each other and Dana dialed zero and asked the operator to connect him with the local police. He told the policeman the entire story of his crazy night, identical to the fact

that the policeman was treating him like a complete idiot. The policeman told him that there was nothing they could do about threatening calls and he should try calling the phone company. So Doro looked at the back of the phone book and found the number for Ameritech customer service. Luckily for him, the phone company's tolling office was open 24 hours a day.

"You have reached the Ameritech Customer Billing Office for residential accounts. All representatives are currently busy. If a home service, please call at Tuesday through Friday during the daytime. Your call will be answered by the next available representative. Your approximate wait time is greater than ten minutes."

Doro sat on the phone, hoping the phone company held some far more than fifteen minutes. Zak constantly interrupted the phone company's hold music with call waiting beeps, but Doro wouldn't speak, even call back. Finally he got through and told the Ameritech representative his life story and she told him that she could change his phone number, or sign him up with the caller ID service. It would cost \$30 to have his number changed. She also told him that there was no such thing as a cellular expense. After spending about 40 minutes on the phone with her, he told her he wasn't ready to change his number or sign up for anything, and they hung up.

He began thumbing through the yellow pages and he called up every cellular network number only to find that they all seemed to be closed at 2:00 in the morning. Then he happened upon the number for the Illinois Relay Service and called them. He began explaining everything up that had happened to him as the lady who answered, and she interrupted him by saying, "Oh, this is the Illinois Relay Service for deaf people. I have no idea what you're saying."

Hours after this, Zak hung up with me and I sat alone for several more hours, trying to solve the mystery by calling up even more random businesses out of the phone book. I couldn't understand some of the conversations he was trying to make with the phones he was calling, but most phones were obviously closed at that hour.

He called her with many more times throughout the night, yelling at her and complaining about miscellaneous things and finally got her permission to change their phone number so that we could never call again. He was put on hold for another ten minutes and then arranged to have his phone number changed to an unlisted number. Fortunately for him, they decided not to charge him \$30 for the change, but just \$1.00 per month to keep his number unlisted. The operator gave Doro his new unlisted number as I wrote it down.

At about 4:15 a.m., he was talking to her with it work again and they were still trying to figure out everything that happened and who could be responsible.

Well, it is interesting about this one hour across the street on the next block over. The whole

time all this was happening the light switches were on and now they're not calling anymore and her light is turned off."

"Which house is it exactly?" Sharon asked.

That's the yellow house: a blue house and then a white house and that's the thinking-out I'm talking about."

I switched up and turned on my light.

"Then her light just went on again," Dano exclaimed.

I knew who/what/when, Sharon mentioned. "It's like Charlie." I used to school with him. He knows all about computers and phones and stuff. He was like a total wonder in grade school. That's his kind.

Meanwhile, I'm frantically thinking. She did, she, she, she, she, she, she, she, she! I've been found out! I suddenly realized that Sharon's voice sounded familiar because I knew exactly who she was. She used to date my brother in Junior High. In fact, I used to make phone calls to Sharon all the time when we were in third grade together. She always knew it was me and would yell at me about it at school the next day. This was a nice reprieve because for Sharon and I both then. I had never heard of anyone named Dano but I was beginning to think that it would be a good idea to ask my questions about and hand back to Texas.

Soon after this, Sharon had mentioned Dano to find her high school yearbook so he could see a picture of me. Clearly unfamiliar with the concept of a book, Dano was having a tough time locating the

"I can't find it anywhere," he complained.

"It's in the Junior section," Sharon had overheard to her talking to a child voice.

There isn't a Junior section. It goes Senior, Sophomore, Freshman. I think they forgot to put Junior in here.

Wow. Look right after the Senior section: a student be there!" This was as far as Sharon. He finally flipped outside the yearbook and found the right class, but then had to deal with the complex task of how to spell Carbox, which had been flipping all over the Junior class pages even though I was on the very first page. When he finally found my picture, he said, "Yeah, he looks like someone that would do something like this."

Since Sharon worked at the hospital, she was able to access patient files on her computer and found my parent phone number, which she gave to Dano. I was becoming more nervous as this conversation continued about me and my family. After they hung up, I knew that Dano would probably try to call me since he seemed completely oblivious to the fact that most people never asleep in the

middle of the night. I dated a phone company sex line number and learned to the silence on a ringing phone wouldn't make my parents discomfort. When his call began to I answered it a deep, sleepy voice that I hoped they wouldn't recognize.

"Hello?"

"Yes, could I speak to an Alex Carter?"

"He doesn't live here anymore." I replied, trying my best to sound annoyed.

"Well, I think he's been calling my house tonight."

"Do you know any other what his is it?" I asked him. They ignored his question and went into the story I said that I'd heard many times before that night, telling the entire story of a couple of predators that had been harassing him.

"Well, Alex hasn't lived here for more than two years now. If he's calling you, he's calling you from Texas and it has nothing to do with us."

"Okay, thank you," he replied and hung up.

To my relief, Dave immediately called back his wife and assured her that he talked to my father and he wasn't too after all. He told her that I was going to College in Texas (College, what?) and that I hadn't lived in the area for awhile.

"All I know is that he was really creepy in grade school and junior high," Sharon told him. "He had a cellular phone back then and all this electronic stuff and he knew how to take a phone apart and tape it."

Sharon continued to tell them all about me and the various things that I knew how to do. I don't know where she was coming up with all of it, but most of it was either exaggerated or not true at all. It made me wonder what kind of creep rumors must have gone on about me back then. Here I was a complete waste at school, but Sharon was making my weaknesses sound great.

This was in 1986 when nobody had cellular phones for cars like in House High, but I did remember one incident where I brought my cordless phone to school as a threat and I could make calls from a handy cordless phone line. We'd been doing this all week during lunch and one morning, during lunch period, I was terrified to hear the cordless phone ringing from my backpack. Most likely it was the ringing from the same guy's cordless line that we'd been stealing phone calls from. The head counselor stopped me (pretending and asked what the noise was and after a few seconds of praying that it would just stop, I said "Oh, uh, let me get that." The noise then stopped so I walked across the room to reach it off.

I spent Dave's full sleep once after this conversation when my parents went to sleep after that phone call ended. I fell asleep too, but was woken at 11:00 a.m. by the sound of Sharon dialing a number on

her cellless phone. I had left my number on all night so I could listen to things if they developed any further. I also left my speaker phone on the silent but keep-number all night just in case they decided to call back and yell my father my father which he never did. My eyes were still closed as I reached over to shut off my speaker phone and listened to Sharon's phone call.

Sharon called her mother, told her about everything that had happened that night and gave her more the new phone number. Then she called her sister and did the same thing. I couldn't understand why they would contact using the cellless phone when they knew that somebody was listening to their conversations as it. Sharon called several more people that morning, telling everyone what had happened and making up new details as she went along. Both her and Deo seemed uninterested with a true story and had to exaggerate or make up details to make it seem more interesting.

That morning marked the end of our adventures with Deo. For more or less the rest of that decade. Later that day, I typed the entire story out on my laptop-computer, turned it into an issue of the newly formed P.L.A. and uploaded it to a few computer bulletin board systems so that other people could have a laugh at it all. Just as Zak and I had.

That took a couple of days later. Being in Detroit back to home. Although I held on to Sharon's new phone number. Zak and I only called her back once or twice more over the next few years and nothing was interesting over them out of the calls. Other than a lot of covering and dreams from Deo. It just wasn't at that, though, without being able to hear Sharon's phone calls or her wife after the prison calls.

A few years later, in 1997, I passed through town to visit my parents again, and I was surprised to hear Deo and Sharon having a fight on the phone when I turned on my receiver. Sharon was at home on her cellless phone and Deo was at a friend's house. She'd called to yell at him because he always spent all of their money by smoking crack at the grocery store. She asked what she told he wrote a check for \$4.50 for her and he claimed it was for a gallon of milk-water, which costs \$0.50 for most people.

The argument climaxed and right around that end Sharon said, "Deo, I need to know where you will be next. I need you to meet me half way here." There was complete silence from Deo. "Deo?"

Deo replied to her, and I guess I was making this up. "Hold on, I gotta find my cigarettes." It was clear Deo. The conversation ended abruptly after that.

In 2004, Deo found out that a relative that he was an ancestor told my dad that hundreds of people were commenting on the story about him. An uncle of his mentioned across the story and recognized Deo's name, so he posted out the entire page and gave it to him. That didn't appear to do

well with Dave because he showed up at my parent's door one night around 11:00 p.m., posture in hand and extremely angry. I got a breakdown of the story from my dad the next day. He said that Dave showed calling phone calls were the reason he divorced Sharon and that he would be sending papers to have our room soon. My dad explained to Dave that I was 30 years old and hadn't lived at that address in over a decade.

Ed never told my dad about the Dave incident, so after he told me about his Dave encounter I let him in on what Jack and I did to him that night nearly ten years earlier. My dad said he remembered Dave from when he lived by the church and that he was always yelling at his wife outside and speeding off on his car. That somehow Dave wanted to blame a single night of drunk calls for the demise of his marriage.

Obviously, the divorce never happened. At that point, I had been living back in Atlanta several years and I expected Dave to show up at my door soon since I had a listed phone number and address in the phone book. I had a security camera on my front porch and I really hoped to videotape a confrontation with Dave. But he never showed up. A video of me getting my car backed by Dave would have made an excellent addition to my Dave page on the internet.

During the five years that my wife and I lived in Atlanta, we made it a pretty tradition each Halloween to take our daughter trick or treating in Dave's neighborhood just so we could cover back on the shakedown our daughter launched on Dave's door and accepted candy from him. It was exciting to see Dave up close and we have been talking the kids coming up to his door. To us it was like visiting a celebrity.

Fun With Call Forwarding



From the start, these forms of freedom seemed different from most other freedom groups. PL'd offered no high-minded, jargonist view of its alleged activities and/or developed beliefs, but almost nothing groups had: a quality. PL'd was less about beliefs and security, and more about personal applications. PL'd was all about people and sometimes machines (computers, patch cords, even the big security systems and complex technical tools) intended to give people complete liberty. She built up about PL'd a way, common over the world, people explore a new future. PL'd was the Other. Beyond of the freedom community.¹⁷ - Colleen Flinn

"What have you done with the phone?" my mother asked as I walked through the door. I'd been in school all day and had no idea what she was talking about.

The phone company has been calling me all day. She said, "going to figure out what you've done to your phone number. They think your line is a pay phone."

I had my own private phone number in my room. Normally my answering machine picked up my calls, but sometimes she'd find I would forward my number to other numbers, such as Dad's/Barry's home and/or telephone or the cell/Internet pay phones. Recently I had started forwarding my line to various phone company test numbers. These were special phone numbers set up by the phone company that had all kinds of voice recordings and other "fun things" on them that phone company technicians used for testing purposes.

The first one I'd ever called was the setup tone. A friend of mine gave this number to my parents and he called me that it was a number to detect phone taps on your line. That, of course, made it true but it was still a cool number which made it a funny noise.

Years after that, my friend Steve introduced me to traps. There were two phone company numbers that connected to each other: on one person called my line and another person called the other then they could talk to each other. Before I had my own phone line, I used them to talk to girls from

school late at night. These men (teenagers) weren't allowed to receive late-night phone calls, myself included. Two of us began to call each other at predetermined times on the loop numbers.

The money loop ended with the digits 9999, and the loop numbers ended with 9991 and 9992. Immediately after learning about the loops I knew there must be other interesting things based on that particular phone exchange. So I called every number from 9999 to 9991 in that exchange and found dozens of interesting phone-company recordings. Most were various error recordings and one played the really loud off-hook signal. Another number seemed to be a room reserved for when I returned was the phone company central office a few miles away from us. I could hear machinery running, and, occasionally, I would hear an employee in the room. These numbers were cool, but my favorite was the one that cost. The call you have made requires a 29 cent deposit. Please hang up deposit 29 cents, notify your call agent."

This is apparently what had the phone company stamped all-day. The couple got off every call forwarding or send my calls to the pay phone recording. Somebody had called my phone number earlier in the day in request to me so I had on the paper. Hearing the recording asking her to deposit 25 cents made her think that something was wrong with her phone line so she called Wilson Bell to report the problem. A technician checked her line to determine that everything was okay. Then she called my phone number for the technician. According to my mother and the man (Charles Wilson Bell) help I spoke to, this forced the phone company into complete normal for most of the day.

As hard as they tried, they couldn't understand how my line could possibly cause that recording to play. They thought my line had somehow been turned into an actual pay phone line and they couldn't figure out why they weren't able to switch it back to a regular line. Since I wasn't sure I was even allowed to call that number in the first place, I led to the lady at Wilson Bell and said I just had this.

Please deposit 29 cents, recording on my answering machine. I promised her that I would always my message since it was causing so much confusion about.

She said she would have the guy in charge of my own call me back the next day, but he never did. He probably felt pretty foolish, spending so much time and money on something that turned out to be an answering machine message. My mother, who normally didn't care too much for my telephone antics, actually seemed amused by the whole incident.

Throughout the years following this incident, I continued to find call forwarding extremely useful and interesting not just by forwarding my own line, but by forwarding other people's lines as well. I first started doing this while attempting to win myself large amounts of cash via Western Union using stolen-made card numbers. I ordered call forwarding for a person I needed and then I would call that person and talk them into doing the card that forwarded that phone line to a pay phone I used.

making it. Any calls they received would go straight to my pay phone, so I was able to answer the verification call from Western Union.

The first time I put call forwarding in my kind of business was in 1981. At the time I lived in Indianapolis and worked at a movie theater. I decided one day that it'd be fun to screw with customers that called into the movie announcement line. Instead of the customers hearing a recording with movie times, they could talk to me. Rather than get myself fired by answering the phone as the theater I worked at, I picked some other random movie theater to put the prefix on. I worked at a place several hundred/miles away in another state.

After ordering call forwarding for the theater I chose, I just had to call the theater's manager and tell him who dialing the proper numbers. I did that by impersonating a phone company repair technician. I explained that we'd been having problems with their line and that I needed him to dial a number that would run a completion test on their line. The manager was happy to help out and to make me be able to pay phone work in our city. I picked it up and informed the manager that the test was in progress and we'd call him back if there were any further issues.

As the evening approached, I started receiving calls from customers. I spent the next several hours making up fictional movie titles and claiming to have tickets that didn't exist yet. I told some customers that the theater had been destroyed by a storm the previous night. I yelled at others for bothering me while I was trying to sell tickets and I threatened a lot of them with made up obscene policies and movie prices.

"We're the only movie theater in town, that's all, so it's not like you can go to the competitor."

The call forwarding on the theater's line lasted until late in the night. The theater employees had no idea that anything was wrong and angry customers started showing up at the theater demanding to know which of their employees had been so rude to them. It took another hour after that for them to notice that their phone line was being picked up by someone else. It then took even longer for the phone company to understand how it was happening and turn off the call forwarding. I leave all of that because I called the theater the next day pretending to be with the phone company and telling the manager to tell me everything that had happened.

At some point during my stay in Indianapolis, I discovered the phone company's special feature system access call forwarding. It worked just like regular call forwarding, but it allowed me to forward the lines on my area. Instead of relying on the owner of a phone number to do it for me, all that required was a four-digit pin code that the phone company allowed me to input myself over the phone, so I was setting up the feature. I would explain that I wanted the same pin number that was on my calling card and they would be more than happy to accommodate me. How could they possibly have suspected

something like this seem to be shared?

When you called a forwarded phone number, the original number would ring a half-ring, then it would forward to whoever last it was programmed to ring. This is so that whoever was picked off the original number would know that their calls were being forwarded somewhere. At least, that was the idea. Most people don't know what to think when their phone would half ring and nobody answered there where they picked up. Most Americans don't use call forwarding.

While working at the Lafayette Square Mall I never thought I came up with a plan that seemed really interesting at the time, though I think I got my idea of my coworkers to share my enthusiasm for it. I wanted to order remote access call forwarding for all of the businesses in the mall that were visible from the movie theater's concession stand. My plan was to create a chain of call forwarded numbers, causing every phone within earshot to do a half-ring, one after the other. I would forward the shouting store line to the petrol place, the petrol place to Orange Julius. Orange Julius to the shoe store, and so on. I would make a complete call forwarding circle which would perpetually half-ring every phone in our ring-of-the-mall.

It almost worked. Making a complete chain of numbers just gave me a busy signal, so I had to break the circle by skipping the forward to the last number. Each phone would only ring once, but they wouldn't continue ringing forever like I'd hoped. When I called the first number in my chain working just like I'd planned. Each number gave a half-ring and the forward reached the last number where someone answered the phone. I hung up and did a second test, instructing my coworkers at the theater to keep talking it while I stood at various places in the mall, listening for the ring to happen at each store.

Ultimately, the results were pretty disappointing. The problem was that most of the stores' phones just weren't very loud. That is, neither that my hopes for creating the perpetual half-ringing chain I wish it all. If it had, I'd planned to forward every single number in the mall, making every store's phone ring with just one phone call.

It is too bad that the phone company wouldn't let me forward pay phone lines. I would have wanted quite a chain with the large banks of pay phones at the Indianapolis airport.

Regardless of my request disappointment, I still successfully found ways to keep myself entertained with call forwarding. There were two major theater chains in Indianapolis: AMC III and Looney. I worked for AMC III. My manager once told me a story about them and some employees working.

LOWES BUCKS on Jan. 11 is going to open next to our neighborhood. They only didn't so they could reap a quick profit off it and then take it down. It was this story that inspired me to play my own prank on Lowe's, thinking my manager would find it just as hilarious as I did. What was I doing,

There were four Lovers theaters in Indianapolis and I ordered remote access call forwarding for all of them. I then forwarded all of their remote access numbers to Miami a Chinese Theater in Hollywood, California. Anyone trying to call the Lovers theaters for phone sex would end up leaving the tapes for Miami a reward. The recording clearly stated that it was the famous theater in Hollywood. With Miami's high profile and address in Hollywood Boulevard, this ploy was sure to confuse any Lovers customers that called to see what was playing in Indianapolis.

After the forwarding was working on all four theaters, I went up to my manager's office and took a glance back into his desk, opened to the page of theater listings.

"Call Lovers?" I said with a smile.

"Why should I do that?" he replied slowly.

"You call one of their numbers and see what you get."

He dialed the number, sat down what to expect. His face shifted from curiosity to confusion and finally to complete shock.

"How did you change that greeting?" he asked me, obviously a little peeved.

When I explained to him that I did it through their greeting, I simply forwarded their phone lines across the country to me (hardly). Above all things, he was worried by not going to be charged for the long distance calls to California. I assured him that Lovers was picking up the long distance toll for everyone who called the theater that night.

Even so, he was still upset. He couldn't believe what I had done and he demanded that I fix it immediately. His next concern was that when I did would he avoid being in his theater and therefore would end up getting fired for it. No matter how much I reassured him, he just didn't see the humor in what I did done. I went out to a pay phone to fix it and he waited there, but since I already had call forwarding set up on Lovers numbers, I was half the work done over the following weeks, increasing calls for these customers.

I did a status on it the next day but my manager's concerns over the long distance charges being passed through the call forwarding were completely unwarranted. A couple years later, I began call forwarding numbers to 1-800 numbers so that I could dial a local number and be connected to a payphone or a phone sex line like they. Do as I thought.

It turned out that some of these phone calls were what number we were calling from, even when we were dialing through the forwarded number. Most 1-800 lines would tell the number that we forwarded but occasionally one would manage to tell our number and the forwarded number at the same time. This caused the 1-800 number to be paid twice for one call, and it caused major confusion with the phone company.

I had a 1-900 block on my home phone which prevented me from making calls to 1-900 numbers, but when I was calling a local number to reach them I 900 someone the block didn't matter. That is, most some of those 1-900 someone began calling me for the calls. Once again, call forwarding overrode the hell out of the phone company which-which I understood how 1-900-charges could show up on my bill when I had a 1-900 block on my line. As far as they were concerned, that was impossible.

One morning, an employee from Southwestern Bell called me up and he discussed the whole issue because he was so confused about the charges and-which I want to know exactly how to ask me what was going on. I played dumb with him and claimed that I would never have a reason to call 1-900 numbers since I was a devout Christian. They agreed to remove the charges from my bill since I obviously had the 1-900 block on my line, but they called me several times after that to question me further, even though they were accused me of being a myself. They just didn't understand how it could be happening and were hoping for some kind of an answer.

We just had to leave which 1-900-someone would pass along our number and-which some mention a Tim ended up being determined by which long-distance carrier the 1-900 company was using. We had a lot of the long-distant phone use operators on the line and trying to get them to talk to each other. We also used 7 way calling to give all of our friends live psychic readings. It's funny how these psychic never seemed to use their psychic power to figure out that we were connecting phone lines. It is when I listed the number for 888990 that things started to really get out of control.

888990 was a service for owners of computer bulletin board systems who wanted to charge a membership fee to their users. They would instruct their users to call a certain 1-900-number which would charge \$25.00 in the user's phone bill. The charge would pay for the user's access to the bulletin board service. And each month the owner of the bulletin board would receive a check from 888990 for all the money he'd earned from the 1-900-charges.

I signed up for it as soon as I found it. I ran a computer bulletin board, but I had no intention of trying to charge my users a fee. Instead, I was going to use call forwarding to make myself rich. From each call to my 1-900 number, I would earn \$25.00 of the \$25.00 fee. In the first month I made four fraudulent calls to it just to test it out. Slightly over a month later, I received a check for \$100.00.

I took the check to the bank, cashed it, and asked the teller why of quarters. Throughout the week, I stopped by every pay phone I encountered, making several calls to a local phone number which forwarded to my 1-900 number. I had 90-quarters on me and I used all of them to make 90 calls to my number. It seemed like a foolproof way to make \$1-000 in one week. I planned to wait until I received my \$1-000 check before putting any more money into it, just to make sure it worked. No reason to get greedy with it, right?

Once again, more confusion ensued at the phone company and I never received my money. A month after making those 40 calls, I called BIRPM to ask why I hadn't received my check yet and they told me that the phone company had been calling them all month wanting to know how someone could possibly be calling that 1-900 number from a bunch of pay phones. From what the lady told me, the phone company had no idea at all how it could be happening which put in sleep out to my dream of building a massive fortune from my very own 1-900 number.

Besides getting free phone sex and psychic calls, I used call forwarding to get free long distance too. While working as a whiteboarder at a portrait studio in Texas, I began forwarding their distant of phone lines to out-of-state numbers that I commonly called. The portrait studio's lines were only used for outgoing calls, so they didn't realize there was a problem until they received the next phone bill. I forwarded some lines to computer bulletin board systems and others were sent to churches or 1-900 numbers. Whatever I wanted to call one of these numbers, I would put call the corresponding whiteboarder line to connect me. A few weeks after getting that job, the forwarding disappeared. I could call forward numbers remotely but that was a hassle considering the amount of different phone calls I made each day and I would have to change the forwarding number before every call.

It was around this time that I found out I could forward a local business number to ATT's calling card-even number, which could then be used to make free calls with my calling cards and credit-cards. Of course, these were cards that I'd either ordered for other people or numbers that I took from my various jobs. Since the calls were technically made from the forwarded line, I never ended up getting charged back for them. Instead, the business line that I forwarded would have to deal with it.

I usually picked a secondary phone number at a business that never received calls, such as its credit card machine line. The line would always forwarded to ATT's calling card number usually for a few weeks until the owner of the store noticed the extra charges on their bill and had to research. This worked great for about a year, until I was arrested for it.

Looking back, you'd think that something like this would be simple for the phone company to figure out. A bunch of fraudulent calls line up as a subscriber's line right around the same time that someone mysteriously ordered call forwarding for them. It was obvious what was going on, right? But call forwarding never failed to fool a phone company employee.

While living in Albany, Oregon in 1996, a cop and a detective appeared at the door, demanding to search my room. After having half of my room packed into the police car, I went to the police station to talk to the detective about the 118-800-in fraudster calls that they'd traced to me. I was cooperative with the detective and he was nice enough to tell me exactly how they tracked me down and how completely unhelpful the phone company was.

It turned out that many of the local people who were finding unauthorized charges on their credit cards for phone calls that they didn't make were calling the police and filing reports about it. The police started investigating the charges and everything seemed to point to the number that they thought the calls were coming from, which was a local business. When reviewing my calls through AT&T, they always had to ask which number I was calling from. I gave them the same number every time, which turned out to be a local company. I only picked that number because the last four digits spelled out my name.

The police and the company launched an investigation into the employees that worked there. After determining that none of the employees were responsible, the phone company suggested that somebody was probably hooking up a phone to the phone box outside of their business. I suggested the police making out the business for days, keeping an eye on the business' phone box and hoping to catch the whoever phone hookster. They finally ruled out their possibility and came to the conclusion that they were dealing with a long term hookster who was using a computer to hook into the phone company's switches so that they couldn't be traced.

The detective determined to figure out who it was, started to calling every single phone number that was showing up on the credit card bills. Mostly these were calls to a public party line for hackers called the Dufour Veeva Bridge and a lot of computer bulletin board systems, which were all dead ends for the detective.

Finally, the detective noticed a few calls to Target's public relations office in Minnesota. I worked at Target at the time and had called them on several occasions. The detective called Target's office and asked the lady who had called them from the library area on a certain date. The lady was nice enough to give him my name and address.

I didn't end up with any jail time, but I was fined \$250 as a punishment for the estimated \$10,000 in fraudulent phone calls I'd made. After it was all over, they returned all of my confiscated property. They officially voided my fraudulent credit-card later, my 1-800-calls, and most of my call forwarding experiments.

Remote Overhead Posing



"Reading lots of newspaper's and articles, FBI articles which built up in RACIST, mostly on the article's and newspaper on The Pilots (how hard was my life). I have passed over 175 journals addressing how to write newspaper. I've read about what I've written in the FBI." —Phyllis Plunkett

In 1994, while living in Portland, Oregon, I regularly stopped at a large store of store known as Fred Meyer. If you don't live in the Northwest, you may have never heard of them, but they are about the equivalent of a Super Wal-Mart. It was primarily a department and grocery store and there were 11 stores you could find at a Fred Meyer. I stopped there often and it was a real chain of stores, but that didn't stop what I did there.

During the time this incident happened, all of the employees at Fred Meyer were on some level of union strike, so there were temporary employees working in the stores while the strikers hunged around in front of the store holding signs and trying to get cars to back at them. The fact that none of the regular employees were working just added to the chaos which made it even more fun for me. We always hoped that everyone would speculate that the strikers were somehow responsible for what happened!

I'd go in and I was walking around the Fred Meyer located in the Gateway Shopping Center and eventually got separated as she went off to find something she needed. After walking around for 10 minutes and finding no sign of her, I decided to pick up one of the store phones and just page her to where I was waiting. The store glasses were located on posts every five miles for employees to use. I found a glass in the toy department and looked at the top of all different departments they had to choose from. Finally finding one for the All Stars Page based in 1990, so I dialed 1990 and heard a loud click throughout the store. Then I announced "Callous Card in the toy aisle. Callous Card in the toy

note.”

While I was waiting for her to arrive, I examined the phone and noticed that all the department numbers were in the same format as the store paging number – they were all 4 digits and most of them started with the number 7. Electronics was 1296, Hardware was 1099, etc. So I wrote down the two phone numbers listed on the front of the phone and a few department numbers and the paging extension before Colleen and I became Burger King for a truly novel Whopper.

By the time we finished eating, I'd come up with the really great plan that I was pretty sure wouldn't work but I knew I wouldn't mind if I tried it. The next morning while Colleen was at school I went back to the same Gateway First Mayer to test out my idea. I went to one of the pay phones that were located in the store's entrance and made a call to the number of the store.

"First Mayer customer service, may I help you?"

"Yeah, this is [blows in electronically]" I said. "Could you transfer me to extension 1489? I want you to do much from here."

"Okay, just a moment, please."

For just a second, I heard the busy First Mayer hold music, and then total silence. I knew it was off. I was on their automated paging system or not. So I hit the star button and I heard a voice saying the store I was expecting complete failure with this idea and said that before that it worked. I took a look around the entrance and there were a few people inside with me so I wouldn't really say anything loud for fear of them figuring out what I was up to. So I began playing I Help My Friends on the mouth was tagged phone thingy something I'd learned in the film watching the movie Short Circuit 2, and I listened as my musical masterpiece echoed throughout the entire store.

I couldn't wait any longer for the people in there to answer. I turned my back to them and in a clear voice I said into the phone, "Thank you very much. You're all going to hell. I will kill someone. I am Benjamin." and other various, childish things. Now you'll have to excuse the complete lack of creativity with my first First Mayer speech and I realize that a grade schooler could come up with something better than that. I just didn't have anything planned and I couldn't speak very loud and I felt I had to say something that would hopefully shock or offend the people inside just so I could retain the numbers.

I hung up the phone and quickly walked into the store. Passing by the photo section I heard a customer talking to an employee, "Did you hear that crazy guy?" but the employee went back to where he was doing his job. When I got to the Deli, things were considerably more calm there. A guy in a suit, possibly a manager, was talking to another employee looking guy and the two were joking.

I went over to the table and pretended to look at the menu so I could listen. I was thrilled to hear them talking about me. I heard a few things to the effect of "Well, Dan obviously worked for him right now" and "If I catch the little fucker". They thought someone in the store had just picked up a paging phone and done it all from inside. Looking past them now, I noticed a few guys peering at the order with 2 way radios on their belts. Once things settled down at the store, I got bored and went back home waiting for Collins to return from school.

That afternoon, I excitedly told Collins that i'd remembered and wanted to try it again. So we picked up the phone in the store and called the same Fred Meyer. Again, I got the screen dark that asked to be transferred to extension 1100. We heard hold music for a second and then they asked.

The first thing I yelled into the phone was "DON'T SHOP FRED MEYER!" That was the slogan that the on-site employees were using on their signs and shouting at cars, so I thought that would live up to the whole strike thing and if nothing else, maybe make the local papers. I hit record my Good Morning Vietnam CD over the phone which starts out with Robin Williams screaming "Goodmornin' morning, Vietnam!" and plays the clips of all his best radio stuff including all the foul language and bad jokes. Then we played a few good clips from The Jerky Boys first cassette and started making random, silly pages to different departments of the store. After about twenty minutes I hung up the phone so I could call back and make sure I was really on the paging system and not just talking to myself like an idiot for the past twenty minutes.

Fred Meyer customer service: May I help you?

"Could I have the shoe department, please?" I asked.

"Please hold," she replied. A few seconds later, Kate from the shoe department picked up her phone.

"Hi Kate. This is Dan from store nearby. Someone told us that they saw someone playing on your phone there and that they were saying vulgar things on the wireless paging system.

Oh no, no? That wasn't done this phone. They think it was built in the food aisle. The security guys are looking for them right now?"

I thanked her and hung up. Now we knew we were getting through, so I called them back and once again asked customer service to connect me to extension 1100. By this time I guess she had figured out what I was up to because she refused to connect me. I hung up and called back, asking her to connect me to Lewis & Garden. When an employee there answered, I said the usual rant and had them connect me to 1100 with no problems.

Over the next 2 hours, Collins and I broadcasted wherever we felt like to an audience of probably 100 or so shoppers and employees. We asked, we told, played our music that of race and religion, we

ordered/paid checks on credit cards and paid people in departments that didn't exist. We announced 90% off sales on real and fictitious items. We read children's books, but changed the wording around to make them as denigrated and disgusting as possible. We read phone sex ads, poetry, played the harmonica and sang songs.

Around the end of our broadcast, I made a special announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen, may I have your attention please. At this moment I'd like you all to direct your attention to the individual working at Lanes & Garden. This is the very person who is owed up and allowed us to take over your paging system! Not that height of an employee of yours who isn't, but they're dealing with Fred Meyer, right? So unless, if you haven't been Fred yet, thank you very much!"

Can you imagine the chaos and confusion caused by that? For a full two hours, we had complete control of their paging system. For some reason they couldn't turn it off. They couldn't even turn the volume down. Maybe they just didn't know how. They were probably watching the store the entire time for somebody using one of their phones, oblivious to the idea that somebody could be doing it from miles away. The managers must have been horrified and frantic during those hours trying to figure out what to do while dealing with confused employees and angry customers.

For a few days after that, broadcasting silly messages to all the Fred Meyer stores around Portland became our favorite activity, but it didn't take long for Fred Meyer to figure out how we were getting in. They tried to put a stop to it by starting all of the employees across the tri-state on the overhead paging system. It got harder and harder to get transferred, and finally impossible. Some of the employees told us they knew what we were doing and said that it could never happen again. That sounded like a challenge.

So Collins and I went to Grocery Fred Meyer again and took down the extension of a phone in the middle of a grocery department aisle. I hung our next land-line phone while Collins went to a pay phone at the entrance and had himself transferred to that extension. I picked up the ringing phone and transferred her to 1900 and went back on the pay phone to you her. We read a few unrelated things into the phone such as, "Yes, Sir? We got through! Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!"

Soon after that we left. But it worked! A few days later we called from home and asked to be transferred to that same extension in the grocery department. A store boy picked up the phone and we told him exactly what to press and we were broadcasting once again. Apparently he didn't get the memo.

After that night we became rather bored with the whole idea of taking over their paging system mostly because we'd run out of material to yell at all the customers. And I was a little bothered that none of them ever made the newspapers. Which, I now sure would happen. That interesting way print the st

didn't give me much information to continue.

"Weeks later," I was hanging around the Portland airport as I often did, talking on the pay phones and using my laptop to dial into bulletin board systems. As I was sitting at a pay phone, talking to my friend Bob, I noticed some pay phone wiring hanging down next to my phone. Poking up under the privacy wall, I found several phone lines which I correctly assumed went to the other pay phones next to me.

We decided to cut into the lines and make some 3-way phone calls to find bridge wires. Since I didn't have anything to cut with, I walked over to an adjacent building and stole a pair of fingernail clippers. Back at the phone, I used them to splice open the wires of the phone next to me. I accidentally ended up cutting one of the wires completely in half, which caused the Japanese girl at the phone next to me to look distressed, start yelling angrily into the phone and then hang up and walk away to find another phone. "Whoops?"

I felt that none of the wires stopped so nobody could intercept our phone calls. We ended up with access to another phone too, which I would bridge into our line whenever somebody came to use it so we could silently listen to their conversation. Listening to a man order his calling card number made me realize I'd found an extremely new way to steal calling card numbers.

After getting bored with wiretapping, I used my extra line to call the Fred Meyer store in Beaverton. We had no problem getting into their overhead paging system and saying whatever we wanted to their employees and customers. We decided that it'd be funny to call more security for the Gateway Fred Meyer and laugh at how their old paid exploits on their paging system meant that a whole mess of our crimes had taken place. Keep in mind, we're breaching every one of our security holes and making plans while the auditors at the Beaverton store listened to everything we said. I called up Gateway and asked to be transferred to security.

"Security, may I help you?"

"Yes, this is Ray Garbo from the Oregonian Newspaper. I was calling concerning the problems that I've been hearing about with your paging system?"

"Well, no, that's a problem that has been taken care of. What was happening is some kids were dialing in from the outside."

The security guy continued on for a while about the paging system problems at their store and how they had all been taken care of so I continued to ask him questions. Finally I decided to be late so on the job.

"So are you aware that you're participating in a four way phone call and right now, as we speak, our wires are listening throughout the history of Fred Meyer in Beaverton?" Man, you say that you're

security for Gateway Fred Meyer, weren't?"

He non-complacently asked after that, then the line clicked and held long up as we probably laughingly talking the Berwyn store to find out if he really did just conduct a live interview with the president. I then made an announcement to the Berwyn shoppers: "Yes, shoppers of Fred Meyer this is the kind of intelligent people that you is dealing with every day by shopping here!"

We hung up and immediately called the Berwyn Fred Meyer back to ask the customer service lady if we were really on their system. She replied that we were so we laughed at her and then asked to be transferred to customer. I did again and she told us to please hold.

"Security, may I help you?" the voice asked us.

"No, she must have mistaken us," Zak replied. "We didn't want security, we wanted customer (800) so we can finish several year paging system!"

"Well, sir, I don't think that is going to happen," security snapped back.

Moments later I was passing the time at a Christmas Trees Center Mall pay phone and for one reason or another I ended up calling security at Gateway Fred Meyer again. A female security lady answered that time and we ended up having a long conversation together. I told her that I was the one responsible and she tried to seem really strong. "I know you are. I have the same number on my cell phone I D love," as if that traced my phone call.

"Well, ma'am, did you think what I did was funny?"

"No, not at all, normally."

"But you smiled though."

"Well, yeah, and you started getting vulgar. You really spend quite a few shoppers here."

Calvin, Zak and I continued to play on the paging systems of Fred Meyer for the rest of that year until I moved to Texas where Fred Meyer didn't exist. No matter how hard they tried to hire their employees, we still managed to slip through occasionally and say whatever we wanted to-respond to the store. We successfully broke into it every store in the Portland area several times and then started doing the same thing in other areas of Oregon and Washington. About a year later, I published that story in a FLA text file on the internet, and suddenly a lot of people were getting into Fred Meyer paging systems and writing to tell me about it.

In 1996, Calvin and I moved to Albany, Oregon and decided to try getting into the paging system there. It worked a few times, but then we never bothered to again. Months later, a friend of mine managed to get into the paging system in nearby Corvallis, Oregon. By the time we had moved out of Albany, they wanted me to be closed the holes in the paging system because we couldn't get on any of them, no matter how hard we tried. It took about 2 full years to finally prevent us from ever doing it.

again.

The only thing I could never figure out was why they couldn't somehow get rid of me when I was on their paging system. Why couldn't they shut off their old store paging system? Why couldn't they disconnect the speakers or at least turn them down? Why couldn't they pull the plugs on the phone for a second and then put them back in? Why couldn't they just hang up on him now? Many times we stayed on for an hour at a time, saying obvious and bizarre things to all the customers in the store and they appeared completely helpless to stop us. They had noticed that we were calling in from the outside, especially after we'd been doing it for a while, but we never got disconnected when we got on. We were so fed up we decided to hang up the phone. It seems like it would have been so easy, thing to kick us off, but apparently it wasn't.

In 2011 (that's, and I wrote that) and decided to call up the owner Fred Meyer and try to get into the paging system again, just to see what would happen. The girl who answered the phone told us that there was no way to transfer to extension 11000 anymore. We told her that in 1991 we used to get on it all the time and asked her if she was working back then. She said no, but she'd heard about the incident. She seemed pretty certain that we were talking to her about it.

We transferred to security and asked him about the 1991 broadcast. He knew exactly what we were talking about, but he wasn't around at all. I can remember exactly what he used to do. I just remember him not having a sense of humor. But it's good to know that some remembered all these years later.

Credit Card Fraud



"They gave me the PC, they called just the other day and to give me an idea of it. Though it was a good idea they didn't want my credit card number. They already had it." DayOne

My first act of credit card fraud was committed in 1991 when I was 17 years old. My then girlfriend was so hungry to work for an online and one day brought home a sheet of customer information that I found in her school's computer, apparently belonging to someone who'd recently booked a flight. It included a customer's name, address, credit card number, and a lot of other information. We immediately put it to use and by ordering one item from the back of a Hushier magazine to the home of a mutual steady of ours.

After later finding out that the initial money actually covered all the direct web I ordered for her, I decided to try and order something for myself. Thumbing through my collection of computer catalogs, I found the perfect item: A hard-held image scanner¹. It was a \$170 item which scanned photographs into your computer. At the time, this was an item that very few people owned and it's something that I'd been wanting for a very long time. The idea of being able to import photographs into my home computer was beyond exciting for me.

So I placed the order and everything went perfectly. I called to the order from a pay phone and sent the scanner to my post office box. I reassured myself that the post office couldn't prove that I picked up the item. Less than a week later, I visited my box and found a yellow card inside, indicating that I had an unopened package waiting for me. I excitedly returned at home and approached the counter, not the least bit worried about the crime I was committing. The one thing I'd forgotten about was that I lived in a small town and the postal workers knew me.

¹*"My wife,"* the lady at the counter said, pointing the yellow slip to my hand. Without even going

on the back went up sharp, she said "I think something was sent to you by mistake!" It's not in your name!"

She left to retrieve it as my heart sank. My dreams were crushed. My hopes of receiving money and returning my photos into my 244-PC were gone. I knew that if I took the package at that point, there is no way that she would forget that I'd picked it up. She came back to the counter with the package and asked if I recognized the name. I indicated that the name was unfamiliar to me and they must have written the wrong last number on it. I left the post office empty-handed but the contents of the past few weeks left me with some very valuable information -- credit card fraud actually worked!

My first official income with credit card fraud happened almost exactly a year later. My parents were nice enough to tip my gallivant, Sylvia, and I from Texas to Illinois to visit them. And I couldn't help but notice how easy the process was. My father simply called a travel agency in the city we were flying from, explained that he was flying her son out for a visit, and gave her credit card number to them. All of it was done over the phone. Then I just walked onto the travel agency and picked up the tickets. They didn't even need to see my ID.

In a few months later, Sylvia and I decided that we'd really like to visit some of the family in Los Angeles. I called up a local travel agency and impersonated "a father" and set up a flight to Los Angeles for "my son and daughter" to "see their mother." (Sylvia was staying in Illinois, a good friend of mine had stolen a huge stack of carbon paper checks and receipts from her employer and given them to me. I used one of them to set up the flight, pocketed a few dozens of them in my duffle bag for the flight to Los Angeles, and stuffed the rest of them in a hiding place in my parents' house.)

I was a little nervous, going into the travel agency to pick up my tickets, but the mostly friendly woman at the travel agency immediately put me at ease. I told her that it was my first time ever flying, and that I'd never been to Los Angeles before and that I hadn't known my mother since they divorced. Everything went perfectly. I'd spent the morning researching my story, the details of my identity, and promoting the reputation of my false name, but they didn't even request me to sign anything. The travel agency woman purchased me the tickets, wished me a happy family reunion, and bid me to have a wonderful time in Hollywood!

Sylvia and I flew out of St. Louis the next morning. Back then, airlines didn't require any identification to fly, so we were able to fly under completely fictitious names. As long as we made it out of the airport in Los Angeles, there would be no chance of us being caught. And we weren't. It would have possibly gone up more smoothly. You see I imagine, as a couple of teenagers, what a rush it was to get away with securing a flight across the country. And the fact that we were going to live in Hollywood made it all the more exciting.

Then one summer required me to continue flying all over the country for the next four years. From Los Angeles to Houston to Miami, St. Louis, Seattle and Portland, I was able to fly pretty much anywhere I wanted to, on a whim, and I never had to pay for the travel expenses. During a Spring Break vacation with a friend of mine, we actually flew to 13 random locations all over the country, all within a week of each other. I almost always traveled by plane, but took an Amtrak train once just for the variety.

Of course I was eventually busted. I did successfully blow my then-girlfriend-Collins to Cooper Creek to avoid jail. But when I tried to fly her back to Oregon, we ran into problems. The airline said that I used to set up the flight-schedule up-being-declared, so when we stopped by to pick up the tickets, the travel agency lady told me that the airline said I didn't go through. Since she thought my father was the one who called in and set up the flight, I pretended to call him but, not surprisingly, I couldn't get through. So I told her that I'd try to contact him and that I'd come back later, since I'm signed things out with him.

An hour or so later, I went to Office Depot pay phone to call the travel agency, pretending to be my father. I explained that I accidentally gave them my credit card that I'd worked out with Christmas shopping and gave her another one. It didn't work either, so I paid Trip Arrangement Express card and that one worked just fine. Or so I thought.

A couple of hours later, we returned to the travel agency and they informed us to leave it and said they'd be with me in four or seven days. As I was sitting there, I noticed that I was getting weird looks from the employees and that it was taking forever for them to help me. Just as I started to get worried that something badly was going on, I got up to leave and a cop pulled up in front of the store. Another cop went to the pay phone outside to return Collins, who thought she was being busted for something.

Since I was picking up the tickets under a false name, I made sure to leave my wallet and ID home just to avoid any problems with my real name. When the cop asked for my name, I gave him a false name, and he seemed to believe me. My hope was that he'd be able to get away with spending a few days in jail under a false name, then since I was released I'd just never return. That plan might have worked, except that I'd packed up my stuff on the way out of my apartment that day and it was in my backpack. And of course it was all addressed to my real name so, once again, he identified my name and this time I gave it to him.

He dumped out the contents of my backpack into the back of his car and I just happened to have a red box, police scanner, camera, electronic equipment, FLA business cards and notebook full of incriminating stuff. He and the other officer commented that I probably made it off and said they wouldn't return any of it to the airline, I could produce receipts for it all. I wasn't too happy about that

more more or less all of it was purchased either with stolen credit cards or stolen money before.

He was really nervous about the P.L.A. business cards and demanded to know what the phone numbers on the card belonged to. I told him they were consumer numbers and he said I better not be lying because he'd be calling the numbers when we got to the police station. I don't know what he was expecting them to be, but luckily nothing came of that since one of the restaurant numbers was purchased with a stolen credit card number.

As he was driving me to the police station he kept trying to figure out how to work my Canon electronic typewriter and so he kept looking back to ask me questions about it. He would reverse off the road while hitting buttons. We finally turned it on, the paper it spread on in the "printer" section was a list of about a dozen credit card numbers which I had been using to buy the phone books a few hours earlier. He asked me how to delete the cards from there and I told him. He deleted that means which seemed kind of stupid since you'd think that would be evidence. Luckily they didn't notice my paper notebook full of hand written credit card numbers.

I ended up spending about a day and a half in a holding cell with a bunch of dumb guys, then they let me out and made me promise to come back for court. I spent a couple of months making bi-weekly trips to some probation guy to assure him that I hadn't left the city while I waited for a court date. They finally decided that I wasn't worth their time and the credit card fraud charges were dropped entirely. Not only that, but since I already had a warrant out for my arrest in Illinois and they refused to extradite me there, most of the charges against me in Illinois were also dropped. And they returned all of the contents of my back pack, without taking the city receipts. All in all, it was a very productive arrest for me.

I didn't have my experiments in credit card fraud to just getting around the country, though. One constant streamer I had was trying to use Western Union to wire myself thousands of dollars with a credit card. I never succeeded in it but you can't say I didn't try extremely hard at it. I first started attempting this while living in Los Angeles. It seemed that Western Union's early security procedures were making sure that all of the information I gave them matched the credit card and calling me back on "my" home phone number so rarely that I was the cardholder authorizing the transfer.

I tried it a few times with several home phone numbers, just to see if they'd let it slip. I hung around Hollywood pay phones for hours, waiting for callbacks from Western Union. Some of them would call back and some wouldn't. But they never would transfer the money to me, most likely because I couldn't answer the cardholder's home telephone. Or could I?

I began trying to get customers to forward their phone numbers to a pay phone by calling them up and trying to talk them into doing the proper numbers. I'd write call forwarding-in their line, then

call them and impersonate a phone company repair technician. This worked a few times, but there would always be some other problem with the homeowners such as their credit limit being too low.

While living in Dallas I managed to acquire the credit card numbers of a few wealthy residents living in Edgewood. I drove by their houses and I knew they kept here the credit limit that I was hoping for. So I called the telephone company and ordered cell forwarding for both of the houses' phone lines. That is, as well as I tried. I was having absolutely no luck in persuading the homeowners to forward their phone numbers to my pay phone. Determined not to give up on these people, I decided that I'd just go to their houses and forward the lines myself.

Next thing I know it's 1:30 in the morning and I'm driving my father's truck to the west, suburban neighborhood. My plan was to sneak into their yards and open up the pay telephone box on the back of their houses. I'd plug up every telephone case in and out the number needed to forward their phone lines to a nearby pay phone. I got lost a few blocks away from one of the houses, thinking if I had to run away quickly I wouldn't want anyone to see where I had set out to rob. I happened into

Armad with a jacket full of telephone equipment, screwdrivers, pliers and the phone number of a local pay phone, I began working toward my first target. Looking back, I am a believe nobody happened to notice a scruffy-looking, bag-thumbed stranger walking down the road in the middle of the night with his jacket bulging full of phone phoning supplies. It's a cop that happened to pass by. I'm sure he would have questioned me or at least picked someone out and watched me.

My mission on this night was a complete failure. The first house I went had lights all around it and I noticed a dog house. I just didn't feel comfortable walking up to it. The second house had their telephone box too high up for me to reach even when I stood on the roof of their deck. The whole thing was completely stupid and insane. Walking around on some lady's deck and snooping around their house at 1:30 in the morning. Their house was right on a lake so after waiting fifteen, I walked over to the lake and just stood the grass for probably an hour before getting bored and going home. I'm certain that I like a get caught, that is around that night. It was the machine that caused me to finally give up on the dream of becoming thousands of dollars from Western Union.

During our stay in Highland, Boston, I repeatedly tried to slip into to the vacant rooms in the apartment building. And I'd dress legal shopping items by want to have. Hanging out in strange patches for hours waiting for a UPS truck that never arrived. At one time in Dallas, Texas, I even tapped the FBI file right out of the ground the previous night to make the UPS driver last suspension.

While walking through town in Oak Ridge, Missouri one day an election sign caught my eye. I knew I recognized someone that the sign was encouraging me to to vote in the mayors. I then checked my list of codes and numbers and sure enough I had the credit card, bank address and phone number

for the Mayor of East Africa. Apparently he'd been in the T-Elites that I worked at and if I written down his information, not including who he was. But even my attempt to order a laptop computer on the major card failed. The only thing that seemed to work flawlessly was flying around the country on these cards. I never had a way to check the balances on the credit cards so I think a lot of the cards were just dead or didn't have enough money on them for what I wanted to purchase.

My various convenience store jobs provided me with an unlimited supply of names and credit card numbers so I stopped relying on the old stack of stolen receipts that my friend had given me and I began using credit that I was given at work instead, paying special attention to the cards that were gold.

Around the end of my stay in Indianapolis I took a 3rd job at an Amoco station as a cashier. It was a combination service station and gas station, so we had people bringing their cars in all the time for repairs and sometimes the cars would sit in our garage all week while they were worked on. I began to think about stealing out the vehicle plates in the middle of the night and then stealing one of the cars to get away. Maybe I'd even drive the car across the country or wherever my next destination ended up being.

I started taking peoples' car keys home with me, making copies of the hardware state and then returning them. Then I'd write down the owner's home address and keep it with the keys. All this time I'm also taking bits of cash register receipt journals home with me each night and writing down the credit card numbers, expiration dates and names, and looking in the phone book to get the individual's home address and phone number.

In the end I decided against the idea of stealing a car and leaving the Amoco, mostly because I liked the people I worked with at my other job and wanted to be able to see them again someday without the fear of being arrested. I left town, quietly, but I still had a car lot with hundreds of credit card numbers and names which I used my friends' phone calls and other things going over the next few years.

Upon my arrival in Portland, Oregon, my bank with credit cards began to change drastically. After a successful credit card flight to Portland I managed to check myself into a very nice downtown hotel for 3 days on a credit card number by making the reservation over the phone. After that ended, I managed to do it again on an even more hotel. And after that was expired I spent a few nights living on the streets before checking myself back into the last hotel again for a few more days. During each of my hotel stays, I received plenty of room service and internet access. All by reprogramming my index over the phone.

Committing credit card fraud became an every day event for me during most of my stay in Portland. My girlfriend Collins and I spent much of our time going through mailings and ordering

items in our various post office boxes, which were all under false names. Our daily trips to the post office were like Christmas. Collins ordered massive amounts of clothing and various instruments for both of us while I stuck to mostly computers and electronics. I ended up receiving a 33.3MHz laptop computer, more software than I could fit onto it, a laptop printer, a ham radio, books, CDs, and so much more. We were getting a lot of the same old stuff, giving some of it away and keeping the rest.

Not only were we doing great with the mail ordering, but I discovered that both Office Max and Office Depot would allow me to order items from their toll-free number and then pick them up at their stores. By joining in my father's name, I was able to order everything they had left in inventory for Collins and I. They kept in line on our ordered requests right in Indianapolis and were the perfect place to store my extensive list of credit card numbers. I even got a complete eye exam with a Portland eye doctor, and they stamped my new glasses and contact lenses on my credit card. I discovered not only smoking, a dental checkup, even a full dental cleaning would not cost but had a bunch of cheap options in my mouth before contacting me about my dental.

In 1994, it wasn't very common to see anyone with a cellular phone yet, but I started carrying one around with me all the time, using my massive collection of credit card numbers to make phone calls on it. The calls would run around \$3.00 per minute, and I would spend hours at a time on my new NDC cellular phone. I wasn't able to receive calls on it but I constantly checked the several voice mailboxes I had purchased from another company, using credit cards. Some of my treatments were for funds to have messages for me, and when I went for companies to contact me on if they had any problems with my fraudulent orders.

Using my new laptop computer and a program called Counter5, I was able to turn one single credit card number into hundreds. The computer program used an algorithm to generate hundreds of valid or old card numbers from just a single 16 digit credit card number. I printed out hundreds of these numbers, always keeping them in my notebook, to use for phone calls from pay phones and from my cellular phone.

Besides being able to collect credit card numbers from my places of employment, I began to discover new ways of obtaining card numbers. By calling up the employees of convenience stores and representing as employee of Visa or Mastercard, I could easily talk them out of several credit card numbers.

"Is that better than Mastercard?" I'd say. "What you having a problem with a Mastercard then? Our computer is showing some kind of a problem on your card."

"I don't think that's a problem," the clerk would say. "The last credit card went through just fine, I think."

Henson: Well, it doesn't look like a complaint to me, real. Could you find the receipt for me and read me the information from it? Otherwise your insurer will end up short for the amount of the transaction.

Not wanting to get in trouble for making money, most clerks were willing to give me all of the information from their last five credit card transactions. I became a regular caller to a few stores convincing the employees that my deepest requests for credit card information were just a routine part of their job.

Eventually I began calling all kinds of businesses and talking them out of their credit card numbers. A few times I'd reach them in mid-transaction with a customer and ended up talking directly to the customer, who would read me their credit card information and just about any other information that I requested. Sometimes phone was handed to them by an employee off to whom they were doing business at, they had no reason to doubt me.

Another method I started using was calling up people at their homes and impersonating the phone company. I'd tell them that I was a long distance operator and that a family member of theirs was trying to make a collect call to them. Once they authorized me to put the collect call through, that's when I talked them out of their credit card number.

Oliver: one sec. "I'd say "I'll put the call right through. Thank for you using -oh wait. There's a problem here. You have a collect call block on your phone. I'm afraid I was I be able to put the call through after all. I'm sorry for the inconvenience."

"Oh," she'd say. "Well we release another way to bill the call."

Henson: Well, I could bill a to your calling card or a major credit card if you'd like.

Sometimes I'd pattern credit from the person with one phone call, by telling them that their card was incompatible with our system and they needed to try another one. Once I had the card number, I would tell them that the calling party had hung up. Not surprisingly, these credit would end up being canceled within a day or two, probably after the victims discovered that the family member hadn't really been trying to reach them.

I was eventually arrested for making calls like this, and I was located for some of the thousands of calls that I already made credit cards. While the time was never sleep suspended in the request of damage I'd done, I'd still never recognized that anyone else by any of the services that I've outlined in this chapter.

Keep in mind that, as of the writing, all of these events occurred more than 15 years ago. Most of the security issues within them were taken care of years ago. Today, flying around the country under a different name would be nearly impossible with all the new security measures in airports, and they'd

probably change you with being a lot more aware of being put a few hundred bucks. You will be caught if you try these things, just as I was.

Automated Measurement



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Imagine one day your phone begins ringing. You pick it up and you're greeted with a fax machine beep, so you hang up. Several minutes later your phone rings again, and you have a recording of a voice announcing, "This is your first sample message!" and a generated log entry path. Even more minutes pass and your phone rings again, only this time it's a computerized voice saying, "This is your second sample message!"

Okay, so you're the victim of harassment. You're not too worried about it because you know that the guy doing it will get bored and it'll eventually stop. But it doesn't stop. It gets worse and worse day after day. 24 hours a day, around-the-clock, completely put your phone out of commission and the only thing you can do about it is change your phone number and hope that it works.

Rapid around the turn of the century, many companies were just beginning to integrate fixed-line-based phone services with the internet. The big thing seemed to be fax/facsimile services, which were web sites that let you choose from your list of documents that you could have faxed to yourself, all from the company's web site. It seemed like today in our world of possible FCP documents, but back then it made sense.

There were also a growing number of services that allowed you send phone-based messages to any number you chose. One company would let you phone reminders or welcome calls to yourself at a future date and another would send personalized messages to people in a robot's voice, based on what you typed into a form. Most of these services allowed you to leave a free document (and before paying money for that service).

While many sophisticated phone systems to feature a private line nothing more, doing it was the world

with web site quite revolutionary at the time. The problem with automated phone systems was that you usually had to wait just as much of your own time forwarding a person to your system did receiving it. But with all of these systems suddenly being available on the internet, this made it incredibly easy to completely automate the process.

All it took was some very basic knowledge of HTML to modify the forms on these websites and then place them on a public website for people to check out. By modifying the HTML code, I could turn the hidden name my phone number into a hidden field that only had my website's phone number in it. This I could name the SUBMIT button with something a little more likely to be clicked, such as **CLICK HERE FOR FREE NAKED PICTURES**.

I setup like porn sites like this that offered a bunch of image choices of free naked pictures. There was even one choice on the screen which claimed it was an online adult pornography, but ya it was only allowed to view the pictures if you were under the age of eighteen. Because of scenes being so adult and looking so adult pornography websites indeed were. I'm sure all the heavy middle-aged men looked that way too.

Of course there were no pornography images of my kind on the site, I made images that would violate the terms of service on the free website servers that I used. When a reader checked an account named I found porn they would see confirmation messages such as "Your fax has been sent" or "Thank ya for trying out our message service". Your phone will ring in just a minute.

Sure, I could go there and push the buttons I made over and over myself, but that would defeat the purpose of automating the harassment in the first place. I needed a way to trick lots of people into viewing my fake porn site so that the buttons would be clicked all day and night. So I turned to the popular chat service known as IRC.

I used a program called mIRC to write automated scripts that would automatically join pornography chat rooms. Then the script would send private messages to each person who joined the room, begging them to look at my amazing free website of pornography. Thousands of porn-hungry people's help would receive messages from these my scripts, leading them to my site. Thus many of these people would click on every single link on my page, each click resulting in at least one phone call to my website. And in addition one unhappy percent who scripts received the free porn images that he was promised.

Then, of course, resulted in some guy's phone ringing almost nonstop for about six months straight while I was free to go about my life as usual, doing more important and productive things than passing a browser all day to harass someone.

The test subjects who received these harassing phone calls were a couple of college guys who were

my next-door neighbor at the time. Their phone line just happened to run through my basement, so I could listen to their line any time I wanted, to see just how effective my harassment was. I estimated that they were receiving approximately one phone call every two minutes and I was slowly driving them insane.

They eventually gave up on picking it whenever was calling them and just turned their phone's ringer off, which meant that answering machines to be completely filled up with five texts and text messages. If they wanted to listen to my signature messages on their machine, they would have to sift through hundreds of garbage messages until they found it, making the simple act of checking their messages a very time-consuming endeavor.

Many times when they picked up the phone to make a phone call, it was already ringing so they couldn't dial out until the automated server hung up on them. I heard lots of phones slamming down and picking through the walls when this happened.

They called the phone company many times, begging them to do something about the problem, but the phone company said there was nothing they could do. Tracing the calls would do little good since the calls were coming from computers. My neighbors tried contacting the internet companies and had moderate success in getting a few of them to prevent their number from being called. But there were so many computers to choose from, all I had to do was update the fake porn page with new names. The police showed up one day to take a report, but weren't able to do anything helpful.

It took them nearly two months to finally break down and change their number so that the calls would stop. I gave them a few days of peace so they could give out their new phone number to all of their friends and family before updating my fake porn site with their new phone number, which wasn't hard to get since I could tap into their line and dial an AXX number that would read their new number to me.

I talked to their operator many times about who might be responsible for the calls, but surprisingly they never suspected the weird guy next door who had a Ph.D. from a famous American public house on his way.

The calls continued coming for a total of about six months, when they finally graduated college and moved to Florida. They learned to live with the phone calls and finally just accepted the fact that they would never be able to use their answering machines again and that making outgoing calls was a nightmare.

About a month after they moved to Florida, I called the phone company and talked them into giving me the guy's forwarding address. Then I called the phone company in Florida and got them to give me the updated number of their new home. I would have loved to hear their reaction when their

myersons phone numbers followed them 1,000 miles to Florida

A few years later, cellular phones and text messaging became very popular with the general public, and every wireless carrier had a free or cheap web site that would allow a person to send a text message to a cell phone number of their choice. This meant I could set up a new set of modified forms that would text students cell phone numbers and tell them to give my website a call.

And then, with the help of my friend Haywood, we were able to add some javascript that would automatically push the buttons on the fake page once for us. Each time the button was pushed, it would send a text message to another student cell phone number, asking them to call my website. Usually the message would imply urgency so that they'd be likely to keep trying my website number until he picked up.

Having my home computer repeatedly push the button seemed risky, so I continued to use the fake page site, but I also set up a special web page with about 10 callpushing buttons on it that I would visit from desktop computers at home. Setting up a password protected web site server on the same computer would ensure that nobody could shut down the browser until the machine was rebooted. I would sometimes set up that page in the desktop/home page so whenever a customer opened the browser, my page's buttons would be pushed a few times.

My fake sites and scripts went through many changes throughout the years, but they were always effective at driving my phone site visits with the constant stream of phone calls. There was never a thing they could do about it, since they change their phone number and hope that it works. Today, the parallelism stems without much development but a cell phone now and there are more cellphones with sites than ever.

History Lesson



¹The college I attended had a minor theater/the Film/Literature studies program it was changed or switched by the 1960s after an *Unhappy* Fall. Am so happy I was taken to PLU/State again – publication

"Well, I'm going to start a really cool hacker group and I'm going to call it the *Phone Lines of America!*"

That is the sentence that my friend Zak typed onto a computer bulletin board system in 1994, which marked the official beginning of the *Phone Lines of America*. Zak, also known as *0_jelly*, was being sarcastic and making fun of some guys who were calling themselves hackers, but I took the name and we ran with it.

It's probably about time that I tell you what the PLOA is, now that you've been reading the book covering many of the events that have happened during two decades following Zak's proclamation.

Confused yet? Let me explain. In the 1960's and 1980's, computer enthusiasts would write tutorials on hacking into computer systems, circumventing telephone security, making explosives, discussing drugs for free, burning things you're not supposed to, and just about any other kind of underground, antisocial topic you could think of. Hundreds of these files were freely available on underground computer bulletin board systems, commonly referred to as a BBS. BBS was the internet before there was an internet.

I'd once written a flow of these tutorials myself, posting them on bulletin boards throughout the country and hoping they would be copied, reposted, and distributed even further. But my writings were scattered all over the underground and were hard to find through the thousands of similar files that were already available. What I really needed was a series of my own text files that would be kept together so that they could be easily found. The only problem was that my text files needed a common name to be associated with them. In late 1994, when Zak threw the *Phone Lines of America* name out

them. I decided that was the perfect venue to attach to my writings.

The texts that I already written dealt with the usual topics of computers, phones and money, but what got them apart from most of the others available was the humor. My writings dropped the clinical attitude that was common in most text files and replaced it with jokes, puns, humor, and complete nonsense. While they were entertaining to read, they were still educational, as long as the reader could manage to decipher the humor from the nonsense. At the time, humorous text files are underground topics, unless it has content.

Around the end of November, 1994, I moved from Oregon to Austin, Texas to find an apartment and a job, but my real reason for moving, there was to attend the yearly computer hacker convention called HellaCon, which would be held at the Ransdale Inn in Austin, and which Zak would be attending as well. This would be the perfect place to promote the Photo-Lovers of America!

After working for a few weeks at a computer store in Austin, I used some of the money I earned to print up 1,000 business cards with Photo-Lovers of America written on them, along with a couple of my e-mail numbers and a conference line number. After Zak arrived in Austin, we had lots of fun handing these cards to complete strangers, throwing them around restaurants, leaving them and slipping them in storefront windows and handing them out to everyone during HellaCon.

After HellaCon was over, I spent a week in Boston, visiting family and friends. I spent many of my days at my parents' house editing my old text files, slipping Photo-Lovers of America headers and footers on them all, and releasing them onto the local computer bulletin boards. At this point there were a total of 11 different PLA text files. The PLA name officially started.

Before my visit to Boston was over, the incident with David's random phone call occurred, so the next day I wrote the 14th PLA text file which detailed that story. I finally left Boston and took an Amtrak back to Austin. Having no place to stay, I planned to sleep in Austin's airport, but since I'd slept in the airport for so many nights during the previous month, the security guard told me that that I there was out if I tried to sleep. So to my credit, I spent the night writing the 15th PLA text on my laptop, which was about taking over all the photo-love in/On/Off Ohio.

The next day, I moved to Corpus Christi, Texas, got an apartment, and used my laptop-computer to start my own BBS. I called the BBS "Whorebot Consequences" and declared it the workplace/superior for the Photo-Lovers of America. During my eight month stay in Corpus Christi, countless more copies of PLA text-writes and Oregon distributing them to underground BBSes all over the world. I would ask the operators of these BBS systems to setup special directories just for the PLA files and, in turn, I would list their BBS name and phone number in the PLA texts.

Eventually, almost all PLA began popping up on BBSes that I'd never even heard of, people started

contributing material for me to use in FLA, and my BBS was busy most of the day and night with calls coming in from just about everywhere. The owner of a Corpus Christi internet provider (note that we were up in no time) called all of this and announced that he'd hired an investigator to deal with us and it wouldn't be his job to continue to bring the FLA down.

The FLA was getting plenty of attention in the Illinois press room too. Thanks mostly to Zak. A newspaper reporter became interested and used to interview us for an article. My girlfriend, Callene, and I had decided to move out of Corpus Christi to Daegu, with a one week stay in Illinois. The day we arrived in Illinois, a newspaper at Belleville (Illinois) ran a front-page article about the Phoenix Letters of America at their Sunday paper. Not surprisingly, it also posted a very good picture of the FLA.

A few days later, on a Wednesday, an editorial about the FLA was published in the same paper complete with a humorous cartoon depicting a member of the FLA looking at his computer. And then, the following Sunday, another front page article was written. We were shocked to make the front page of the Sunday paper two weeks in a row. A Madison County Sheriff apparently wasn't too thrilled as we were, though, because he came to arrest us just a few hours after we'd finished our flight to Daegu. It was a close call.

In Daegu, I immediately setup my BBS again and released the 30th issue of FLA, which included an update on the newspaper publicity we'd received in Illinois. Soon after that, I found my way onto a wonderful new thing called the internet, and I immediately took down the BBS to replace it with a web site. The internet was just beginning to become popular, and bringing the entire archive of FLA on a website was drawing many new visitors. During our one year stay in Albany, I released six more issues of FLA, bringing the total number to forty-one.

Our next move was to Ohio, where the last four issues of FLA were released. I had originally decided that I wasn't interested in writing them anymore and wanted to move on to other things, so on May 15th 1997 I released the 44th issue, marking the official end of the FLA issue. But FLA was far from being over!

Soon after announcing the end of the FLA issue, we registered www.albanycounty.org. This not only became the official archive of the Phoenix Letters of America texts, but it's where I began soliciting people from the internet to contribute their original FLA web sites, which I linked to from the FLA site. Over 100 original FLA sites sprang up around the world, each detailing collections, lists of gay groups and roles that they or the site or that they lived in.

FLA books and tapes and CDs were released and sold on the website, as well as t-shirts, stickers and other merchandise items with the FLA branded on them. The FLA community remained strong and active, through various email discussions from phone conferences, web-based forums, and chat

Eventually learned that I couldn't handle our evening test files and I started up a new show called *Phantasy Incorporated*, which was based around our basement of an extremely active girl on IRC. As that event died down, I started the show as *Frank Fluffy Phantasy Business* and began writing about emotional phonecalls upon beginning with a huge list of phone numbers that were connected to the GCI telephone company. Then the name was changed once more to *Dick Fluffy Phantasy Business* so that people would stop making fun of our girl's name. The show lasted for over 2 years.

In the late 1990s, after moving to Illinois, my friend JackCall and I began releasing short radio clips, calling them *PLA TV*. They mostly revolved around various *penetration* pranks and one featured puppetry by the name of Elephant and Bird, teaching viewers how simple and profitable phone fraud could be.

In 1998, Jason created a spin-off group of the PLA called the United Phant Locons. Through a tragedy, it started as a joke, it picked up momentum and became an integral part of the PLA by releasing 30 minutes of their own show and setting up their own forum, which became a very active part of the PLA community in the early 2000's. UPL also took over the PLA's quarterly phone directory.

In the summer of 2004, Rick T. Fluffy, monthly, Regal, John Stewart, and Melli, gave a PLA 10th anniversary presentation to a few hundred hackers at the Hackers On Planet Earth convention in New York City. They played a few of the PLA's prank calls, an episode of *PLA TV*, took questions from the crowd, and gave away free PLA T-shirts and CDs. They organized a similar party 4 years later, adding *Subpendent* to the panel.

In January of 2006, I jumped on the new performing bandwagon with PLA, by creating a show called *PLA Radio*. The show featured original prank calls, short songs, and interviews on various underground-related topics. Just like the old PLA shows, *PLA Radio* blended plenty of humor in accompany for satirical content.

In 2007, PLA was given a 2-hour weekly slot on a New York radio station called Party 104. Sports, Jason, and I used it to broadcast *The Phant Show*, where we took phone calls and talked about various PLA topics for an hour each week. Soon after we returned the show to new stations, but it still exists today.

And now you're reading the PLA in the form of a book. A book that compiles some of the best parts of our 10-year-old and on days 10-year collection of stories, based mostly on the history of the Phant Locons of America.

The FLA "Zone"

Much of the content and spirit surrounding the FLA in all of our projects is based on these original 44 issues of the FLA Zone. This section is dedicated to the Zone and will describe each issue and hopefully give you a little insight and history behind a few of them.

Having BBS programs, no back
the LANA BBS BBS is an intrusion.



FLA000.TXT – How To Hack A WWTF BBS. Years earlier, a guy named Chris taught me a trick that allowed access to the hard drive of most people running a WWTF BBS. In our local calling area, there was a about thirty WWTF BBSes (telephone lines) so I earned quite a bit in the community by hacking many of them. Chris and I had a great time, smoking over dashboards and changing BBS login screens and names on any old kinds of wacky things. Since most BBSes used the same program as every other BBS, we would log in as just about anyone and pretend to be them, smoking, smoking drugs on all the boards.

We had a blast, having other people for the group and watching the drama unfold everywhere. After a while, nobody would trust anyone in the community. Eventually people figured out that I was responsible and everyone wanted to kill me, but then some people started begging me to teach them how to hack. Annoyed by the begging and fearful that people might find out that I did, I usually have

my real business deals, I wrote this file that detailed how to build a WWT system with an end goal of upgrading it to all the new BBSes that hadnt taken me off yet

PLANS.TXT – How To Build A Real Bus I'd been not having fun about a year when I started some new hacker friends in Ballwinville, Illinois. One guy was impressed to see that real busing still worked and he showed me my first one of 2000 which explained how to turn a base station into a real bus. I was excited at the prospect of using something to try to make this stuff work, so we drove to a grocery store and used their photocopier to copy the stuff for me to take home.

I had my doubts that something as easy could work, but after waiting a week for Radio Shack to special order my \$1194 little crystal, I was suddenly real busing without a fancy tape recorder. I copied some of the new from 2000 along with my own notes and named it microwave 43. I added to this file frequently as I figured out new tricks and details about real-busing, and by the time it was named into a PLA name, it was a fairly comprehensive guide.

PLANS.TXT – Revenge Techniques Chris and I had fun getting revenge on fellow hackers, so I began compiling a list of things we had done to people and things that we could do to people. The name originally used on this cover was a guy named David who Chris and I went to great lengths to torture at our BBSing days. even visiting his house occasionally to mess with him. By the time this file turned into a PLA name, Chris and I were no longer friends so I removed that man's file using Chris' name.

PLANS.TXT – Disruptive Driving & Loading Bell Trucks I'd been disruptive driving at phone companies for several years and wanted to write a guide on it since I was satisfied with my of the guides I could find on other BBSes. While writing it, I discovered that there wasn't really a whole lot to say about this subject, so I added this part about loading half trucks on the same models I wrote on short.

PLANS.TXT – Third-party Billing I wrote this file while hanging out all night at the 24-hour computer lab on a university campus in Indianapolis. I often spent entire nights there because I was homeless and it was cold outside. I'd discovered the joys of billing my calls to other people while living in Miami and having no other calling options at the time. It was surprisingly easy to do and became a regular method of phone calling for me over the next few years.

FL409.TXT – Free Money From AT&T This is another one written on the computer (at 10 at night). I spent so much time at pay phones in the early 1990's that I was often asked by operators if I wanted a refund on my failed calls. Just for fun, I had a file of these mail me checks for twenty-five cents. It was amusing to think about how much time and money they spent just to send me a quarter. It wasn't long before I discovered that I could trick operators into sending me checks for \$10.00 international phone calls. For a short time, this became an additional stream of income for me.

FL409.TXT – Numbers in cell When You're Bored I had notebooks full of interesting numbers and I wanted to share them with other people, particularly my giant list of pay phones that I had compiled since I was in grade school. This was originally titled FUNNUMBERS.TXT and I uploaded it to the famous BpCo-BBS in Chicago, then accidentally lost my own copy and completely forgot that I ever wrote it. A year later I was on BpCo and noticed the file, so I downloaded it and was surprised to see that I wrote it.

Not only did I include phone numbers for phone company areas, bars and fancy swimming machine numbers, but I also created systems for businesses with the name Ray and Carter, just to make people wonder what I was thinking.

After a few years, I updated the list and copied it to a new file called the PLA Phone Directory, which I tried to release a few times a year. The system that caused me the most grief was the Laser List, where I listed phone numbers of people that was fun to mess with. Eventually I started receiving information for that system and began receiving legal threats from the victims since they needed the internet and found that I was the source of all their prank calls.

FL409.TXT – Stealing The Life of a 7-Eleven Employee Most of this file was written on my laptop computer while working at a 7-Eleven in Portland, Oregon. Having nothing better to do at night, I began compiling a list of things customers did to put me off. Then I started adding things that they could do to put me off. Then I just started making things up.

The text file caused some problems for me when I uploaded it to a 7-Eleven-themed BBS in a town called Albany, Oregon that I didn't moved to. I thought that as a 7-Eleven employee, the group would appreciate the humor. Instead, he took the file as a personal threat and called the police on me for uploading it to him, then he began making harassing calls to me. That turned into a really fun battle for me that I'm sure he wished 911 never existed.

Some of the examples in this one were turned into a PLA TV video in 2009, which YouTube promptly took down for violation of their terms of service.

PLANS/TXT – Jim Boyles' Triumph. Culture Card wrote this play in 1994 for a school project. It was acted out in front of a class by her and some friends and it was awarded an A. We expected someone to turn the Jim Boyles screenplay into a major motion picture, but sadly that never happened.



Jim Boyles was a real security guy for Anasoft who really had a wonderful spirit and because I occasionally called his work and his home to make fun of him for not being able to catch me. He even showed up at my old job once to request documents on me. I was thrilled to have a place company security guy take so interest in me.

PLANS/TXT – Business Frequencies. I'd always been into radios and when I purchased my first programmable scanner, I created a list of frequencies that had potential for me. I wrote the file as

hopes that other radio enthusiasts would find the more frequent need ideas for things to do, but I didn't get as much feedback as I hoped for.

PLANE TEXT – Heavy Call Transcripts The next contains 4 phone call transcripts transcribed either from recorded calls, or from memory. Some of the stories surrounding the calls are made up, which is obvious. My favorite part is definitely the McDonald's call, which was a real phone call that I didn't record.

MCD: Thank you for calling McDonald's. May I help you?

RAC: McYes. I'd like to have a 40 piece McFluggins, a McCola and two orders of McFrench.
Over delivered right McNew

MCD: We don't deliver...no

RAC: McExcuse me? I'm looking at your McAd on the tripPaper and it says right here no black and McWhite that you McDeliver

MCD: Well that's some sort of printing mistake or something

RAC: This is McHyderabad? Let me speak to your McManager!

MCD: Okay please hold

RAC: McHello, you McListen

The open air death call and the gay phone call were written by me while on a greyhound bus in Texas. The first death radio call was in the manner of a god Collins Call, was always haunting, and the second death radio call was based on an actual phone call that I made a year or two earlier to a 411 operator in Iowa.

PLANE TEXT – Converting Your Modem Back in the dark ages of computer BSing, I was stuck with a slow 1200 baud modem while all my friends seemed to be bragging about their speedy 1400 baud connections. I wanted to upgrade my ancient modem to a 1400 baud, but couldn't afford the \$1800 cost of ModMort. So I ended up buying a 2400 baud modem from them and then returned the 1200 baud modem in the box for a refund since they couldn't fill the difference between them.

The price was constant even! Even as local rates continually increased and I wanted the store to seem relevant. Also because I kept upgrading my modem each year to the newest speed. After an upgrade in 1995, Bob and I called the store to tell them what went down and they weren't around any less.

FLAND/TEXT – From Trucks and Petty Schemes Here's another one that began its life in the 1940s computer lab at the University. I was trying to compile the ultimate guide to pleasure spots all the current pleasure guides were several years out of date, but I quit, because I was finished. To make the issue bigger a year or two later, I added the petty crimes to it, which, as everyone, makes very little sense at all.

FLAND/TEXT – Bill's Creditless Plane This event happened while I was spending a few weeks at my parents' house for a visit. In the days prior to this event, I'd been compiling all of my old news files into issues of the *Phone Lines of America* issue. The morning after these events occurred, I turned them into the first file version exclusively for the PLA, and immediately uploaded it to every BBS in my local calling area.

FLAND/TEXT – Rape Biting on Colton After the visit to my parents' house, I took a train back to Austin, Texas and attempted to spend the night in Austin airport. But since I'd been sleeping in Austin's airport so much during the previous month due to homelessness, the nighting security guard there told me that if I fell asleep that night, she would throw me out of the airport. So I stayed up all night, writing on my laptop, which is where this story came from.

Nothing in the story is true, other than the fact that I lived in Colton, Ohio for a short time the year before. I used the Colton name in the story as an oddity in a small town that I kind-of missed. A year later, 2000 magazine printed this story in their Spring 1998 issue.

FLAND/TEXT – Best Fries, Phone Books and Phone BBS I kept haggling the hell out of Cole to write something for the PLA issue. After weeks of pestering him, he finally caved; this issue is an untold story to learn how the hell this came. The phonebook ordering trick was something I desperately need to write phone books for myself while changing them in other people, which allowed me to find fun and interesting phone numbers to call in other areas before the internet made things like that so easy. We also went dozens of phone books in one journey, hitting it in their own phone books.

FLAND/TEXT – Letters From The Phone Company I was going through my notebooks and noticed that I had many letters from phone companies addressed to me, mostly demanding money for services that I'd make or politely accusing me of scamming money from them. All of them not + call except for the one where the CEO of SBC IT offers to pay me a monthly salary just for still quit sending

from them.

FL408.TXT – Kevin Mijangch Arapiles – I'd always been fascinated with the Kevin Mijangch story that I'd first read about at the Cyberpunk book, so while staying on the campus at Eastern State University I began collecting newspaper articles about him. I was surprised to see him pop up on the front page of the newspaper in 1991, so I immediately ordered that issue from some of the old Mijangch articles that I'd saved years earlier.

FL409.TXT – Fun With Call Forwarding – Playing with call forwarding was really fun in the early 80's when you could easily make the service for anyone's home and then access it remotely. This issue detailed some of our pranks using call forwarding and different methods of forwarding phone lines.

FL409.TXT – Alternatives to CNA – This issue showed readers how to obtain a customer's name and address using just their phone number, mostly based on methods that I used regularly.

FL409.TXT – FLA Job Applications – After the FLA started getting well known on BBSes, I began receiving emails and voice-mails asking me how they could join the FLA. Tired of explaining to everyone that FLA was just an e-zine and not a club, I wrote this issue as a sarcastic reply to everyone, just so I could tell people to refrain they asked me how to join.

FL409.TXT – BBS Back Doors & Flaws – A guy named Providence was the first person to tell me that being that you set his own name of the FLA, mine. He apparently owned real BBS-linking toys with complete security, so nobody was ever exactly what worked on them were.

FL409.TXT – Long Distance Access Codes – After spending a few days searching all of the long distance "00" codes, I tested the list into the new FLA issue. Not long after this, the phone company switched to "1000" codes, making this FLA issue completely useless.

FL409.TXT – Bidding on Credit Card Fraud – It happened to be wrapping up that life on credit card fraud, just as I was tested the credit card fraud in Texas while trying to send a flight to Oregon. After I was released and answering my mail, I decided it was probably a bad idea to have a file like this lying around, so I deleted it. After all of the charges against me were dropped, I recreate it all

and turned it into the new case.

PLAIDS.TXT – Talking/Dave Fred Meyer's Interview. After continuously taking over every Fred Meyer store anywhere in Portland, Oregon for most of a year, I wrote this file to explain how it had been done. I take it almost straight after we moved out of the city though.

The thing I really loved about this case was that it multiplied the problem for Fred Meyer because suddenly hundreds of people all over the world knew how to tamper with the pricing system of any Fred Meyer store. I received lots of mail from people who told it out, telling me of their own adventures with the stores. It took Fred Meyer more than 2 years to fix the problem so that it couldn't happen anymore.

PLAIDS.TXT – Details on Pharm Offices. This case was immediately released as my own field in 1993 and a lot of people downloaded it, so I put made it available to everyone. It shows some partial details on just two pharma offices, then has a phone call transcript for one of them that seemed funny at the time.

PLAIDS.TXT – Stacey Bishop for Baby Products. Colleen Cook wrote these poems on an old IBM typewriter while living in Georgia, and then mailed them to me in Texas. It was the only material ever submitted to the F.B.I. that was written on a typewriter and sent by U.S. Mail.

PLAIDS.TXT – Telephone Calling Cards. This case shows readers a few different ways to order telephone calling cards for other people and gives tips on using them safely and making them last as long as possible.

At the end of this case is a small article about a gay named Fletcher who wrote an article on how to double the membership of your coffee ID. This was common knowledge at the time, so I printed it only to make fun of him.

PLAIDS.TXT – Striking Ray Channeth From TCI. Another unsubmitted case of PLA, sent in by a gay named Dr. Dee. This case helped readers double the gay channel 33 on their cable TV lines.

PLAIDS.TXT This is the first case of PLA that turned into more of a story format with multiple articles. It included another submission by Dr. Dee on identifying stores, a newspaper article about a

small town in Utah that just had phones installed for the first time a year earlier – some fake news and a lot of the whole GIP files based on Erik's files.

A huge part of this case is the introduction. Though I began writing a small introduction explaining why I took so long to releasing it, and that turned into a hospital, made-up story involving social engineering, making a hospital employee's car, framing some managers for the Oklahoma City bombing and driving across the country to escape my harassment. It was the best excuse ever.

FL4002.TXT – AntiPlan a Dirty Tame House – This really long story by AntiPlan stated a town he owned a system administrator and all the fallout he had to deal with as a result of it.

FL4002.TXT – Another multi-episode case, including a political sat-on computer game by Lokant, an introduction to CHA departments, a poem by Colleen Card and another poem by Marissa about Damer, and a couple of telephone scam scripts.

FL4002.TXT – Item 33 included an article on doing terrible things to your neighbors, a fake classified section, a very comprehensive section on being boring, a report story on the evidence of "Cats" that lives, and some more fake news.

Also in this case was The Official Phreakers Manual, which was filled with fake information about the history of phone phreaking, commercial phone company, anonymity and other traits of the world. Included was a long series of numbers that I claimed could be typed into a pay phone to make all the money inside even pouring out.

Despite this secret code being surrounded by obviously fake information, people still believed it and kept trying to type it in for years afterwards. I would get regular emails on the subject, asking if the code had changed because they tried it and it wouldn't work. More than a decade later, I turned this fake code into a YouTube video, making a new generation of would-be phreakers.

One other thing in this case was a complete phone directory for the city of Bay, New Mexico. The name Bay had always been an inside joke between Erik and I, so I thought it would be funny to list every phone number in that city. We spent years telling everyone in Bay, trying to create widespread panic by telling everyone about UFO sightings and by hacking their answering machines.

FL4004.TXT – Hiding Lamesters in the FBI Area Code – It had been 3 years since Chen and I started the hacking scene in the Boston BBS scene, but people still talked about us and the PLA and all the scary things they thought we could do. So, just for fun, I began doing all the BBSes in Illinois

from my house in Texas. Once again, quite a bit was covered in the BBSing community.

One part of it was the Chattanooga BBS where the sysop gave out my home phone number to another guy and we learned from about it until they gave a public apology to me. Then there was The Hot Mom who we also persuaded to publicly apologize to people that had been outgassing. And then there was Mr. Hack a BBS where we kept ordering call waiting on his deadline to back his users off.

PLA005.TXT – System on 416. After covering loads of problems in the BBSing community again, it was right in Belleville, Illinois, decided to do a front page story about the P.L.A. This story repeated that story and gave some updates about the BBS community there, such as the Chattanooga sysop and The Hot Mom getting BBSing because they couldn't handle our challenges. There was also an article about how to deal with phone line issues and an interview with Aangp406 who began our discussion with the word sector.

We were playing a game called Heroes Quest, but we were playing a really screwed up version that they created and right when they were ready and there were customers opening up out of the ground because they were making specially shaped creatures. I think called this guy right in my character was overpowered by a creature so I had to be "batter" and the said "who?" and I said "oh, matter" and that's how it started. After that we kept calling his back and trying to make him want to really get on her server. All night we picked random numbers out of the phone book and called people. We did it for days and the next thing you know it just became a way of life.

PLA006.TXT – Pages From A Ladies Diary. This is a fictional story written in ladies diary format about a religious guy named James Haggard who wanted to stop harassment and write about it in his diary. There are also some phone call transcripts of us bothering operators and an editorial about the P.L.A. published in various editions of the Illinois newspapers that did a story on us.

PLA007.TXT – Good-A-Doing. "It was the night before Christmas and all around the house, not a creature was stirring except for Bartholomew the piper who was marching through the midnight family's national interface box, clipping their lines and turning a long pretentious cord down the block into his own house so he could call a bank of 900 numbers."

The Christmas issue of P.L.A. starts out with a phone call transcript and some Christmas cards that explain how a new state-by telephone service works. There is also some information on the phone company, a P.A.C.A. office and a transcript from a TV show where a guy named a kid said from

PLAINTEXT - EastCoast 46 The story begins with a flashback account of a earlier conversation, in Ocean Lake, Wisconsin in which much of the time is obscured. Then there are some documents prepared from trading at the OCT building and another from page newspaper article about the PLA from that same Illinois newspaper.

If the OCT staff confirm you, let me replace. Back in the late 80's, we loved to have the operators at a phone company called OCT. Even though they were a phone company, they were here where you were calling from and they dealt with our incoming calls for years. Whenever we held conference calls people always called OCT throughout the night. If you called an OCT operator he or she would often start with "Ya manna". During the late 80s, the OCT operators became very familiar with our calls and some would tell us that they knew we were "Delton hackers". It was the most infamous phone company anyone had ever come across and we found out that they probably received more prank calls than all the legitimate calls from customers.

PLAINTEXT - After trying to find readers who thinking we were taken over by Phreaks, the story contributed to a song called Real Delirious (Which Rob-T finally covered in 2009) a very satirical spoofing to find a Phreak who called me to complain about the whole I wrote how to read handwriting with a deciphering machine how we deal with wrong numbers calling our house some pay phone calls we received work, and some information as a few possible real house facts.

PLAINTEXT - Colleen Cast's Unpublished Items Colleen Cast takes over the story with further improved present history & info, newspapers/in phone and finally house phone log.

PLAINTEXT Digital Research's quest to become a member of the PLA this process some prank call transcripts and emails from readers.

PLAINTEXT This story begins with a later transcript of a talk show on hackers, then goes on update on where Delton, T. Elton employee becomes and things to do while on the job. It also contains a large advertisement for CyberCue which was sort of an official PLA connection in Bensenville Times.

PLAINTEXT Learn how to master the art of false identification, and read about our latest

advertisers in cordless phone manufacturing. Our new neighbors in Ohio didn't continue using their cordless phones for very long once we moved into the neighborhood and started monitoring with their phone calls. There is also a Spanish language update in this issue and a lot of reader mail.

PLAINTEXT: We manage to stop a cordless phone user from violating copyright: then teach readers how to profit from using their own 900 number. We try to rock the boat at the 2000 investor group by encouraging people to convert their subscriptions to 2000 Magazine/Businessnet, by getting the magazine online for free. Then, since, of course, it is and we just wanted to see what everyone's reaction would be, go on to teach us how to use Pacific Bell's automated system and there are some BIC bags.

PLAINTEXT: After showing off all the cordless phone users around my new neighborhood at recent times, I read in shock of new reports being new cordless phone users onto the area. Many included breaking into their homes and replacing their regular phones with cordless phones and following them around the Wal-Mart and turning a cordless phone into their gun while they were looking.

Logic has published an article called Fantasy Forces that which begins our campaign of terror against an entire community and it is that done, and to learn, explains to us that PLA can't a group. You'll learn some new ways to scan telephone-calling cards and file videos, and you'll learn some phone tricks.

PLAINTEXT: The final issue of the PLA, alas. We say a quick goodbye and assure readers that great things are on the horizon. This issue is full of things like the history of the PLA and all the issues, the meaning of dialtone, a TelCel review, getting someone to get the items most desired about the members of the PLA, RCMP visits a T-110van, an BIC sample, some, letters and more more.

But what I really love about this issue is the true story of Sonny. Sonny was a mysterious presence in the house of a Canadian family that would jump into their phone conversations, watch the channels on their TV and blink the lights in their house. He would also call and interrupt the police and anyone else who had contact with the family. The phone company, police and other investigators were completely baffled by Sonny. It got so bad that the family put their house on the market, hoping to sell it quickly and get away from him.

PLAINTEXT: *Issue 1's unauthorized PLA.* While the PLA issue ended with issue 10, the issue

was released during the previous year by a guy named Steve. I always loved it with the rest of the team because there was so much funny stuff in it, once you made through the really sick parts. Erik and Steve made great phone calls in Disneyland's Mickey Mouse and explained the greatness of park riding OC.

Phone Mailing

In the early 1980's, members of Cal's Parents began organizing "phone raids" or talk radio shows. The idea was that everyone would call into a radio show at the same time, flooding the lines with our witlines in hopes of keeping normal callers off the air. Our first attempt, organized by Justin Belmont, was to get on the popular call-in show called *Love Line*. Only one of us (Sardéll) made it through and managed to talk on the phone about not having during sexual play.

Our next attempt was much more successful when we phone bombed a small AM radio station in Illinois as they were asking people to call in and had us remind that they had for sale. For a full hour, the station was dominated with calls by the PLA, asking the station related items. Many of the regular callers who got through just wanted to talk about us and why we kept saying "cuckoo" on the air.

Phone Mailing heavily turned towards public phone conferences talking about higher powers in person (it is how to make Russian brother). Since they had no way to remove us from these live conference lines, the hosts and the callers were forced to listen to our bizarre comments until they finally gave up and ended the conference.

With the help of NYR&B, we organized several more AM radio station raids where we confused the locals with the word cuckoo. And RogerCrown organized another such against the original AM radio station in Illinois.

In 2000, Jimmy discovered an online show called *Our Prisoner* where a guy locked himself into a house with a live 24/7 radio that he is mostly self-motivated callers to make off of by designing the line. Each evening they took live calls from the callers, which turned into our next phone mailing project. The location of the house was a secret, but a delta radio being for us to figure out where they were located and then blast our live audience on the air. Until the show ended, they didn't walk regular calls from the PLA saying bizarre things to them on the air.

Today the PLA runs the online radio station called *Cuckoo Radio* and regularly organizes Phone

Notes that are played/seen on the screen. Regular phone calls or internet calls radio stations are sometimes carried out after our weekly show and the results are posted to the podcast feed.

April Fools Pranks

Every few years the FLA pulls a weekly April Fools Day prank on its readers. The last major prank was in 2002 when I posted an article on phonetown.org about some really amazing software that could be downloaded for your Palm organizer. Software like the Pay Phone Commando which allowed a person to charge for talking time on pay phones or simply the coin box with one stroke of their stylus, or the Palm Band Band which allowed free calls from pay phones. There was also a call phone tool that allowed users to charge cell phones.

Of course, the first program I went into gave details about what I wrote. I encouraged readers to download the programs from our download section, which also date I wrote, then I updated the article, gavebook posts and several articles begging everyone to read these three amazing programs.

"I've looked all over your site, and I can not find the palm files you offered. I've pretty much looked the last but I was wondering if you could help me out. Thanks" -Michael

"Bright idea. Next time you advertise some Palm Pilot programs in your download section. SET UP A DOWNLOAD SECTION!! As you, the internet kind of dies all what-if becomes apparent that THERE IS NO DOWNLOAD SECTION Just a thought." -Ermac

In 2003 I created a YouTube video that showed users an amazing new way to logon the speakers in a flat food drive-thru so that they could serve with the customers trying to order their food. It involved modifying a CD reader with a special crystal that could be found/made a toaster. The video even contained footage of an meeting with customers as viewers were sure that it was real. But, of course, it was all a huge lie.

The video was linked on major web sites such as Park Consumerist, Digg, MySpace and Grindr. who all seemed to believe there was real. This caused over 100,000 people to suddenly want to hear about their toaster. Looking for a crystal that wasn't there. In the 2 year time that prank, I

still receive angry emails from people who have broken their lockers or spent \$50-on a new CB radio to realize... only to find out that it wasn't possible.

I've considered how slow down how straightforward and honest I have yet to find the crystal back to working. I also have 2 of the same model CB radios in the radio. The crystal is in a different place and is marked (R 240-132PT) that maybe that was the frequency?

I thought I heard one hand-held CB radio from radio shack and I heard one dealer from radio shack and I heard one of them deal and crystal at all. also need a more expensive tuner. the one I got was 128 and should have a not hand-held CB radio? please help out guys I really want to do this.

The PLA's most recent peak sales radio based on some 131-of the old PLA. com which gave various a recent radio to type into pay phones that would make all the money some getting out of the phone. The radio demonstrated of a working and the in-depth details on why it worked left little doubt to many people that it was real. And like in the previous peak, PLA regularly helped out by posting comments about how well it worked and how much money they were able to steal. I still receive regular emails from people telling me that they can't get it to work.

"I tried this at my local airport. I did the back in 3 various payphones and 2 other phones and I got nothing from them either the station work requires or the phones had no money made." jcd445

Then stop does not work with where to get the info. I did it to take off phones."-EliandriKali4

FOR INFORMATIONAL PURPOSES: DATA GETTING MORE SELF RICH"-masonw010404

PLA Communities

Ever since the PLA started making around 1994, there have been various ways that we all come together to talk with each other and plot our-out evil plans. It all started with a BBS in Illinois called Key 1 Place.



1995 – Ray's Place BBS This BBS was run by Zak (aka El Jefe) and was the first official distribution site for the PLA texts. Zak had run a BBS before PLA was created, but in 1993, when the PLA really started taking off, he changed the BBS name to Ray's Place and set up at least one message network to discuss PLA topics.

Ray's Place was located in Grants City, Illinois, and it ran WNTY BBS software. It attracted mostly BBSers from the IL area, who in fact, Ray's was the home of RayNET, which networked the message areas from several other area BBSes. Soon, Ray's Place began receiving calls from all over the United States and even overseas. Ray's Place came to an end when Zak decided that the internet, which everyone was just learning about, was much more exciting than BBSing.

1995 – Whonker Communications BBS This BBS was run by me while living in Corpus Christi, Texas and became the official BBS for the Phases Layers of America. It ran customized Rempage BBS software. The PLA text files were becoming well-known on BBSes around the world thanks to my network's campaign of begging volunteers of hackers how to set up special file servers just for the PLA texts, which all had the phone numbers for Ray's Place and Whonker Communications on the bottom of them. This caused many long distance and international calls. Whonker also received lots of traffic from local Corpus Christi users, which is how I was introduced to RedCal, who later helped create content and help with PLA systematics.

Whonker Communications received a sudden surge in traffic from Illinois when I forwarded the phone list of a gas station, a credit card merchant in Illinois to Whonker Communications and then advertised a new 414 area BBS on most of the Illinois BBSes. Many Illinois users were confused to be reading a Texas BBS by dialing an Illinois phone number.

Whisper Communications moved to the 341 area code when Callum Card and I moved to Oregon at the end of 1993. It only lasted a few months there until I discovered the internet and created a website for the FLA called **Whisper Communications**.

1997 (BC's Hook) With the internet came IRC, and with IRC came the fun of sitting over chat rooms channels. One of BC left a channel takeover occupied on other's hook, which was a place for discussing rock music. After a few months, hook became the permanent 24-hour home for many people associated with the FLA. Soon other's hook channel was created on Dalnet, which was also for FLA people to hang out on.

These channels were used heavily for years, and we met two important people on other through this takeover. One was Jennifer, the co-founder of hook where she hoped to talk about music. She eventually just gave up, getting the channel back and became friends with the FLA and is still around today. The other person is Spence, who enjoyed going into channels and harassing the people in them (the signed hook would be an easy target, so she came in and started spouting off comments, but was surprised to find the members spouted back at her to her even more tolerance than her own. That match was won, so she became friends with FLA and has been with us ever since.

BC's Sphorismers: There's been a Sphorismers on many IRC networks throughout the FLA history. There was even an irc sphorismers net IRC server beginning in 1999 for a while. These days Sphorismers is most active on slack.

1998-- FreeSW are BSD Forum: I read some fiction discussion forum scripts at the late 90's, but wasn't happy with any of them, so I created my own and called it FreeSWare BSD. It was written in as a BSD because it was designed to have the feel of an old WWW or Banzai system. It was full of security holes and in a way that nobody ever noticed it. The FLA's FreeSWare forum closed in February 1999 because I was tired of having to delete all the phone numbers and credit card numbers that were constantly posted.

1998 - Yahoo! FLA/PL Email List: The email list started out as a service called Egroups, which then turned into a company called COMcast, then aGroups, and then was purchased by Yahoo! Group. All of the messages were read and responded to by email. The list was extremely active until February 2000, when Bruce Dorian had the list shut down by complaining to Yahoo! after I posted his home phone numbers in the list.

1997 – @phantasmium: The FLA message group was created in 1997 but was never very active mostly because of the original spam filter.

1999 – FLA State Bridge: The FLA state bridge has been around since at least 1999. Back in 1999 through 1997 many of us would hang out on the DeForestville bridge before it went down. Two years later I discovered a similar conference list on the same exchange on the DeForest bridge, run by Andrew Telephous. The bridge lists changed without many letters across them but it is needed on state lists for another year or so.

1999 – UPL Forum: The UPL Forum started as first board having sites like CCI For Me and boardlist.com before migrating to the PlanetWin Web software around September 1999. In May 2004 the UPL Forum migrated to discussion and then to OpenBB in 2005. There were playoffs in January 2005 until the summer.

2001 – Email list on newbridge.com: Spide, the webmaster of newbridge.com, setup this email list for the FLA at June 2002 and it lasted until April 2005. It was never quite as active as the old Yahoo email list but it still received a lot of posts each day.

2002 – Ray BBS: David set up a Wildcat BBS and called it Ray. There could connect to it through internet instead of phone lines. It had message areas, games and the other usual BBS stuff.

2002 – Cal's Forum: Soon after becoming the new web host for phantasmium.org, Cal not only set up forums for the FLA community but he also setup a place for FLA people to submit articles, write blogs, share links and vote on OMG B&X pictures. This was the sole community for the FLA for years, and ended sometime around the end of 2006 when he shut it down to create a new place called Cal's Content Kingdom.

2004 – FLA Forum: The latest FLA Forum started in March 2004 and still exists today. They were originally intended to be used as a community system for the pages on phantasmium.org but involved one official FLA domain when Cal's Content Kingdom stopped functioning.

2004 – UPL Forum: Just after the FLA Forum was created, Justin got phantasmium.net back.

from a distance against anti-immigration set up the United House Lovers Forum, which will remain today

Who knows where the F.A. will go from here, but if you search hard enough, you can find us on Facebook, Instagram, Flickr, YouTube, Twitter and just about every other social network in existence these days

Listening to Careless Phrases



(Silence for a long moment, then a faint, distant sound of a car engine. The person in the car is driving away.)

"So, you got your pictures back yet?" the man's voice coming from my police scanner ahead, just as I'd turned it on.

"Well, we got the proofs from them when we had them taken, but I don't have the money to buy them yet," a woman replied. I recognized that voice as John Campbell, who had about a week away from me. I'd been listening her to careless phrases conversations for months at this point.

"Whereas?" John's friend replied.

"Yeah. I was thinking of just taking the proofs to the copy shop and having color copies made. Maybe enlarging them as they come in frames."

"You can't do that. There's a copyright on the proofs in the copy store when I let you."

"That color machine is self-service, so they won't even know," John said.

"Ah. I see."

"I'm not sure how good they'll come out on the copies if I enlarge them that way, though. Oh, hold on, another call is coming in. He said and clicked over. "Hello?"

"Hi, Mrs. Campbell?" I said.

"Yes? Who's that?"

"That's Steve from the Copy Super Center in downtown."

"Oh, hello. He replied."

"I'll be blunt with you, Mrs. Campbell. We know all about your dishonest play involving the copyright infringement of your photographs from them. That report is broadly warning to stop the hell

out of our store and into your illegal activities elsewhere.”

“Who is that?” Mrs. Campbell asked.

I already told you that I, as Steve King for the Copy Super Center here at home. We’ll have the police here in two minutes if we see you anywhere we don’t even think about trying to make illegal copies of your bank photographs in our store.”

With that, I hung up on Mrs. Campbell. I returned to the clerked back over to her friend and told him at a panicked voice that he wasn’t going to believe who just called him. They stayed on the phone for the next twenty minutes, discussing about how the copy shop could have business what they were talking about. In the end, they decided that Steve must be a nearby and that he had been listening in on his cordless phone. They never once thought that it could be a prostitute listening in on her calls just pretending to be an employee. She was aware that it really was Steve from the Copy Super Center and she started to answer her cordless phone again. That was the last conversation I was ever able to hear him have on my Under Armour police scanner.

The year was 1995 and I, I just moved into the neighborhood six months earlier. When I first moved in, there were about seven neighbors nearby that regularly talked on their cordless phones, but my regular prank calls to them had slowly caused each of them to switch to corded phones. I talked to their calls often and I kept a list of their names and phone numbers and other related information about each of them. Sometimes it would take months just to find out what their number was. I’d usually have to wait for them to call a business that would ask for their phone number or an automated menu that would ask them to key in their phone number. When that happened, I would turn on a tape recorder so that I could record the number when they pressed and then play that back later to figure out what number they were. In the days of analog tape recordings, it could take over a month to decide their names.

With Mrs. Campbell gone, the only person left on my cordless phone list was an elderly woman named Mildred, who lived three houses down from me. All she ever talked about was her bladder problems or soap operas that her and a friend watched on TV. They were boring people and neither of them had cell writing, so I couldn’t even call them while they were on the phone. It seemed that unless I wanted to drive into another neighborhood and listen from my car, my days of listening in on cordless phone conversations were over.

About a month ago I I checked off on old man named Harold after he called a clothing company to order an expensive jacket for himself. He was another old person who didn’t have cell writing, so I was unable to eavesdrop his conversations with a phone call. Harold I learned learned as he read off all of his personal information, which included his Discover card and his daughter’s information for

shopping. He was having it shipped to his daughter's house because he was going to be visiting her in Hawaii when it would arrive. I wrote everything down as I could add it to my notes on him. After he hung up I called him and pretended to be with the company that he'd just ordered from.

"Hi Harold. This is Ann from the shopping department, and we're having a little trouble with the jacket that you just ordered," I said.

"Oh?" he replied. "What kind of trouble?"

"Well, you wanted the dark navy and color, but we seem to be out of that color so we're going to have to substitute it with turquoise instead."

"What color is that?" Harold asked.

"It's that kind-of-bright, glimmering blue color. It's a very pretty-looking."

"Oh, I don't think I'd want that color."

"Well, you don't have a choice because it's already put in the bin and that's what I'm sending you." I said, quickly pressing my main button so Harold wouldn't hear me concluding.

"Let's see when else you have here." Harold seemed to be flippant through the clothing catalog.

No, Harold. I said we're sending you the pretty color and that's what you're getting. Also, we don't have the 32 inch sleeves, so you're going to have to settle for 30 inch sleeves. And there are going to be yellow polka dots all over it too.

"What?" he asked in disbelief.

This is going to cost an additional \$15 on your Discover card too. Thanks for ordering with us and we'll have your order delivered before March 21st," I said and slammed down the phone so that I could burst into laughter.

Once he realized that I'd hung up on him, he called the company back and calmly explained to them what had just happened. The representative on the phone was confused and made a few calls to find out if there had been any changes made to his order. While this was happening, I called the next daughter and told her that I was from the shopping department and gave her the same spiel about the turquoise color and the polka dots. She insisted that her father wouldn't be interested in that kind of a jacket and I responded with, "Ma'am, I think you need to stop trying to see your father's life by comparing your long distance spouse on him. This is just a courtesy call to let you know that we changed the order. Goodbye!"

Elimated for days on Harold and his daughter and other family members repeatedly called each other to discuss details of the bizarre events. They also called the clothing company back a few times to confirm that their order was still okay and they tried to get connected to the shopping department, hoping that they'd recognize the names of the persons who called them. They didn't recognize anyone

of Harold's cordless phone and a few days later when I called Harold again to talk to him about his upcoming Hawaiian vacation.

"Hello?" Harold answered.

"Hello... is this Harold Zimmerman?" I asked.

"Yes I am."

"Hello Mr. Zimmerman. This is Katrina, her 8 on the Hawaii Chamber of Commerce. I understood that you're planning on vacationing down here in a few weeks."

"Yes, so, that's right," Harold replied.

"Well, I'm just calling, to inform you that we don't want you here and out to come to Hawaii. Maybe you could vacation in Kauai instead."

"Yes, I've already bought plane tickets to Hawaii."

"Well, you're gonna have to get a refund on those. You're not welcome here!" I said.

"Why not?"

"Because, uh... you might interfere with the biological cleanup or something."

Harold began laughing and said "Well, that seems... anyway?"

"Well, I'll just have my representative meet you at the airport and tell you to go home!" I yelled and hung up. I was impressed with Harold's ability to stay completely calm when presented with damaged goods calls. For the rest of the day I listened to another round of phone calls between Harold and his family. His daughter told him to call the phone company so that they could trace the phone call. She seemed to think an employee from the clothing company was responsible for the call too.

The representative at the phone company listened to Harold's issues and immediately suggested that somebody was probably listening in on his cordless phone. She even knew that he was on a cordless phone by noticing the unusual length of time when he moved around, which I found very impressive. She asked him up for a collect ID package and convinced him that he should buy a new secret cordless phone from the GTE phone store. While it did great to help maintain the economy, I was sad that I would lose Harold forever.

With my favorite post box destroyed, I began watching the newspaper for an apartment in a new neighborhood. With each prospective new home or apartment, I would drive to the neighborhood with my scanner for an evening to see what cordless phone activity in that area was like. While I did find some neighborhoods that seemed like they'd be fine for wiretapping, the reality of the cost of moving began to hit me. First and last month I rent a security deposit, taxes, and a moving truck. My car-port lease was my other, so my circumstantial landlord probably was that as an excuse to keep my deposit. It would be months before I could save up enough money to move. That is when I

realized that I could spend all that money. I took it to work, growing my own community of cordless phone users right here in my own neighborhood.

I tapped the map of my neighborhood out of my phone book and started drawing dots on the addresses of each cordless phone user that I'd picked up from my lists in the past six months. The farthest person away was two-and-a-half blocks from me, and I marked off a three-block radius on my map. With a clipboard in hand, I began walking around the neighborhood, writing down all the house numbers and the names written on their mailboxes. My goal would be to convince two-to-ten one of those people into cordless phone users.

By the time the evening was over, I'd written down addresses for more than 300 houses that were within my listening range, along with a list of their names. It was hard to believe that some of those 300 people used cordless phones. Cordless phones had been commonplace for more than a decade in that part, and you could buy them at Wal-Mart for less than \$20. Why wasn't more people taking advantage of this modern convenience?

The public library carried a reverse-directory of the entire city. Using this, I was able to find the names associated with most of the houses in my three-block radius. Then I looked up those names in the phone book to get their phone numbers. Now I just needed to figure out a way to convince those people to use cordless phones. My life in that week actually went better when I called Alice, the first phone number on my list.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Hi, this is Carl from 105 in The News, the best radio station in the valley! Are you ready to play the Tuesday Telephone Project game with us for your chance to win \$100 a dollar?"

"Yes, I guess so," she replied.

"Okay then! I called. Today we're doing a history question! In which year did the United States first celebrate its July 4th birthday by signing the Declaration of Independence? You've got ten seconds."

"1776! Was it in the eighteenth century?"

"You call to Alice! Five seconds."

"I'm going home! 11:50!"

"Oh! I'm so sorry Alice, but that's supposed. You were really close, though! The date was July 4th, 1776!"

"Oh, I know that!" Alice laughed.

"Of course you did, Alice. Well, you lost out on the \$100-a-dollar, but since you were within 100 yards, we're going to send you a consolation prize which is a brand new Panasonic cordless phone!"

"Well, that's nice!"

"Tell me, Alice, do you own a cordless phone in your home right now?"

"We do, I," she said.

"Well, I want to be the first to welcome you to the contest. Stay on the line and our producer will take down your information to send you a brand new cordless phone!" By the end of that day, I'd promised to give away four cordless phones to people that lived on my street.

After browsing the phone aisle at Wal-Mart, I discovered that my generosity was going to cost me a total of \$104.95 plus tax. None of was *cheap* like moving to a new neighborhood, but it sure seemed expensive to drop that much money as gifts for my neighbors. Their cheapest cordless phones were \$47.45, with the most models costing more than \$100.

The more expensive models possessed "laser communications" which usually only meant that they ran on the 900-megahertz band instead of the 45-and 47 megahertz band like the older models did. Modern police scanners blocked out these new cordless phone frequencies by law, but the scanner I owned could pick them all up. If I was going to buy a lot of cordless phones, though, I had to find a cheaper way. So I put the cordless phones back on the shelf and bought a \$1.99 cordless phone replacement battery and a glass rock instead. This would save me hundreds of dollars on cordless phones.

I drove to downtown and stopped at the Copy-Super Center to make a few dozen photographs of the 1-track from battery replacement package. Then I drove back to Wal-Mart and glued the four rocks onto the bottom of each of the cordless phone boxes, covering up the original barcodes. My first new cordless phones would now only cost me \$11.95! In this price, I would be able to give all 100 houses cordless phones for a total cost of \$1,195.00! Without my barcodes gone, I would have had to spend \$14,200. That night I wrapped each of my four cordless phones with brown paper, addressed them to the owners of my contest, and walked by their houses after dark, slipping the packages into their mail boxes and hoping they wouldn't notice that they weren't guaranteed. I didn't want to pay for shipping costs too.

I continued with my fake rocks DJ run for most of the people on my list, but since I was running out of money, I began slipping cordless phones to people from a mail order getting, many states credit card numbers to pay for them. This way the phones would be shipped to them through the mail, which might make the winners less suspicious of the packages I was leaving at their mailboxes. I just had to hope that they would ignore the address that came with it and that they wouldn't mind the flood of junk mail that usually happens after you order something through the mail. A few houses refused to play along with my radio station games, so I sent them all cordless phones from the mailing mystery. Then, I

called them and pretended to be from the real cable service company, letting them know that we'd be sending them a complimentary gift in hopes of their ordering from us in the future.

After fraudulently ordering more than thirty cordless phones, I began to worry that the mailing company would catch on, so I started buying cordless phones at Wal-Mart for \$1.99 apiece. A new family moved into a house across the street from me, which had been up for rent for a couple of months. Since they were a new family, I couldn't look up their name in the library's reverse directory, so I began taking note of when their cars were gone to get an idea of when I could break into their house and just install more cordless phones. Since it was a new place and they were still moving things in, they probably wouldn't even notice.

They both left the week or so after 9 o'clock in the morning, so I walked around the block just as they left and entered their back yard through the alley. Several of their windows at back were open, so I just had to pop off the screen and climb in.

Their house was clean and organized, but there were still lots of boxes piled in their bedrooms and on the kitchen counter. I was able to find three phones in the house, one of them being on the kitchen wall. I'd anticipated this, so I purchased a more expensive cordless wall phone with a built-in answering machine, even though it still only cost me \$1.99. As expected, there wasn't an electrical outlet on the wall by the phone, so I had to improvise by using the extra pair of wires on the phone jack to run the 3 volts of power that the phone needed. In the basement, I cut into the spare wires and hooked the 3-volt power supply to them, plugging it into an outlet on the ceiling.

I checked the outgoing messages on their answering machine, which had the wife saying, "You've reached the Lawrence machine. Todd and Becky are at home, but if you, I have a message we'll get back to you as soon as we can." I set up the outgoing messages on their new machine by playing the message from the old machine into it. The remaining two phones were easy to replace. One phone was on the computer desk in their bedroom and the other one was in their living room next to the couch. I replaced each of these with cordless phones and kept their old phones and their answering machine so that their only choice would be to use the cordless phones. I wrote down their phone number and their names for my list of cordless phone users, then quickly left their house.

My actions were definitely having a positive effect on the cordless phone usage in my neighborhood. I'd given away more than fifty telephones at that point, but had only logged more new users in my notebook in the last day than had more activity than when I'd first moved here. I guessed that people were just keep about installing their cordless phones once they had them. I was learning a lot about my neighbors and I was doing my best to keep notes on them all.

That evening, as I was listening to cordless phone channels, I heard Becky Lawrence make a call

from her new wireless phone, but it wasn't the kind of call I was hoping to hear.

"Police department, how can I help you?"

"Yes, I need an officer sent to my house. Someone broke in today and they stole all of our telephones." Becky said.

"Broke your telephones?" the officer asked.

"Yes, but they replaced them with new phones. I don't understand it, but we really need someone to come here to witness the report."

I was really shocked that the FBI had phones that I'd installed in their house would probably go to waste. I anxiously watched out the window for the police to arrive as I listened to Becky make a call to her husband to tell him about the break-in. He came home, so she talked to her with actual. After their conversation, I called Becky and persuaded her to let the husband.

"Hi Becky? What calls are you get the person I gave you and Todd? I came in and installed those phones today for you and I hope you like 'em."

"You put those phones in here?" she asked. "I just called the police because I thought someone had broken in and stolen our phones."

"Why would someone come in and replace your old phones with new phones, Becky?" I asked.

"Well, why would you come into our house and replace our phones without asking us first?" she yelled.

Because it was a surprise? It wouldn't be much of a surprise if I asked you first, would it?" Becky said nothing in response, so I continued. "Well, okay then? You better tell the police and tell them it was a dumb mistake you made and that it's just a gift from me and the wife."

"Well, sure," Becky said. "I want my old phones back."

"Those things? They were junk so I threw them in the trash."

"You threw away our answering machine? There were messages on there that I needed!"

"Well, you're not an very appreciative of my kind gesture!"

The police didn't show up at Becky's house because she told them that her husband had replaced the phones. I got to listen to the drama unfold as my woman, so Becky called her mom and her husband at work and several friends to tell them all what was happening and how wrong the husband must be. She called the police again the next day, though, once they figured out that the husband didn't really install the phones. At least I got to listen to them for a couple of days, until the police took the phones for evidence. The best part was when they replaced their stolen phones with a wireless phone.

Deana Danna was one of the women who I won a wireless phone through my fake radio station contest, but I think I heard her say it yet, so I gave her a call to check up on her.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Dana. This is Edie Philly from the Federal Telephone Upgrade Committee and it's come to our attention by an anonymous source that the equipment inside your house may not be up to code."

"What's not up to code?" she asked.

"Your telephone, ma'am. I'm running a test on you here right now and I'm able to detect that you're talking to me over a corded phone. These are illegal and now I need to upgrade the phones in your house to cordless phones immediately!"

"I've never heard of such a thing," Dana replied.

"Well, ignorance is no excuse to break the law. By continuing to use your old phone you're dragging up the phone lines and using up money on that could cost lives if there were an emergency. Do you have a cordless phone that you could use instead of this corded phone?"

"I got one a few weeks ago in a contest, but I haven't finished it yet because I don't know how!"

"Well, I suggest that you leave him before you end up getting fined and arrested for messing off the telephone system or before you cause a fire with that old equipment. Put open the box and plug your cordless phone in. The instructions in the box are very straightforward. Make sure you don't use your corded phone again unless you were a read from the police. In fact, you should not return to use the cord as the handset because you're not allowed to even own a working corded phone."

"Okay, I will. I'm sorry about that," Dana said and then hung up. About thirty minutes later, I heard her excitedly picking up and hanging up her new cordless phone as she fiddled with it, trying to understand how to make it work. I felt good about helping an older woman learn a new technology. If it weren't for me, Dana would be sitting around the house watching television all evening, but instead she learned how to plug in a phone. I hoped that the experience would give her the confidence to do other things that she felt were too complicated, like setting the clock on her VCR or changing the filter on her air conditioner. I hurried happily as Dana called her friends and family to tell them about the telephone laws they didn't know about.

While most of the people didn't believe that I was really with a federal telephone upgrade committee, I did convince a few of the older content owners to start using their cordless phones. One man told me that by the time he was his cordless phone because it was. I as a government function like his corded phone was so I took into his house while he was enjoying the beer and encouraged the location of his phone.

While I was at Wal-Mart restocking my supply of cordless phones, I happened to look in the store as a neighbor of mine. I couldn't recall if she was one that had received a cordless phone from me or not, but just in case she wasn't, I turned one of my 22 99-cordless phones into her shopping cart while

the same thinking. I hoped that she would not notice it until she got home and would see that it was as cheap that it did her easy not to keep it.

At the houses that I visit I have a name or phone number for I left cordless phones in their pouches in a gift bag along with pamphlets from a nearby church. I included a letter that explained the cordless phone was a gift and that Christmas only was cordless phones because that is what the Bible says we should do. And I promised them to come to our Sunday services that week.

I wrote an editorial for the local paper about the wisdom of cordless phones and how everyone should be using them. I depicted the people that they would receive something that all mistakes cordless phones were impossible to listen to. Obviously this was a lie, but the paper seemed to think it was good enough to print in the paper. I knew it was a lie, but that the editorial would get me any conversions, but it couldn't hurt.

Since my editorial claimed that cordless phones weren't cheap as regular phones were, I passed out sheets of free codes and stuck them on all the cordless phone bases at Wal-Mart, making their prices range from \$7.99 to \$14.99. The \$14.99 model usually sold for \$189.99. I even changed the price stickers on their shelves to reflect the new prices.

Three months after I began, I had a huge conspiracy of cordless phone users in my neighborhood with 38 new users logged in my notebook. During my given evening, I could run on my scanner and choose from a dozen different conversations to listen to. In fact, it was sometimes frustrating having to choose which conversation I would listen to each night since there were so many of them. I flipped through my channels and finally settled on a lady named Maria Smith who was in the process of ordering poems for dinner. After her phone call was over, I called her house.

"Mrs. Smith, this is Tracy from Providence Park. It seems you have a small problem with your order. You see we share customer database information with the Southbrook Health Club where you're a member. And your current weight is like with them, is very far the threshold of what they find acceptable for a healthy lifestyle. So until you lose more weight, we're not going to be able to have any poems sent to your house."

Homesteaders



This manuscript is Archiving@Library. It is an unformatted manuscript that was given to me by the author of "Coloured" upon his death.

When I left my parents' house at age 12, I knew it was likely that I would end up being homeless but I didn't have a problem with that and I was sure that homesteaders would be an interesting, and maybe even fun experience. I was optimistic, but mentally prepared for the worst. So I packed everything I could into my 1979 Dodge Colt and left in the middle of the night. My plan was to drive as far away from my small town as I could as possible, which took me to an island in Texas called Galveston.

I only had about \$100 in cash and I knew that it would be foolish to blow it all on a place to stay or money to travel, since I would need that until I found a job. I knew I even knew if I were able to find a place to live since I wasn't a legal child yet. So I mostly slept in my car in the Kroger parking lot, but sometimes I would lay out on the beach, which was right across the street from Kroger, and sleep there. It was great to wake up in the middle of the night and walk across the sand to pee in the ocean. It is not often in life that your nightly pee provides a short walk along the beach.

Soon after arriving, I started paying a nearby computer \$1000 each hour that I wanted to use their showers, so at the very least being homeless in Galveston would cost me \$70 per month. Eventually I found a quasi-part-time job at Curds R. right across the street from the beach. Many mornings after work, if there wasn't too much sun in the forecast, I would walk across the street and sleep on the beach during the day for 8 hours.

Being homeless gave me complete freedom from pretty much all financial responsibilities. No rent, no utility bills, no place to go, and nobody to answer to. Since I always kept a job and never had any of the normal expenses of life, I had plenty of spending money. I spent my days exploring the island,

reading at the library, playing video games and watching TV at the campground, and using the computers at the community college. Eventually I found roommates and got a house, but those first few months of homelessness were quite an experience.

My first experience with homelessness was about 8 months later, in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. I moved there with barely any money, at all money, first month was spent sleeping in my car's remote parking lots from North Myrtle Beach to Surfside Beach. Nobody seemed to care that I slept in my car and one night a cop noticed banging on my car window. I took out his flashlight. I was in a deep sleep and woke up screaming when I opened my eyes and saw him there. That was the first time I'd ever been looked at sleeping in my car.

He made me get out of my car and attempted to search through all my belongings. I assume he drugs on I stood by his car half asleep. I told him I was just passing through town on my way to North Carolina. He let me go, but most of his time caught me sleeping in my car again. He'd arrest me. I slept in my car for another week or so as the next town over, but finally found a place to live, a minimum apartment when I discovered my first paycheck from my new job.

I wish I knew today the stories in Myrtle Beach while I was homeless. There were many campgrounds along the beaches, and I would ask the guards if I could take a look around these campgrounds to see if I wanted to stay there. I would drive to these shadier places, take care of everything, and then leave. Eventually a guard remembered me and told me to get lost and don't come back. After that, I just started missing the campgrounds by getting on the public beaches and walking along the beach until I found the back entrance to a campground.

My girlfriend Sylvia and I were homeless together were artists. Once we spent the night behind a gas station convenience in Florence, the night before we landed in Miami. Our plan was to be homeless in Miami, but instead she persuaded our friend Chris to let us stay in his dorm room for a couple months. Then we lived in Los Angeles for a while and I really wanted to be homeless there, just for the experience, but instead we stayed with her mom for a while and then a friend of mine. Not that I'm complaining, but being homeless in Hollywood would have been a lot more noticeable.

At least I came away from these with two experiences that I associate with homeless people. One was sitting at a highway overpass all day, looking up at overhead signs that read "SHAME ANY CHANGE?" It sat there for more than five hours and ended up with legs that are dollars. You sometimes hear about homeless people making a lot of money doing this kind of thing, but I must have picked the worst overpass ever.

The other experience was selling books all over Hollywood. We displayed enough materials from a bookstore such that we made hundreds of thousands and thousands. That we sold them to people in

(Hollywood Boulevard) and in Venice Beach. We didn't make a whole lot of money neither, but it was enough to occasionally buy some food.

We met some homeless kids in Hollywood during our stay there and got to visit a few of their apartments and hang out with them regularly on Hollywood Boulevard. One group of them lived in an abandoned building that had mostly burned down during the Rodney King riots the previous year.

Several months later, living in Culverton, I stayed in a homeless shelter for the first time. I don't remember why, but it is probably because it was cold out. I'd never stayed in a homeless shelter before and after staying in that one, I was glad I hadn't. They were like, "The staff treated us like rats, the residents all seemed mentally exposed and messed up" and we had to wake up and be out by 6-8:00 a.m. I think they provided breakfast, but I stopped that. I spent two nights in a room there, and then never again.

Later that same week I was sleeping under an outdoor stairwell in a Holiday Inn and I noticed that a door was cracked open. I hadn't seen anyone go in or out of it for hours, so I decided to see if anyone was inside. I knocked and there was no answer. I tapped twice and the room was silent with no signs of anyone staying there. So I slept there for the night and had a nice shower and shave in the morning, which felt amazing after having to sleep in the homeless shelter a few days earlier. I checked the door with a bag-thief, just in case somebody attempted to come in during the night, planning to make my escape through the window I headed in. Then I went upstairs the room before I left in the morning. I bet they were surprised.

In 1993 I spent about a month being homeless in Miami. I didn't receive showers by hotel pools and I lived underneath a part of the beachwalk that opens a large part of the beach there. I kept my bags stacked under the boardwalk while I went out looking for a job each day. Each morning around 5 or 6 a.m., joggers passed by overhead, waking me up for the day.

When I first arrived in Indianapolis I spent a lot of time on the airport, sometimes sleeping there overnight. It was on this airport that I discovered the luggage carts were worth 25 cents when I returned them to their stations. I casually patrolled the airport's parking garage, looking for cars to return for cash. I kept this up until I found a job at the airport's gift shop. Being an employee at the airport, severely limited my ability to get away with sleeping there since I ended up knowing so many people, so I had to find new places in Indianapolis to stay.

I often overheard someone being homeless and living in really terrible. One of the nights that I slept outdoors next to buildings I woke up covered in vomit. It was done cold that year. Another spot I slept in, next to a parking garage, had bats flying overhead all night. I slept on some giant farming giant's bed nights, which were warm, but stinky and noisy. Occasionally the owners of buildings

would come out and tell me to leave. The security seemed to happen around government buildings that had night guards.

I'd sleep at the Georgetown station sometimes, but the manager would often decide to throw me and the other homeless people out of there. His favorite catch phrase to us was, "This one's the Helix!" He even yelled at me personally once, telling me that he saw me in there every night. Obviously I would tell Graybeard or other men at Indiana yards for the on my days off, and I would try to make a point to let the manager see that I'd bought a ticket. I wanted him to think that I needed by bus so that we could get away with sleeping there more often.

Eventually I found a perfect indoor home in Indianapolis - the IUPI campus. The entire campus seemed to be completely unlocked and unguarded all night. Even some of the basement rooms with giant refrigerators warming up on them were unlocked. Some nights I slept in a student lounge or in a random classroom. I'd toss some of my books and notebooks around me, hoping to make anyone walking by think I'd just fallen asleep studying.

The campus was a great place to stay. I used their indoor pool, a shower room to shower, shower and wash my teeth. I ended up with my own locker there and I spent a lot of my days jumping from the diving boards to their Olympic sized pool. The job working at the desk in that building even gave me a sticker for my ID card that would identify me as a student to the pool and the computer lab afterwards.

My regular sleeping spot ended up being under some mats on the bottom level of a building. Apparently, I wasn't the first one to live there, since there were markers posted on the cluttered ceiling and from under all over the place from a lightbulb. I guess I must have been stoned when I was eventually caught sleeping there by one of the IUPI staff. It was early in the morning and when I woke, I saw a lady peeing under the same mat, saying, "Hey you're not supposed to be under there!" I told her I'd leave and I never slept there again. A few days later, I happened to be passing through that building and noticed that they'd stacked hundreds of chairs in front of my old sleeping place.

I worked menials at the Lafayette Square nurses theater and usually wouldn't get off work until 11:00 pm or so. Sometimes the city buses wouldn't be running anymore, so I'd walk to a nearby highway overpass and sleep under it. I'd tell my manager that there was still car men (but I could catch and be believed me. I don't think I ever told anyone I worked there, anywhere that I was homeless.

One night the theater manager wanted me taking me home so I had him drive me to a house that I'd stayed in before and I walked around to the back until he left. After he was gone, I walked to

downstairs and found a place to sleep next to a building. I figured that I had to walk around looking for a place to sleep when I could be sleeping under my usual covers. I always thought about sleeping behind the screens at the theater, maybe on top of the giant speakers, but I'd hate to end up getting caught by the janitor or the manager.

The house that he stayed in was off at one end than I occasionally stayed at for a week or two in a row. The living conditions there were enough to make anyone want to remain homeless. Roaches and mice were everywhere, the floor with bad holes in them, most of the furniture was broken. The rooms were dirty, and the beds had some nice-looking stains on them. But the rent was very cheap!

The house was a three-story Victorian, which had seen better days. The man who managed the house was fat, unclean, and smoked cigars. As I filled out a card to stay for a week, the first time he asked me, "You're not a fugger, are you?"

I looked up from my card and said, "Um, No!"

"Fuggers are not welcome here and if I find out anything is going on in your room, you'll be thrown out."

Oh. Well, you won't have anything to worry about from me. I tried to assure him.

"Well, I do have to worry about it," he said, and then continued to ask about fuggers and all the problems he'd had with them in the past as I finished filling out the card. I handed him my \$75, and went upstairs.

Months later, I was staying there again when I had another run-in with the manager. My sleep woke me up for work at 7:30, and I got up to use the shower. Back floor of the house had a bathroom for all the tenants in place. About ten minutes into my shower, someone started banging on the door screaming, "WHO'S IN THERE?"

I quickly got dressed and opened the door. The manager stood at the door, demanding to know what I was doing.

"I'm getting ready for work."

Oh. He seemed surprised by that as he looked into the bathroom. "I thought there were fuggers up here. They like to get up early and have to go to work, I know they were here. We've caught them at the showers before."

I looked past him and saw a black man standing at the top of the spiral stairs, holding a large metal flashlight. Since the hall was well-lit, I can only assume that it was going to be used to hunt the fuggers that out of some basement. After my week was up, I returned to living homeless on the streets of downtown Indianapolis, which seemed like a much safer option.

In Portland, Oregon I used stolen credit cards to rent a hotel, or two of hotel stays, but

after that stopped working, it was back to being homeless. I stayed in a weekly mot. down town called the Jack London for a little while, then I found a college campus and began sleeping in their restrooms occasionally.

Since I worked nights, my girlfriend would sometimes let me stay at her house and sleep once her dad worked all day. But many times I would sleep on a park bench, at a bus stop, or behind some bushes on the ground. Once or twice I even slept outside, but that just seemed like a disaster waiting to happen.

The night in Portland became my home for a few months. I kept my things in a few of those lockers and spent many of my days and nights there. They had several rooms for homeless men, which included my very own cubicle with a telephone and a data port for my laptop computer. I collected luggage carts for money and since I still had a few pay cards from my old gift shop job in Indianapolis my meals in this respect came at a 10% discount since those gift shops were owned by the same company.

Cocaine was the main stuff staying at the college campus and taking advantage of as many of their facilities as I could. I managed to get my own locker there to keep my stuff in. I slept in a few random places around downtown and a few times I slept in grass fields underneath bridges.

I'm not going to say I actually miss being homeless today, but it sure was an interesting experience in life and it made things a lot easier financially when I was traveling. Finding a good place to spend the night when I wouldn't get harassed by anyone was sometimes a challenge, but at least I never had to worry about paying my rent or bills. It almost always had money since I would always have a job and not much to spend a on, especially after drinking my way. Financially off I never had to do work and I rarely ever had to beg for money. When other homeless people would ask me for change, I had the best excuse that you could give a homeless person = that I was homeless too.

Wacky Morning (II)



"After a particularly hot and sunny Jacksonville, KTCF called me out and told me to deal to replace the phonebank.org site. Popplead collected a new and better line!" - mezzia

Around 1998 or so, after moving to Illinois from Ohio, I discovered a quaint little morning show hosted by a guy named Howard Stern. I loved it as a dedicated Stern fan (a little over a year before suddenly growing bored with his same old routine of boogie and porno discussions, day after day). I needed something new to listen to in the mornings, so I started trying new radio stations each morning until I happened across the Happy and Dappy Morning Show.

Happy and Dappy broadcasted from Ohio, but their show was syndicated to the Saint Louis market, which was just across the Mississippi from me. I immediately took a liking to Happy since he seemed to love making prank calls to people. Not only did he make prank calls to the subjects in the stories they talked about, but he also made prank calls to celebrities.

The best part about Happy's celebrity prank calls was that he dialed the phone numbers on the air. First the listeners would hear a dial tone, then Happy pressing rough tones, and then the celebrity would pick up. He recorded the touch tones that Happy typed into his phone. I could later play back my recording and decide the tones as I could find out what numbers he had dialed. This month-long mix of celebrity phone numbers started quickly growing with names like Bruce Willis, Don Rickles and Judge Wapner.

Happy was hilarious on his prank calls, telling some of his version of morning, throughout the show just to continue tormenting them. Since his show started at 6 AM in the Eastern time zone and even earlier everywhere else, his prank calls almost always woke the victims up. I tried to create some drama from within the show by dialing Happy's victims back and telling them who was responsible.

"Hello," answered the subject of a comic story deeply

He then “I said “My name is Dan Trufborough and this the producer for the Shaggy and Bumpy Show on 1040. Our weekly morning DJ just made a prank call to you and I would like to fax you a release form in case so that Shaggy can use your voice on his upcoming prank call CD.”

As you kidding me?” the man asked in disbelief. “That guy woke us up on-line in the morning and said some really crude things to my wife, just because we were in the newspaper yesterday. You may not use my voice on your morning show?”

Oh, we already played the call on the air. We don’t need your permission for that. We just need your permission to put it on a CD to sell on Shaggy’s show so we can make money from your confusion.

“What he did when I was alone?” He was really getting angry now.

“Well, of course it’s not funny to you, is? You were the best of the joke. But our listeners loved hearing Shaggy make a fool of you. If you could put up that release form then you’ll never hear from us again.”

Oh, you’re going to hear from me alright? What’s the name of your show and how can I get in touch with your supervisor?” the man demanded.

“Let me give you the phone number for our station manager.”

Each time Shaggy provided a prank call victim enough for them to yell at him on the air. I would follow my mother’s same phone call, giving the victim the number to Shaggy’s station manager and any other information they requested, the whole time ensuring that they should just get a sense of humor and stop being so uptight. I eventually this week a few callers in and listed that if they didn’t comply with the release form, Shaggy would probably give out their phone number on the air to all of his listeners.

I learned that I was getting the daily prank calls I loved so much by making people compliant to the station manager all the time, but I was just hoping to hear Shaggy mention something about the call-backs on the air. But instead, I gave Shaggy and his team figured out that I was getting everyone’s phone numbers by decoding his words later, because he started making most of the items in the show the number.

Most of the news stories that Shaggy used were taken from Park’s website, and Shaggy would sometimes even read Park’s funny headlines. Occasionally the other hosts would chime in with funny comments that I recognized as comments that Park once had posted the previous day. Using the story links on Park, I was still able to call the prank call victims by reading the items in the stories and looking up their listed phone numbers.

As I continued to listen to a couple hours of Shaggy each morning, it began to seem less-uptight

Slippy was and what a temper he had. He was always yelling at his minions on the air for doing stupid things or he was complaining about the incompetence of the stations. He liked things done a certain way and if the job I got what he wanted, he would blow up at everyone, but on the air. He went into long rants about terrible errors he occurred at stations and other places of business complaining about the most trivial things. If Slippy didn't make such enormous prank calls to people all the time, I would think he didn't have a sense of humor at all.

One morning, as I listened to Slippy receive a prank call, rather immediately after receiving it out of the other team, I realized that Slippy would probably get really upset if he were the victim of a similar prank call. So I decided to test this theory by tracking down Slippy's home phone number and making a few prank calls to him.

I tracked down plenty of phone numbers before so I figured it would be a piece of cake to find Slippy's number but I was completely wrong about this. Slippy was very protective of his identity and he had some idea I wasn't to be known by anyone. Every newspaper article I found online mentioned only his DJ name. I called the station and asked a few employees to tell me what his real name was, using various ruses. Some would say that they couldn't tell me that, but most would admit to me that they didn't even know his real name.

Using the few radio station phone numbers I already had, I called their local phone company and convinced them that I was a technician at the station and I needed a list of all the phone lines working there. I needed to get them to fix me the list of numbers but the phone company representative who was helping me didn't know how to fix documents from his computer so I listened as the operator slowly manually entered every one of the station's numbers as I wrote them down by hand.

There were over a hundred numbers and I called every single one of them. I had the private office numbers for Slippy, Dappy and the rest of the staff. I ended up with another number for the station manager and the station's voice mail box number, which was used when a call number was not picking a station for the show and needed to call into the station without being put on hold. They usually screened the calls on this line, so I was able to call in and get on the air a few times by calling that number. I also sometimes called it at other times of the day, putting that with whatever DJ was currently on the air.

I figured that Slippy would perhaps be real mad at his cell number as his office was mad but he didn't. It was a dead end for me. But as I called every number at the station, I noticed that some employees would give me their cellular phone number as their office was not home. By calling the wireless provider, I was able to find out that all of these cell phone numbers were owned by the station. So Slippy must have a cell phone provided by the station too!

After a few calls to the wireless provider, I finally found an employee willing to let me a short peek into all the wireless phones on the state-kill account. This consumed several more of my days as I called every number on the list, hoping to find Slappy's name. I called every person who answered for Slappy's numbers, checking that he'd given me the wrong phone number. None of them felt like it and Slappy didn't appear to me any of the wireless phones on the list. Another dead end.

Then I considered that Slappy's laptop is connected to Dappy's. His name was also a secret, but he used one of the cell phones on the list. It didn't take long for me to talk to employees from the wireless company with knowing me the furthest reaches of Dappy's cell phone usage. Slappy and Dappy appeared to be friends in real life, so I reasoned that they must make occasional phone calls to each other. I called every number on Dappy's phone bill that had a duration of more than ten minutes, and finally recognized Slappy's voice number one of the numbers. I quickly hung up and began checking into the number I found.

It turned out to be Slappy's home phone number. A call to his phone company gave me Slappy's cell number, his home address and the other two lines on their home account. They also gave me the alternate contact number from the account, which turned out to be the Slappy's cell phone number. A call to his wireless provider gave me his wife's cell number too. I suddenly had more information on the charges Slappy than I knew what to do with.

When I called Slappy at home the next day, he already knew someone was trying to track him down since everyone at the station had been telling him that they were getting word calls from me asking for him. I had even called Dappy's wife and asked her for her cell phone number.

Slappy was not happy to finally hear from me and our first few phone calls didn't last long. In the first call he only stayed barely before slamming down the phone. In the second call, I tried to speak with his wife, but he just told me that my call would be traced and then hung up on me. Later that day he changed both of his home phone numbers. I waited until a week later to call Veronica and ask them for the new phone numbers.

"Hello?" Slappy answered.

"Hi Slappy! Why'd you change your phone number?"

"Do you know what you IT is?" Slappy asked.

"No, what is it?" I asked.

"You're going to find out very soon, my friend. They know who you are and you will be tracked down."

"If they know who I am, then why do they need to track me down?" I asked.

"Why don't you tell me your phone number?"

It's selected, Skaggy. You know how that is. I think that is a close-call of you being able to dial it out but not being able to take it. Correct?"

"It doesn't matter! he yelled. "I will see you around!"

"No you won't

"Yes I will."

"What's the ST anyway?"

"That ST is the automatic tracing service that is accessible only to the police," Skaggy explained.

"Why are you so mad, Skaggy?"

"Because you already got my selected numbers last week and now you've gotten them once again after Verizon has changed them. And there's only one way you're getting them. You have access to the Verizon selected database. And believe me, Verizon security is extremely interested in this."

"I don't have access to any database!" I replied. "I don't even know what a database is."

"Dude. I will see you in court. The police have your number now."

"Oh, the police can't get my number because it's selected."

Of course I knew exactly what the ST was already. People had been threatening to trace my calls for most of my life, but it was always just a scare tactic. I was dialing Skaggy through a calling card that caused my number to come up from "out of state" so I knew that Skaggy's attempt to use ST my calls were useless.

And I thought it was great that Skaggy assumed I had access to some top secret national-level set of phone numbers. All it took to get an selected phone number was a quick call to Verizon. Most of the customer service reps there would easily give up an selected number if you know how to ask them for it. This kind of trickery wasn't even illegal. If anything, the reps should be awarded for handing out people's private information.

It may have taken several weeks of hard research to prove my theory, but I was right. Skaggy could dial it out, but he couldn't take it. Just like so many of the victims at Skaggy's prank calls, Skaggy immediately became angry and threatened to do something about the prank calls. He yelled and gave exaggerated sighs and slammed down the phone several times on me. My weeks of obsessive research had finally paid off.

At the time, Napster was a controversial music sharing application on the internet. It was the first easy way for average internet users to obtain pirated music files. While most people only used Napster to share their music collections, when people used it to share their collections of prank call mp3 files. There were even a few dozen prank calls by Skaggy on Napster, which I had downloaded and enjoyed immediately after downloading his morning show.

I wanted to share my prank calls to Slippy with other people who were familiar with his evening show, so I began putting my calls up on MySpace and emailing them to many of Slippy's Internet prank calls. I even created a small introduction to some of the calls, telling listeners that Slippy loved making prank calls but he hated to answer them.

Each time I made another call to Slippy or any of his staff, I would add it to my MySpace list. I left MySpace running all day and night so that his fans could download my prank calls to him, keeping close tabs on the number of downloads. I noticed that other MySpace users also began sharing my prank calls on their own websites. This only encouraged me to continue making my many prank calls to the Slippy and Slippy staff as I could.

It was only away from work time I poured into all this research. Even after my initial calls to Slippy's home, I continued to obsess over collecting more information on him and the show. I called the phone company and had seven 41 minutes of his home and cell phone bills faxed to me. I spent hours sitting in Subway during lunch, looking over his phone bills, assuming all minutes I already had and trying to eliminate duplication so I could find even more people related to the show.

After the thrill of putting Slippy on his personal phones went off and they changed his station's home number so I couldn't get to the 11 instantly response, I needed a new way to locate the call. They changed the home number the day after they put me on the air and I called Slippy's cell more before they could hang up on me. I had way too much information on the station to put up with him using them through. This is when I realized that I had Walt's number.

Walt was the show's main Hollywood man. Each morning at 8:00, Walt would call into the show with the latest celebrity gossip and news. He claimed to have multiple sources and paparazzi working for him. Several times on the show he expressed passion about celebrities dying out who he was sure he had the people working for him used shady methods when obtaining their information.

One morning I turned on the radio just as Slippy was discussing Walt but nobody could ever figure out who he was. A challenge? I turned on the I already had Walt's two known phone numbers as my good luck of Slippy's phone bills. I called every phone number on them that was located in California and I heard Walt's voice answer one of the numbers.

The next morning I called Walt's home 45 minutes before he was scheduled to go on the air with Slippy. I told him that I was a friend of Slippy's and then Slippy gave me his phone number and said I could call him up for more information on Tami Crain. My hope was to make him spend with Slippy for looking out his private number but he didn't believe that part of my story. Instead, he assumed that I was with the Church of Scientology and that I was angry about the things he was saying on the air about Tami Crain. Walt talked to me until Slippy called him on the other line. Then he said

hesitated to go. I failed at making him angry with this story, but I was helped that his parents.

Two minutes later, Walt was on the air and giving his report. Although Walt was obviously shaken up a little during his report, I was disappointed that nothing was mentioned about my call. An after a few minutes I began calling the phone. Walt was busy, making his call waiting beep. Each time it beeped, his voice would cut out during his report. I called nonstop throughout his segment that morning, making his voice cut out repeatedly and making him nervous a lot. Shippy kept having to ask him to repeat himself. Twice during the segment Walt actually put Shippy on hold. Not on the air so he could check over and see if it was me.

"Hi Walt, it's me!" Don't say anything about us friends again today!" I yelled at him.

He checked/thank over to Shippy and said: "Looks like I'm getting a new phone number."

Shippy told him to stop answering his phone during his segment, but Walt just couldn't resist checking over once more to ensure that it was really me calling him. The next morning, I tried contacting with his segment again, but he disabled his call waiting so I couldn't get through. I'd dealt with people blocking call waiting before and I knew exactly what to do.

The morning after that, I drove my car up to a pay phone and waited for Walt's Hollywood segment to begin. When it did, I dialed AT&T and talked to the operator.

"AT&T, how may I help you?"

My brother's phone number and I need to emergency message his line so I can tell him to get off the phone."

"This charge will be \$21.00. How will you be paying for this?" she asked me.

"In quarters," I replied. "I couldn't believe how much the phone had gone up. I used to be able to send something less than ten years ago to lock people off of computer data lines and it only cost around \$4.00 then."

"In quarters?" she replied as if she couldn't believe it.

"That's right. Hurry up, this is important."

Asking me if I'd saved her day, she began the process of having one coin quarter enter the phone, \$4.00 at a time, until I received the full amount. I wasn't putting in real money, of course, but I was angry and how much matched the times that pay phones used to recognize quarters. Once all my pretend money was in, she cut into Walt's on-air report, telling him that Ray was making an emergency phone call and asked if he would answer the line.

"Tell him it's about Scientology!" I yelled into the phone, hoping that she hadn't mistook me so my voice would go out over the air too.

The next morning I tried calling her line from home again, but he still had his call waiting disabled

So I dialed a number that I suspected of being Walt's cellular phone, but I barely confirmed yet. And on the background on the air I heard him saying as Walt talked about the latest Hollywood gossip. He paused for a few seconds, but he didn't answer.

Less than a week later, Walt's Hollywood segment no longer involved live phone calls. Instead Walt sent his writer Skippy and let them read about everything themselves. Walt changed his phone numbers and I didn't bother getting the new ones since he never went on the air anymore. He probably moved and lived low for a few years, hiding from the fanbase as who-were not to get him. I pulled number sheets with other regulars that called into the show since I had some phone numbers, but none were as lucky as Walt was.

Like as if I had created a series on of continuous radio. It wasn't easy to get past the intense screaming Skippy calls as I could get on the air, but it was worth it that difficult to come away things to happen on the show by listening the regulars who were closely on the air.

Throughout my campaign against the Skippy and Dappy show, I used my best to let the Internet know what Skippy's real name was. The few times that I got on the air, I tried to yell his name on the air before they hung up on me. And I posted his real name a few times on the show's internet forums, but the staff would always delete those posts. Skippy had always been positive about his real name, so I was surprised one morning when he turned his Internet all morning, promising to reveal his real name on the air.

He turned the entire thing into a shock and actually gave his real name to the Internet at the end of the day, completely ruining my fun of telling the Internet myself. Well played, Skippy, well played!

When his infamously Dappy announced that he would be in Chicago for a few days to attend a relative's wedding, the conversation turned into a subject where Dappy refused to tell Skippy which hotel he would be staying at because he didn't want to be prank called there in the morning. Skippy asked Dappy that he would figure out where he was staying and that he would call him on the air.

For me, it was easy to find out where they were staying. I called up Dappy's cell phone provider and asked them to send me all of the phone numbers on the bill that were in Illinois. The only recent calls to Illinois were to a Chicago area code, so I called that number and it was the Days Inn. I gave the man there Dappy's real name and confirmed his reservation for later in the week.

On the morning that Dappy was about from the show, Skippy happily announced that he had figured out which hotel Dappy was staying at and that after the commercial break, he was going to surprise him with a live phone call. As soon as the commercial break began, I called the hotel and began making calls on both of the rooms Dappy had reserved.

Hello? Dappy answered sleepily.

"Hello. There's a fly from the food truck," I said. "We've had several complaints from our guests about the noise coming from your rooms and the smell of marijuana smoke coming from under the door. We need you to write down as best as we're going to have to expect you if we the hotel."

"There's nobody making noise or less. We're asleep."

"I doubt that, no. I've been up there myself and I heard the party coming from the other side of your door. If you don't take care of things immediately, I'll have Slappy the security guard come up there and forcibly remove you."

"Oh, that's the chain calling me," Dappy exclaimed. "What a mistake. What is that?"

"You Slappy's new nickname, metaphorical, and you're not welcome back at the station!" I yelled at him.

Dappy, confused and tired, finally hung up the phone on me. I called his other room, which he had barely staying in, and explained everyone there writing up residences as they passed the phone around. I didn't like being such a part of them, and the phone was given to Uncle Harold.

"There's Slappy from the radio station, isn't it?" he asked. "Am I on the air right now?"

"You certainly are!" I said. "I couldn't get Slappy to write up on for the call to further the rest of his family's opinion. Who are I talking to?"

"There's Dappy's Uncle Harold," he said after a heavy laugh. "Let me tell you a few things about that boy."

Uncle Harold obviously pleased that he was on a syndicated radio show, launched into a tirade of having others about Dappy.

"Listen, Uncle Harold," I interrupted. "I need your help. I need you to go out there and wake up Dappy. His relatives talk to me, so I need you to think of a way to get him on your phone so I can talk to him."

Uncle Harold was thrilled to be a part of such a famous radio show, and immediately ran over door to start pounding on Dappy's door. By then, too, Slappy had already called Dappy's room and was talking to him on the air. I listened in the silence I heard Uncle Harold in the background talking to Slappy's wife and trying to coax Dappy into the next room.

"Uncle Harold, I'm already talking to Slappy on the phone," Dappy said on the air.

Confusion ran deep and the call between Slappy and Dappy didn't last long. Dappy made a small mention of the previous call had occurred and Slappy quickly changed the only on, probably realizing what was happening. Slappy managed to say, "I told you I could find out where you were staying!" a few times before awkwardly ending his call with Dappy. I guess I missed whenever they had planned together since the whole on-air exchange was pretty funny and awkward.

minutes later, the space station *blew* was de-orbited and began burning up during re-entry into the Earth's atmosphere over the Pacific Ocean. Slippy turned this into another weekly morning radio bit by burning up a bunch of aerial radio's (Morsecode and listing it as *slippy* as *satellite* space station) My debut. In the item-description, he claimed it to be a fallacious who ever's come-out of the sky, or he debited it out of the most fallacious rank. People seemed to believe this and began placing bets.

He spent an entire two-day talking about the station, bragging about how many bets it was getting and about all the air-station was receiving from the media. The station had less than a day left until it melted and the listeners would finally find out what the deal *had* would be. But the next day, *debited* to me, Slippy never spoke of the station or the space.

As Slippy began his second day of rambling about the cleverness of his station, I just couldn't take it anymore. The prank was a flop at all, but Slippy just wouldn't shut up about a real-world wife's were the best thing he'd ever done. Instead of just taking my radio-off like a normal person, I decided I would hack Slippy's e-mail account. I began by trying some of the passwords that he used on his phone accounts, but none of them worked. So I called eBay's customer service line.

As much as I depended with the customer service representative to change his password, she claimed that the only way she could do it was to send a new randomly generated password to his e-mail account. Luckily, I was able to get Slippy's e-mail address on the account from her, which was an AOL address.

AOL Support, this is her. How may I help you? She took on the phone asked.

"Hi Ann," I replied. "This is Ray from the sales department. I need you to pull up an account for me so we can change the password on their account."

"Why can't you do that?" Ann asked.

"Because our Windows system just went down here and my supervisor is saying they won't be back up for another twenty minutes. I just approved their plan, but the system went down before I could take care of the password issue for her."

After a little more rambling and verifying some information on the account, Ann finally let Slippy's password to a word that I picked, and before he was bring up the phone I had logged into his AOL account from the web. I quickly called eBay back and asked them to send my password. Several minutes later, the new eBay password was waiting in Slippy's e-mail.

Since the station had less than a day left before it ended, I wrote 10 bits in *debited* any of the station's descriptions, but I was able to spread some rain into the end of it. Since Slippy had already told the listeners his real name, I decided to publish his personal phone numbers to the station. I made a list of about about thirty phone numbers of people related to the Slippy and Dippy morning show, and

added them to the nation descriptions. I listed Slappy's home and cell numbers. Slappy's home and cell numbers, the home numbers of a few of the other regular hosts, all of their personal office lines, the station manager's home and office lines, and Will's cell phone number.

I also saw that they would allow me to add more extra pictures to the nation and I just happened to have the perfect picture. A few weeks earlier, I'd noticed that my friend Legard lived in the same city as Slappy, so one day I told him about all the weird things I had been doing in the show. It turned out that Legard also wanted to be on the show occasionally, and he volunteered to drive by Slappy's house and snap a few pictures for me. So I called a picture of Slappy's house to the nation and saved the changes.

Then I locked Slappy out of his eBay account by changing the password and calling eBay customer service back to change some of his personal information so that he couldn't easily log back in and remove the extra information. By the time I was finished, there wasn't much more left in that day's show.

I kept listening, waiting for Slappy to check the page again, and hoping to hear his live reaction of what had been done to his nation page. And while he did appear to check the nation page more near the end of the show to give an update on it, I guess the hole I made wasn't enough to require any changes. As they wrapped up the show, he encouraged everyone to visit the nation page again and promised to have the final results on the building first thing in the morning. I could hardly wait.

I can only assume that they didn't see the nation page until the next morning when they prepared to broadcast it on the net. The nation page stayed up all night and for most of the next day, but Slappy never said another word about it. Later that afternoon, the nation completely disappeared. They did the rest of that show as usual, but nothing more was ever said about the nation or its fate.

One of the most things about having access to Slappy's email account was seeing how him and a few of the other "wall" members put their show together each day. Him and Slappy emailed each other throughout the days and evenings, sending each other show notes and ideas, constantly appending to the list, including notes like jokes and comments that different members of the staff should try to work on. It was interesting to see how scripted their morning show was. It was more than just reading from a list of items to talk about. They actually scripted out the jokes that they stole from Parks and other sources and they did a very convincing job at casually working their scripted jokes and commentary into the conversation as if they were really clever enough to think up that material on the fly.

Going back to my episode of wondering how Slappy would react to prank phone calls, I began calling him again, but he stopped answering calls from "out of area" phone numbers. So I began calling all of the neighbors living on Slappy's street instead.

"Hello?" Shaggy's neighbor answered.

"Hi Mark! This is Shaggy, a couple houses down from you!" I said, but using Shaggy's real name.

"Hi to Shaggy."

Blank, for every, but I used to be blunt with you. You need to clean up your yard. Spend a little time trimming your trees and stuff. I'm embarrassed to bring my friends or family over because your dirty yard makes it look like we live in the ghetto."

"Are you kidding?" Blank asked.

"Yes, I'm kidding!" I yelled. "You're the one who's definitely dirtier than I am!" Did you know what he's like to have a lazy neighbor like you who can't even take care of his yard?!"

I never could get any of his neighbors to agree that I was a celebrity. I called the woman who lived next door to him and explained to her that I was a celebrity neighbor because of this she needed to meet his eyes whenever she saw me outside because celebrities don't make eye contact with normal people. I told another man that when he saw my BMW parking by on the street, he needed to pull in the side of the road and I passed to avoid having his car throw my rocks or that onto my car. As hard as I tried, though, I just couldn't get the neighbors to see eye-to-eye with Shaggy.

All of these events occurred over the course of maybe one year. During that year, I made frequent prank calls to all of the staff members of the Shaggy and Duggie Show, especially the ones who yelled at me the most violently. As much fun as I had turning a regular morning show into my own personal insensitive game, I got what about a year. Holding the entire staff of a morning show was just coming up my butt with all my tricks, so just like that, it was over.

Until one morning, several years later, my clock radio woke me up to the sound of the Shaggy being really pissed off about something. This wasn't unusual, but as I lay there, trying to make up, I slowly realized that Shaggy's car was about me. He was talking about a story that had become the news a lot over the past week, where some producers had used some fake radio to talk to the customers of a Burger King drive-thru. But throughout his rant, which I missed the beginning of, he kept making references to a station in Illinois.

When I figured out that he was talking about me, I jumped out of bed and grabbed my digital voice recorder so I could record what he was saying and add it to my collection of Shaggy calls on MySpace. Apparently, he'd been reflecting from talking about the Burger King prank story on the air. He was a real one, even because it reminded him of me. But it became a year earlier. EvilCat and I had mailed a video to Shaggy of us pulling similar pranks on drive-thru customers. We sent it in so early in a contest the morning show was holding about pulling hilarious pranks on people, hoping it was the \$5,000 prize.

What was most interesting about his rant was that he knew exactly who it was. He called me and

my wife by name on the air. He even referenced the name of my long distance provider as he talked about how he worked with the phone company and the police to trace my calls and said that he had eight months worth of my personal phone bills. According to him, he knew who I was from the very beginning of those first prank calls to her house.

I spent an entire year struggling with her shame doing things that were absolutely illegal, and the same reason he never saw the police after that is that a lawbreaker he promised to do several of my prank calls to her. And I know that he knew who I was, I never would have taken things as far as I did. I thought I was taking adequate precautions when making calls to her house and logging into her account, but I was suddenly finding out that I was wrong.

That even called her home and treated him about her threats of kidnapping me. I reminded him that he promised to see me in court and asked why it hadn't happened yet. He said to me once that maybe it was because I wasn't bothering him that much. I assumed he was saying this because he didn't really know who I was. There was a man who had filed lawsuits against people before, so providing him was a horrible idea since he usually had all of my information.

For years I found certain kinds of calling cards to make my calls. Instead of just making a call show up as "Anonymous" on a caller ID display, the calling card would make the call to come as "let of love" which sounded safer I'd assume. It also made calling codes like area 51 and area 66 not work at all. When you tried to use these features, a recorded voice would tell you that it didn't work.

I occasionally used my calling card on my home phone, just to ensure that it still properly blocked off all of my calls. And I did this without issue during my Shaggy harassment, but I guess just because my own phone company didn't allow the calling information to pass through didn't mean that Shaggy's phone company worked the same way. I just don't understand why he didn't take action since he knew who I was the whole time.

Another year after working up to Shaggy's work against me, I was still a regular listener of the show. Lindsay Lohan was making a lot of news at the time, and Shaggy was talking about her often, so I decided to finally contribute something to the show by sending them Lindsay Lohan's home and cell phone numbers, which I just happened to have. I wanted to send it anonymously, but then decided against it and I kept my real name in the email header. I even signed the email, "Your favorite sticker people, Alex."

The next morning, Shaggy began talking about Lindsay again and I was surprised to hear him mention that they had her cell phone number and they'd reserved her eight lines out of their "phone phreak friends" in Illinois. I didn't expect them to even use the number, let alone acknowledge me. They made a few calls to her and then moved on to other things. Lindsay changed her number later

that day, so I called T-Michale and got her new number for Skippy. It felt nice to help out the show for once, even if it was at the expense of a young Hollywood celebrity.

Close to ten years after they story began, I was living in Oregon and had a friend in Skippy's show in more than four years. So I was surprised to get an email from an old friend in Hawaii telling me that Skippy had been talking about me again that morning. As one of the other hosts happened to be driving by my old house on a business trip, Skippy began texting to him: "While you're there, why don't you stop by Alan's house and say hello to him? He's... let me find the address for you!"

It's nice to know I'm still having an effect on Skippy, is that not all these years later?

3-Elmore Lounging



"The Police responsible for my mother have captured three criminals on account of my mother's efforts the money themselves"

In early 1990, at age 16, my girlfriend Sylvia and I had just moved to Elmore after spending the past five months in California, Texas, and Florida. I was staying with my parents and Sylvia was staying with a friend of ours while I saved up enough money so we could get an apartment of our own. I ended up with a job at a 7-Eleven convenience store in Wood River, working the graveyard shift from 2:00 a.m. until 10:00 p.m. Sylvia hung out with her money nights while store, playing scoring poolbill with the four quarters I supplied her from the cash register.

On the morning of April 1st, around 1:00 a.m., a business named Clark Meat & Market called the store and asked if a 4th grader to come in and buy \$1,000 in money orders with cash. I told them it wouldn't be a problem at all, as they agreed to come into the store in an hour or two, to buy the money orders.

Soon after the call, I began thinking about how certain of us were too crazy about being back in that town and took \$1,000 suddenly standing into our lives, or we would be easy to just leave town and go wherever we wanted. So I suggested to Sylvia that we take the money and run.

"Yeah right," she said. "Like they wouldn't miss that much money."

"Well, guess it's grand theft anyway, what if we just took all the money out of the register and only took? And maybe a bunch of cigarettes and lottery tickets and whatever else we want to take with us?"

Of course, she was completely against the idea at first, but somehow I managed to convince her that it was the best idea we'd ever had. After all, we'd been flying off over the country on stolen credit cards for the past year, so this wasn't too much worse than that. So we sat at the counter for a while

and began making plans. We knew this would turn out into a big score, but neither of us seemed to care about that at all. We figured it would be fun to change our names and live on the run from the law. After looking at a hotel, also, we decided to move somewhere in Chicago since neither of us had ever been there and it was far away from any friends or family.

The safe behind the counter worked the same as every other safe I'd worked with as a maintenance man. It moved rolls of coins and bills, but only allowed one to remove one roll every two minutes. This was to deter robbers from getting away with more than \$100 or \$200 from the safe, but with enough time to spare, you could empty out the entire \$100 to \$400 available in just under two hours by pressing the button every two minutes. So that's what I began to do as we waited for the guy to show up with our \$2,500.

The other part of the safe contained all of the money earned for the day, but that was only accessible with the manager's key, which I didn't have. Employees were supposed to drop the large bills into a slot in the safe, which I'd been doing until we'd decided our escape plan.

Since the store had four surveillance cameras that were running as we went making our plans and stealing all that money, I thought maybe I should shut the video tape out of the machine so there would be less evidence against us. Besides, a tape like that would make an excellent insurance.

The security monitor and recording equipment were kept inside a locked metal box, mounted on the wall in the manager's office, which was also locked. The manager's door was easy enough to open using a pin space handle to slip between the door and frame, and the key to the security equipment was right on top of the manager's desk. As I looked for a blank tape to replace my shortest tape with, I happened to notice a large, square key that looked exactly like the safe key sitting on the manager's desk. I couldn't be that lucky, could I?

I ran out of the office with the key, extremely excited about the prospect of having access to the entire day's cash. My excitement didn't last too long, though. The key fit into the safe and it turned, but nothing happened when I pressed the "open" button. The safe's door was still securely latched, no matter how many times I tried. I figured it was either master key and only had two left chances. Oh well.

By now it had a great time, running around the store and taking things off the shelves that we planned to bring with us on our trip. We looked up on candy, cigarettes, snacks, toys, and cigarettes. As we were filling up our initial grocery bag, we suddenly heard a loud grinding noise, and there it was, coming from behind the counter. I ran to the counter and peered over its side that the safe was open! It'd completely forgotten that there was a twelve minute delay to open the safe's door, open to deter robbers from getting away with anything more than what was in the register.

It took us another hour just to get all the money out of the safe and organized our bags so we could carry it. We made off with around \$4,000 in cash, \$100 in food stamps, \$10 in lottery tickets, \$20 in calls of quarters, and two bags filled with groceries, cigarettes, and other supplies. We would have stolen more lottery tickets, but I knew we wouldn't be able to cash them in since we left the state.

Now we were faced with the problem of how to leave since neither of us had a car. We called a few friends and tried to get them to drive us to the airport, but they were all either afraid of getting arrested or weren't allowed to leave the house that late at night. Having no other means of transportation, we called a cab.

First, we had the cab drive us by the house where Sylvia was living to pick up her things and then to my parents' house to pick up my things. The cab driver told I knew the land lot supervisor that we were leaving on, apparently someone T. Elmore, and that we were stopping by apartment houses to pick up things (clothes/bags). Not to mention that I had been paid down the block from my parents' house while I was to get my things and we paid him with money from a brown paper bag, which included a \$100 tip.

While at my parents' house, I unplugged their phone lines so that the cops or the manager wouldn't be able to immediately contact them. Hopefully giving us a little more time to get away. I also left a note for my parents, which I'd written in T. Elmore's handwriting for my scores and ensuring them that we had a loan obtained by several relatives in the state. I stuck this note in a copy of *John Hoffman's* book, *Black Book*, which I'd checked out from the library earlier in the week.

Worried that the cops would figure out that we'd taken a cab, we had the driver drop us off at a mall in Glen Carbon. From there we used a pay phone to call a different cab company to take us to the St. Louis airport. By the time we arrived there, it was nearly 5:00 a.m. We checked into the airport hotel, so that we could get some breakfast, rest, and call us our flight reservations.

There were two flights departing to Atlanta that evening, one at 1:00 a.m. and the other at 3:00 a.m. I wanted to take the earlier flight just to quickly get us further away from the scene of the crime but Sylvia insisted that we take the later flight so she could time for us extra hour. She finally won the argument, so I called TWA and received two seats under the names Thomas and Karen Mitchell for \$10.00.

As we ate our continental breakfast and organized our huge piles of money, we began to discuss our future. Till just made over \$1,000 from working in a T. Elmore for only a month. We discussed that I could continue to take jobs in convenience stores all over the country, maybe even own a store, and then stop down with all the money and merchandise we could carry.

With a little more planning, we could easily cash down our amount of interest should we mark them

before leaving the place and if we bought a car, we could tell it with confidence from the store. All the questions with money orders and having tickets that we could stuff into the trunk and back seat? We could even take expensive hardware with us, like the security camera equipment, computers, and the money order machines. By using different bills like each time, they'd never be able to tie all these crimes to the same person. We were sure that this plan was foolproof and that our future was set.

Exhausted from our activities, we slept for a couple of hours. And just before 9:00 a.m., when our alarm clock was about to wake us up to catch our flight to Atlanta, our beds suddenly shook as a voice from the hall yelled out, "Wind River pulled out!"

I opened my eyes and sat up in bed, just as a man and two Wind River detectives burst into our room and arrested us. The first thing they said to us was, "Where's the security tape?"

Therefore, I said, pointing to one of my duffel bags.

After removing the tape and the money, they searched through our other bags for the rest of the stolen merchandise. The two detectives were in extremely good spirits and seemed strangely amused about the entire thing. They smoked a lot and were friendly to both Sylvia and I. They searched us up bags full of fake IDs and laughed at the Museum ID that showed I was a 5'-0" black male. I guess they thought the whole scenario was a nice break from the usual boring crimes that they had to deal with in Wind River.

The detectives drove us back to Wind River where we were booked into jail. We spent the morning going through statements, chatting with the police, and going to court. I saw a man with an office for about an hour as he slowly re-created everything with police and he chuckled. "You must have caused me a lot of paperwork this morning, Alex."

When the cops and manager arrived at the store that night, they found the new security tape that I put into the machine. I was afraid that leaving the machine empty might trigger an alarm, so I put in an old tape just to be safe. I didn't realize that any of the cameras pointed at the front windows, let alone that the police were able to see that we climbed into a cab and drove away.

After finding out that we'd been dropped off at a mall 28 miles away, they must have called the cops in that area to find out that we were picked up from there and taken to the airport. It would have all gone as planned if we'd just taken the earlier flight that morning. That is, unless they lived out where we were going to, and had the Atlanta police waiting for us, which would have been a much more interesting situation.

The next day, we were transferred to the county jail in Edmondville, Illinois. My cell block was overcrowded and they didn't have a bed for me, so I spent the first few days sleeping on a common area on the floor. I placed my mattress directly underneath the pay phone in this room, so I could sit up and

going on the phone late into the night, which made me feel right at home.

I ended up spending a week in jail, while Sylvia somehow ended up with two weeks. We wrote each other notes and clipped them to each other as we passed on the way to work. There was a retired cop, and a guard took the notes and read it, telling us he wanted to make sure that we weren't planning to meet someone out in the parking lot with a machine gun to beat us out.

The court released us both, making us promise that we would come back for our court hearings. It seemed a little strange that they *if* we were to come back, considering they knew our original plan was to file the petition to change our names.

We didn't run, though. After being let out of jail, we moved to Highland Bluffs, which was about 30 miles away. My tax refund money had just arrived, so we used that, along with my last paycheck from T-Bone's, to get a small apartment there. We both lived/jobs and diligently attended our court proceedings in Indianapolis every five weeks.

At some point during hearings, Sylvia had told the police that we *if* planned to use all that money to visit Disneyland. And, during one of our hearings, a man on the court room who had to read the charges against us, read them in a monotonous drone, ending the whole thing with the sentence, "with the intention of using the money to go to Disneyland!" Sylvia and I giggled uncontrollably.

By the time summer was near, Sylvia and I had broken-up and had moved out of our new apartment to go our separate ways. In the end, I was ordered to pay restitution for all the money we blew on coke and the hotel, which came out to just under \$300,000. I think there may have been a small fine levied too, but I can't remember how much it was.

Neither of us did anyone jail time. We were both sentenced to two years of supervised probation. Sylvia served all of less, but I only served a few weeks of mine before fleeing the state, moving to Indianapolis and changing my name to Ellen Carlin.

Red Herring



I've never to get the FBI involved in a computer or mobile network and will say on a signed report for ID-report. I don't think we should trust it. I'm not doing.

Once upon a time I worked at a movie theater in East-Outer London. It was a busy job with lots of down time – and one unlike other employees those sometimes passed the time away by going calling the pay phones in the shopping center across the street from us. We would talk to kids walking by, trying to look them out by telling them what they were doing or what they were watching.

Sometimes we'd end up staying on the phone with them for hours, just talking away and chatting with them about nothing in particular. A few times the random strangers would figure out who we were and they'd come over to visit with us. We made a few friends that way.

One afternoon in the theater I saw a lady pull up to one of the phone-bank-on pay phones in the parking lot. As soon as she pulled her window down, I dashed the pay phone to make a call and she picked it up.

"Hello, m'am," I said to her. "This is the theater's toll operator. I need you to deposit the remaining twenty-five cents for the phone-call you just made."

"I don't make a phone-call. I just pulled up."

"I mean it was you that made the phone call. I was listening in on the conversation and I recognize your voice – so there's no need dropping it. Just put the quarters in the phone or I must going to let you use that phone."

I can only assume that I saw this argument, because she finally gave up and deposited a quarter into the phone – just to shut me up. That's when I heard the tone for the first time. As I watched her stick a quarter into the phone, I heard a strange old pay phone come out of my phone. It doesn't sound as before – but I know that it must be the sound that a pay phone makes when you deposit a quarter into

or I was only slightly intrigued at the time, not realizing how valuable these notes were.

The notes were referred to as “red-dot notes” by phone phreaks, and they were used to signal the phone company’s equipment that a quarter had been deposited. There were three chips for a quarter: two chips for a coin and one for a second. By simply wiring taps according to record those tones in quarters were deposited, a person could later register themselves onto a pay phone to get free calls.

It was just a few months later, on a computer bulletin board system, that I found an article explaining to me what I’d heard. I began asking around about red-dotting at the meetings went on, having ERIKs. Everyone I mentioned about it told me that red-dotting wasn’t really big in the 70s and only 80’s, but the phone company had legal their system nearly a decade ago to make red-dotting impossible. Trying to build a red dot would be pointless, they told me. I decided not to bother to anyone and I lost it in company. I was at a small town and it might not work here, I reasoned.

“Then sounds illegal,” my manager, Phillip, replied after I asked if he would pick up the phone and record tones for me while I was over on a pay phone and deposited some quarters.

“It might be,” I said. “But I just want to see if it works.”

“I’m going to pass on that one, Alex. You can do that on your own time. I have to drive the train somewhere.”

This particular manager was usually so easy going when it came to my shenanigans, so I was really disappointed when he wouldn’t help me out with this experiment. That night after work, I stopped by a closed gas station that had a pay phone on each side of its parking lot. I deposited a quarter on one phone and dialed the other one, then answered the phoning lot and picked up the ringing phone. I pulled out my portable Panasonic tape recorder and plugged a mini in ear microphone into it, then hit the red-dot machine cop and stuck it into the pay phone’s receiver.

It was getting midnight now and I suddenly remembered that the only a police station was right across the street from me and they might find it suspicious that a guy was running back and forth between two pay phones, but it was too late to say now. I ran back to the first pay phone and began depositing quarters. I couldn’t hear the chirping sound I got on my pay phone, but I knew that the other phone would. After I used up all five dollars of my pocket change, I hung up the phone and ran back to the other phone to turn off the tape recorder. Not surprisingly, the pay phone kept all the quarters I put in.

I played back the tape and the tones sounded exactly as I remembered them from that day at the movie theater. I removed the tape and got it ready to copy and make a call. I dialed a random phone number in South Carolina, which was the only the long area code I knew, and the automated voice asked me to deposit 32.79. I began playing the tones and the voice told me to hold for a live operator.

letting me know that it wasn't working.

I turned the volume down on my tape recorder, thinking that maybe the tones were distorted. This time when I began playing my tapes, I was able to play almost two dollars before the automated voice interrupted me to tell me to hold for a live operator. I hung up before the operator came on, instead that it seemed like it might be working.

I turned the volume down another notch and tried again, this time making it all the way to \$2.75 with my 11, but not of sleeping tones. A second time I was rewarded with the automated voice thanking me for using AT&T. The phone in South Carolina began to ring and someone's answering machine picked up.

I was beyond excited that it actually worked. I hung up the phone and began to laugh and exclaim things like, "Oh my God!" and "Holy shit!" and "I can't believe this!" as I paced around in front of the pay phone. After a while, I began dialing more numbers in South Carolina until I finally reached a sleepy woman. I can't recall what I said to her, but I decided to leave when a police car slowly passed by.

It felt so surreal that something like this was possible. I thought that it must be the pay phone I was using; it must be really old and outdated so that's why it was working. Over the next few weeks, I began trying different pay phones all over town and every one I used worked. It sometimes took a few tries, but it always worked in the end.

A week later, I made a home recording of my tones by using one of the indoor pay phones at the mall and calling my answering machine at home. When my machine asked me to leave a message in the house, I whispered so much as I could and then hung up. Waiting for me at home was a cassette tape with perfect recording and tones set at it.

My new tape, combined with using perfected volume levels and just the right distance away from the pay phone, meant I was allowed me to make long-distance calls every week. Since I didn't know many people who lived in other states, I would put that random number and talk to anybody that would talk back to me. I would explain to them how I was calling by holding the pay phone. Some of them would lecture me about being honest, but almost everybody else I talked to thought it was impressive or at least kind of interesting.

By when I left home and arrived in California, I managed to keep myself occupied on the pay phone by not making calls to old friends and random people. I had a notebook full of cool numbers to call like phone-company area numbers and toll-free. These ones were all the overseas numbers, just calling them to hear their old recordings and trying to talk to foreigners.

Like with phone calls to people waiting by on a few of the larger cities I lived in. It didn't realize

it at the time, but I could have easily gotten myself into serious trouble by selling illegal phone calls. I guess I was lucky enough because nobody ever reported me. If I saw a person about to make a phone call, I would step there and ask if I could have the quarter off. I gave them a free call. Showing strangers how the tape recorder was worked was a great way to meet people. I was never charging very much for the calls. I was mainly doing it just because I was bored and liked to capture people with it.

A year later I was at a friend's house in Miami and he showed me a recent article from a hacker magazine called 2600. This article explained a very simple method of intercepting a small device from Radio Shack called a tone dialer into a car line. It cost less than \$50 to build, and a week later I had my very first tone dialer and line.

It was only a quarter the size of the tape recorder that I left away for the past year, and it had 3 memory buttons along the top, which I was able to program an e-number, a date and a name. The tones it produced were slightly slower than authentic tones, but it was enough for AT&T's computers to notice. As far as I was concerned, it was flawless compared to my tape recordings and it made red, boring long distance calls easier than ever since I no longer had to deal with a rotary trunk.

From that moment on, I was never without my tone-dialer and line. I would make numerous phone calls, both to friends of mine and complete strangers. I would sit at my phone for hours at a time passing out conversations every five minutes to deposit more money.

Occasionally a few cops would come on the line to ask for the money. Normally they wouldn't get me any further, but sometimes they'd be able to recognize that as I walked away and they would lecture or threaten me. Considering the endless hours that I spent on various pay phones, it's hard to believe they never noticed the money coming from them. Oh if they did they sure never did anything about it.

While not having a cell outside of a convenience store in Texas, I got quite a scare from a phone company guy who wanted to come out of nowhere. I had just inserted a few dollars of money for a call I was making. Right as I finished inserting the money and I set my tape recorder down, a man behind me reached out on the shoulder and says "Excuse me".

I turned around and was horrified to see a Northwestern Bell guy standing there looking at my ID in profile, my face turned white as my stomach dropped. But then he reached for the pay phone and collected the coin first, moving my tape recorder out of the way in the process. He was just there to empty the phone's coin box. After emptying the money into a bag and looking for change, he left without saying another word to me.

Another frightening incident happened to me while I was working at a Casino R. in Las Vegas City

Then when a cop walked in and purchased a coffee from me. We were the only ones in the room, and as he approached the counter and I was trying to finish purchase, he said to me "We've got a problem with these pay phones outside"

Oh yeah? I replied

"Yeah" he said slowly. "Apparently someone has been using a little grey box to make phone calls out there. That little grey box makes these beeping tones." And he began to do an impression of the tones that a red box makes.

The police officer was trying to tell me that while some he said off this and it was obvious he knew something. I regularly used the pay phones outside of the room to make phone calls, before and after my shift. I had no idea how the officer could know about it or how he could know that I was the one responsible.

His tone was menacing, and I was in a complete loss for words, but before I could say anything, he smiled at me and said, "Don't tell me about your tape recorder."

Laughed with, "Oh."

It sounds like an interesting little toy. I've never heard of anything like that." He smiled and smiled again before walking out the door. "Just don't do it anymore in this town."

I was "I" I answered.

Don was the maintenance manager, and I'd shown him how the tape recorder and how some worked a few weeks before this. The next time I worked with Don, he laughed and told me that the cop said I looked like I was about to flee.

That was the only time my contact and I ever had encounters with the police. While in Coconino, an officer stopped me and a few friends on suspicion of vandalism to pay phone service in the city. (Don it was me.) He searched my bag and held up the red box, asking what it was. I explained to him that it was a tone dialer that I used to store phone numbers and he seemed satisfied with that answer. I gave a similar answer to the officer that arrested me the week and found in Coconino. When I was let out of jail this time, my red box was returned to me in a plastic bag along with my wallet, money and keys.

I was often selling my red box to people for a profit, causing me to want to keep a tape recorder and I got around to buying a new tone dialer for myself. I once decided that it would be awhile before I could afford to buy a tone dialer since money was so tight at the time, so I improvised by creating the sounds of a tone dialer made of an old Walkman tape deck.

Of course, time I needed the sounds of a tone dialer, so I purchased a tone dialer from Radio Shack, returned the circuit board and speaker from inside of it, put it back together and then got a

replied for it. I was certain that a red box hidden inside of a Walkman tape deck was going to be the solution, long over and that it would be cheap and completely inconspicuous, just like something James Bond would carry. But it fell pathetically short of all that. Instead of that multifunctional hidden device sticking out of the top of it like the rest and programming buttons, again visible sticking out of the back, and push buttons to identify everything. I even used a push-button to write "Oleto (2000)Pur" along the bottom of the device. It was the most suspicious looking thing I'd ever owned.

An operator in Ethiopia. I used it for over a year and it never failed me. It was bigger than a town dialer, but slightly smaller than my usual tape recorder. When people are in the line that time, they usually reacted with something along the lines of "Oh my God! What the fuck is that thing?" Luckily the police never saw it during the year I used it once it looked a lot more scary than a town dialer.

In debt, I take me too long to discover that I could also make international calls with my cell phone. The process was a bit more complicated and tedious than making a call within the United States, because I had to use a live operator and I could only spend \$1.00 or so a time. Some of the calls to other countries would end up being close to \$1.50 and it would take more than five minutes just to return the call. From there, I would have to be interrupted every few minutes to deposit more money.

I began trying to talk to people with the different accents. I called up a lot of women-artists, since they could usually speak at least a little English, and kept them on the phone as long as I possibly could. Then I made calls to random numbers in English speaking countries, just to talk to strangers. The foreigners were usually intrigued enough by an American calling them to say so that I'd talk to him.

I collected hearing the different accent recordings from around the world. I began to compile tapes full of error messages from all the different countries. The operators would sometimes attempt the error messages when I would try to avoid them, telling me that the number was disconnected, and I'd have to call it back to that or spend or put my disconnected number back on the line.

Some operators could tell the difference between real tones and fake tones, mostly because the sharp or a tone dialer were spaced a little further apart. So they would forward my call to their supervisor or director to send the police to my phone. I always reacted at their threats, but I never hung around a phone much longer after they said they were going to send the police just to scare.

Sometimes the operators would offer to send me a refund for the original \$1.00 or \$1.50 that I deposited if the number was disconnected. At first, I declined, saying that I was a billionaire and that all these quarters were more cheap change to me. But after a while, I began accepting their offers for free money. Before long, my post-office box began filling up with \$1.00 and \$1.50 checks from

After realizing how easy it was to receive online checks, I stopped going to work about making international calls and began to concentrate on receiving larger refunds. I made a list of international phone numbers and usually knew which such international call would work. I kept trying different countries and taking note of the most expensive places to call. Then I would make a call to the AT&T operator, not even bothering with meeting any of the fake money.

"AT&T, how may I help you?" the operator would ask.

"Hi. I was making an international call using my spare pocket change but it made by breaking open a Pepsi can that on Highway Route Street and the phone went dead and kept all of my money. Could you refund the call for me?"

"I'm really sorry about that, sir. Our policy was that we put the call through for you, but I can refund the money to you in the mail."

"Oh, alright," I replied.

"How much money did you lose, sir?"

"Twenty dollars and eighty-four cents."

"How could you lose that much?" We only let you deposit \$100 via money."

"Well, I dialed the number and the operator came on the line. She told me it was going to be \$11.85. So she had me put in \$1.00 three different times. Then she had me put in \$1.45. She told me thank you and then the phone went dead."

After asking which number I was calling and confirming that the amount for that call was the same amount that I was claiming to have, the operator would agree to send a check to me. The lady went to know exactly how much money a particular international call would cost. As long as I had that information, they always seemed to believe me.

Once I preferred the system, I started making about \$100 each week from it. For someone who worked a minimum wage job, an extra \$100 every week was quite a lot of money. As time I was considering getting my regular job to do cash refunds full time. I received a letter from AT&T.

It read: "Dear Alex Carlson: Our records indicate a large number of cases related to you. In light of this history, we cannot provide a refund using AT&T operators and refund the same. As part of this investigation, please provide us with the number, date of the call and circumstances in which you lost your money."

The letter provided me with an address where I was expected to write to them with the details of my loss. Of course, I never attempted to go that far with it. It looked like my case related days were over. That is, until I got the idea to use my fake IDs to start mailing myself checks under different names and addresses.

So that I wouldn't appear to be the same person, I checked up a random person in the phone book and filled out a change-of-address card using their address and my new fake name. This way, all of the mail being sent to this random address under my fake name would arrive at my post-office box. Then I just used my check-cashing account at a supermarket to continue to cashing red-doll checks.

I filled out change-of-address cards for random addresses all over the country using different fake names, and I kept the accounts AT&T refused checks coming to me for several more years. It made me to keep them under \$100 per month, hoping that it would be more than they could cash out. I still received a few more letters from AT&T, though, sent to some of the other addresses.

My red-dolling habit died down a little as I discovered easier ways to make free phone calls with calling cards, credit cards and walk call for working, but I always kept my red box working and enjoyed showing it off to people and helping them build their own.

In 1992, AT&T stopped receiving calls for long distance calls. This had nothing to do with red box phone fraud, but was because most people were beginning to use wireless phones and prepaid phone cards. Today it's still possible to set how local and interstate phone calls. Some people can even manage to make long distance calls with a red box, but apparently it's getting harder every year and it's hardly worth the effort just to save 50 cents.

It is amazing to think that for thirty years, AT&T couldn't figure out a way to stop people from using red boxes. And the ability is only just now beginning to diminish because they're completely turning off the expensive need to complete phone calls made with coins, mostly because pay phones aren't used as much as they used to be.

For me, it was a big dip into free calls, giving me a head start before the rest of the country would begin experiencing super cheap long distance rates around the beginning of the millennium. With flat rate long distance and free nights and weekends. Thanks for making it so easy, AT&T!



Taking Revenge Too Far



"This is great. It gives me wonderful ideas for my neighbor, who has stolen some looking glass and moonlight. Thanks!" Henry from Minnesota

"Hello?"

"Hello, could I speak to Chris McColl please?" I asked.

"This is Chris," said the cautious voice on the phone.

"Hi Mr. McColl. This is Rayphel from Holly Valley in Wood County. You've got a few vehicles checked-out with us that are more than a week overdue now. Any idea when you'll be able to bring those back?"

Chris replied with a short pause, and then a heavy, unsuspicious breath into the phone:

"Hi McColl."

"I haven't stolen anything from there as long as 4 years now." Chris replied.

"Oh. Well, maybe a family member used your car then?"

"I don't think so," he said. "Some people have been messing with my accounts on systems for the past year. They must have checked-out to them under my name."

"Oh really?" Well, I remember the guy that checked those accounts out. Told identity guy, right?

"Yeah, that's probably him."

"Well, I have a surveillance video of him checking out the vehicles here."

"You do?" Chris seemed to perk up at this news.

"Yeah. I can." "Maybe you could come down here some time and identify him to us."

"Could I come down right now?" Chris asked, sounding more excited by the moment.

"Sure, that'd be fine. I'll be there until midnight."

"I'm leaving right now. I'll be there in just a few minutes," he said, and then hung up the phone.

I'd never realized in a video store every hole through, and I didn't check out my videos under Chris' account either. I was several hundred miles away from Chris at the time, sitting at the store under a pay phone at the Indianapolis Greyhound bus station. My friend Zak was at the phone and had denied Chris' license without 3-way calling.

"I can't believe he actually believed all that!" I said to Zak.

"The guy at the video store is going to think Chris is an idiot when he comes in there!" laughed Zak.

"I got no idea!" I said. "Call the video store! After it goes out to inform us, the video store's phone was ringing."

"Thanks for calling, Radio Video. This is Steve."

"You're gonna die, Steve!" I blurted out. "Both of those videos I rented are messed up. This is fucking brilliant, man. I can't believe you rented me the garbage. I'm coming to the video store and I'm going to kick your ass for making my rent!"

"Okay. But of all you need to stop threatening me," Steve replied, trying his best to be in control of the conversation.

"Do you sell all of your customers' dirty video tapes?"

"When did you rent the videos, sir?"

"Earlier today. Don't you remember me?" My name is Chris McCall. This is pointless even talking to you about it. I'm going to hang up, drive over there, and kill you!"

"If you threaten me again I'm going to call the police!"

"Go ahead and call the police!" I yelled, making several people in the bus station turn to look at me. "I hope the police are there so I can have you arrested for threatening your customers!" I'll be there in a few minutes. When I come in there and tell you that my name is Chris McCall, you better be ready because I'm going to jump over the counter and pulverize you!"

Zak disconnected the line and we laughed together over the potential outcome of confrontation that was about to occur. I would have given anything to not witness that moment, especially if it involved a fight or an arrest. Unfortunately, both Zak and I lived too far away from Chris to be able to witness the mayhem.

At this point we had been harassing Chris for almost a year. It started out as simple revenge, but slowly evolved into our favorite pastime. Both Zak and I had found fun ways to spite, and pulling hilarious over-the-top-style pranks on Chris eventually became a daily routine for us. Each day I would call Zak and our conversations would usually begin with something along the lines of "What should we do to Chris today?"

A couple of years earlier, Chris, Zak and I had all been friends. But we later found out that Chris had been making things from us. Chris later admitted to a mutual friend of ours that he'd stolen certain items from my house and video games from Zak's. During the first few months of harassment, we regularly called Chris and asked him for reimbursements for the stolen items, but he always refused. After a while we stopped asking, but continued with the warnings.

Chris attended a University in Illinois, a school where he experienced most of his grief from us. We called everyone we could think of to try and interfere with his life. Campus security ended up being a regular visitor to Chris' room, because of the things we did to him. Even calling in anonymous tips about drug use at his room to forcing Chris for crimes that students would end up reporting to campus. Chris became very well-acquainted with the campus security officers.

Campus Security: this is Derek. the man on the phone answered.

"Hello, my name is Ray and I'm elderly." I started on my best old man voice.

"Hi, okay." Derek replied. "How can I help you?"

"I need you to force Chris hisCell number immediately." He recanted on today as I was writing, through campus.

"What did Chris do to you?"

"He dropped a candlestick on my hand from his window, just as I was passing beneath the Van Horns building."

A candlestick?"

"That's right, young man." I responded, putting the note burner on my phone immediately afterward, so he wouldn't have me giggling.

How could you possibly know it was Chris? He lives on the fifth floor there."

"Because I looked up after the candlestick hit me and Chris and his roommate were grinning and laughing at me." I said.

"Listen, you need to stop calling here about Chris. We're getting tired of your calls. If you hang up we're going to have you arrested."

Eventually security stopped taking our calls, so we had to call Chris stopped answering his dorm phone at all, so we started by calling the rooms of everyone else on his floor. I ended up with a directory of students at his school which included their phone numbers and which rooms they were in. We called just about everyone that was in his building, especially the people who were on the same floor as him, hoping to start some sort of confrontation with them.

Hey, is this Ray?" we asked one guy who lived just a few doors down from him.

"Yeah, that is Ray." he replied.

Hey, there Chris McColl is room 325, and I think of you looking at me like that whenever we pass in the hall. If you don't put it in the book-out, I'm going to knock your teeth out!"

"Why'd you say that?"

Chris McColl: "I'm in room 325 and I don't want you looking at me anymore. Get it?"

We pulled this same scenario with about a dozen different students in the building. Some were afraid of the confrontation and others were pissed and wanted to immediately come to his room to either talk it out or fight. We called up guys in the building and confessed that we had created all these scenarios that we were destined to be together forever, whether she wanted to be or not. We did the same with guys. We called her teachers and accused them of forcing other students over her or offered to pay them for better grades. We called other students and begged to be involved together saying we'd never have to see before. Things got so bad that Chris' father ended up giving us newspapers a local newspaper because of the harassment where he told the paper that we'd really scared Chris' named him."

We called up every business in the area and accused his membership cards, claiming the card had been stolen. Keeping everything from a video store or a library for Chris became a hassle, since he would usually have to replace his account each time he returned. Figuring he was probably using his roommate's card too, we also secretly decoded them. We recorded Chris' credit cards, put holds on his bank account, decoded his calling cards, and even set up new calling cards that we could charge our long distance calls to. Once a lot of the harassment towards Chris ended up being charged to his own phone bill.

We put ads in the paper about some records, selling things for Chris. "We would set up really good deals on things like apartments and automobiles, then use Chris' phone number for them as the one called into wanting the phone to ring all day. It was common for Chris' answering machine to contain a message explaining that he or she the paper had been a trouble."

Eventually the newspapers stopped offering to do place ads using Chris' phone number since he never paid for the bills that arrived for those ads. So we started placing the ads for other students at the University, only we would be sure to write in the ad, "Ask for Chris McColl, Room 325." Sometimes we'd call the student who was receiving all the calls and explain things to them.

He then to Chris McColl: "I placed an ad in the Chronicle for a boat I'm selling and I put your number in the ad."

"Why would you put my number in there?" the student would ask.

Because I want my boat to be available, so use my number calls. Anyway, what I want you to do is write down all the messages that people leave so I can call them back. I'll come down each morning

to collect the messages. Or you can just bring them up here for me?

"What? I'm not taking messages for you? I don't even know you!"

Not any person we did live in was close enough to write down the messages for Clem. We even tried that with a line of ten teachers a weekend and took campus security, but nobody would cooperate.

When Clem went home to his parents for the summer and holiday breaks, we would draft our handwritten to Clem, neighbors and the businesses around town that he and his parents used. We started calling up all the neighbors that were within a few blocks of Clem's house, making methods to share in this.

"This is Mrs. Phillips?" we would ask a neighbor of his that lived on the other side of the block.

"Yes it is," Mrs. Phillips replied.

"Hi. I'm Clem McCull and I live at 1704 Bowman Street. This is kinda embarrassing to write, but the other night I was passing through your yard and I thought it would be funny to put on your doorknob. So I did. I told my mother about it and she wanted that I call you and apologize."

"You what on my doorknob?" she asked in disbelief.

"I left your note. It seemed funny at the time, knowing that your head would knock it. I'm surprised you don't get the humor in it. I did it up the house next door to you too. Anyway, I'm sorry for what I've done. And you may want to wash your hands. And your doorknob means to get you all over it."

"I can't believe this! I should call the police on you!"

These conversations with his neighbors would go on and on like that. We would continue to all sorts of violations and other crimes. Even the ones that didn't call the police or sent for houses probably looked at them differently after our calls.

We were shocked the police began to paper a few times for this, then called up the people who had been stolen from and confessed that we were the ones responsible. We apologized, but said that we couldn't return the stolen item since we already sold it for things. We were always happy to give these people Clem's name and address, but would ask them to please just accept our apologies and not involve the police.

Clem's parents lived off the house phone calls, they constantly moved, tried changing their phone number but we always managed to get the new number by calling the phone company and impersonating Clem. And. When a day of the phone number changing, we would have the new one then we could call up the various shoddy services that we had ads with and update them with his new phone number or he would claim any calls for all the things he was selling.

Clem's parents would pretend to give their phone list, but it wasn't too hard to find the

American's age, integrating in the secret password on the line. Once we had that, we could change the password to something new, meaning that when Chris did called the phone company to make another change we his last, he wouldn't be able to come in, but I knew the password. We decided that he was as sorry as tracking American's age out of his account password as we were. He would be completely locked out.

We changed all kinds of system network telephone, such as cell blocking and speed dial, which increased the amount of their monthly bill. We changed his calling cards and ordered new ones that only we had the PIN number to. Then we used the calling cards to introduce to him in China without the long distance charges. We were managed to forward his phone number overseas once, to some random person's line in Germany.

We filled out hundreds of magazine subscriptions for Chris, checking "bill me" on the subscription card that I took out of magazines in the library. This meant that either Chris had to pay and approve the 1 or 2 magazines arriving in his home each day, or he had to call and cancel each one of them. Most only deliver till out the week of Chris' release, but we also filled them out with his neighbor's addresses too, but still using variations of Chris McGill's name. In besides having 100 magazines per month arrive at his door, he also had neighbors consistently dropping by to bring him his new added mail. After release, the magazines would start sending letters to Chris, demanding payment for his subscriptions. And some magazines were selling their customers' information to other companies, this resulted in more junk mail for Chris and his neighbors.

We filled out dozens of credit card application forms for Chris. Every time I walked through a store and noticed an application on the counter, I would grab one, fill out Chris' information on it, and mail it in. He rather got a lot of pre-authorized cards as a lot of letters of denial. Either way, I mean applying for that many credit cards does a lot much for his credit rating.

After the summer was over and Chris went back to college, we forwarded all of his parent's mail to his dorm address. After they find that problem, we started forwarding all of his down-mail to his grandparents' house. Then I'd forward all his grandparents' mail to a random person in Alabama, back then, the post office didn't send confirmation letters to people when their mail was forwarded, so a person wouldn't know that it had been forwarded until they happened to notice that they hadn't gotten any mail in the past couple of days. About once a month I'd fill out a new change-of-address card, forwarding Chris' mail to a new place. Sometimes I would fill out several at once, sending Chris mail to some the country several times in random addresses. I'm not sure if Chris and his parents ever worked down that mail when I did that, since it was forwarded to so many places.

Chris and his college roommate, Ryan, went through several missing numbers because of it.

Whenever we called and they didn't answer, we would try to guess their answering machine's remote access code. The first machine was easy since it was just a 3-digit code. We had to sit through dozens of messages of people calling about our fake newspaper ads, but if we waited long enough we'd find an occasional gem.

We'd sometimes hear messages from campus security or the police, regarding their misperception of us. And sometimes there would be messages from our friends and family, some who even left their phone numbers. Any personal information people left about themselves would provide my extensive collection of notes on Chae so we could begin harassing these people as well.

When a police officer left a message for Chae about our harassment, we called up the police station to have a word with him.

"Thank-Officer Bailey."

"Hey, thank-Chae MaChae. You called me a few days ago about these people harassing me."

"Hi Chae. How's it going?"

Great. "I need... I just wanted to let you know that since you've been too incompetent to capture Alex, I did it myself. I caught him in my building today and I've got him tied up right here."

"You're holding him there?" he asked in disbelief. "Chae, you can't do that."

"Don't hurry up-and read one of your games over here to-pull him-up before I beat him any worse than I already have. You know the address."

And with that I hung up, hoping to keep the conversation short enough so that Officer Bailey wouldn't be able to figure out that I wasn't Chae. Soon after that, a new answering machine ended up on their line. This one had a 4-digit code and it took us weeks to crack it. During one attempt, Chae picked up the phone.

"What do you think you're doing?" he demanded.

"Hacking your machine?" I said happily.

"Ah, listen... if I replace your cassette tapes or give you some money for them, will you quit doing that?"

"NO!" Zak and I both screamed and hung up on him.

The next machine lasted just a few weeks before they unplugged it from their line since they noticed that we were checking it regularly. For months they didn't have a machine on their line until one day a new one appeared that didn't allow remote access.

As the time came I was leaving Chae's answering machine. I'd been looking into voicemail boxes belonging to random people in Indianapolis too. I figured how easy it was to call the owner of a box and trick them out of their voicemail's PIN number by claiming to be an employee of the voicemail

company. Once I lost the PIN, I could lock them out of their accounts and play with the features on their account.

Our company had an interesting feature to notify their customers of new accounts. Once a message was left, the system would automatically call the customer at home and play their message for them. But just to make sure the correct person answered the phone, the system would require the customer to enter their secret PIN. The system could be configured to call the customer back every five minutes until the correct PIN was entered.

I told the company's system to hunt Chris and everyone else in his firm. I would configure a person's voicemail box to call Chris every five minutes, prompting him for the PIN. Since Chris didn't know the PIN, the system would continue to call him back for days. Twenty-five hours a day, the system would call Chris' home, leaving him and his roommate mad, and it wouldn't stop until the owner of the voicemail noticed that their account had been hacked and changed their PIN. We also set up other voicemail boxes on the same system to call his parents and other friends of his. None of them had any way of knowing what company was calling them or how to stop it. Whenever a customer locked us out of their account, we had another way ready to take us place.

After just two months of this, the company removed the call back feature from their system. Our guess is that it was too fast, since we were leaving several of their lines to constantly dial us at all hours of the day and night. Also, many of the numbers we were contacting it to call were long distances to the company, probably caused the huge increase in their phone bill, all happening from hacked accounts.

When we found out that Chris had taken a job at the school's library, we began placing ads in the newspaper for more using the library's phone numbers. Most of the ads we placed were for cars for sale and houses for rent, since those generated the most calls. But we also placed a few ads for library items that Chris was selling, such as books for 25 cents each, computers and the card catalog. The library had six different floors, each having their own phone number and each being able to transfer calls to Chris' extension. This greatly extended our ability to place ads, since the newspaper would allow us to place several ads on a phone number before blocking the number for nonpayment.

The other libraries, unacquainted with an harassment of Chris, were usually willing to lend us personal information about Chris if we had an appropriate story prepared. We easily got her work schedule from a different employee each week. Then we began harassing students about their number books.

Hallo? the girl answered.

Hallo, another Ashley? I asked, looking at the student directory.

“Yes it is.”

“He threw Chris McCall at the campus library. You have a few overdue books with us and those need to be returned immediately. Your late fees are up to \$75!”

“What?” she screamed. “I don’t even have any books checked out from you guys!”

After confirming her statements, I said “Ashley, it is obvious that you’re lying to me. You bring such a headache and take some responsibility for your self! You need to bring those books back now and you need to pay the seventy-eight dollar fine. If you don’t, I will personally see to it that you are kicked out of the school forever.”

It never took long for doors to start screaming at me or to start making threats. Ashley warned me that her boyfriend was going to tell me the talking rules that way not dozens of other students also made similar threats of bodily harm against me. We were never sure if any of them followed through with the threats, but during a constant stream of angry students coming into the library to pull at their twenty-hair from our edge.

The library staff began receiving regular complaints about Chris McCall. We confirmed this by calling a few random librarians and pretending to be students that were a victim of Chris made collection calls. Most of the librarians told us that they received calls like this about Chris every day and did their best to explain to us that they were prank calls.

The harassment of Chris McCall came to a sudden end when both Zak and I received packages from him containing the missing money that he’d taken from us, along with a letter of apology to each of us. When Zak told me that he’d received his, I called my parents to ask if anything had arrived in the mail for me and they confirmed that I had a package with Chris return address on it.

It’s not that we didn’t had the Chris for everything we’d done. It’s just been over a year of steady harassment towards Chris and this seemed like an every-way out of it since we were both starting to get bored with the whole thing. We’re not sure if Chris gave us back the original money he took or if he actually went out and bought replacements. At that point I didn’t even care about the money, that he’d taken from me since I’d moved on to new games years earlier. And surely Zak didn’t care that much about the video games. We only used the stolen money as an excuse to come back here.

We tried to think of a great finale of something useful to us before leaving, but since leaving, has since forever. Or perhaps calling up everyone that we’d harassed and throwing them into by personally apologizing to them straight for years straight. But in the end, we simply called up Chris at work and thanked him for the packages. Being careful not to apologize for anything we’d done since we felt it would take away from the intensity of Chris felt that he’d made us feel guilty. Chris would never have his chance then.

We never really found out how our actions impacted Chris, except my life in the end. Unlike what

students continue to place on him for the remaining years or did they maybe see the humor in it after a while and become friends with him because of it? We are just here to teach with a lot of students during our one long campaign so surely he made a few acquaintances and friends as a result. At least some of them must have thought the personal harassment made him kind of entertaining.

Maybe he even met his wife then because of us. That's how I am going to pretend the story ended. Chae met a beautiful girl one day when she came into the library to yell at him for being so rude to her about her overdue books. After successfully convincing her that the whole thing was a prank, she saw the humor in it and he asked her on a date.

They immediately hit it off and dated regularly for three remaining years of the university. Upon graduating, his father offered Chae a job at his corporation. Chae and the girl married around year four, having three children and living happily ever after. You're welcome, Chae.

Big Larry



“Thanks for the endless hours of entertainment and enjoyment. FLA” *Ed Cole*

Big Larry was the type of person that I expected Dore to become someday. He was about 6' tall but when he sat, he really looked and acted handicapped somehow. He smiled really bad and constantly made these disgusting laughing and cackling sounds. A few years before our retirement with Larry, he had hurt himself on the job and he claimed to be disabled so that he could receive a disability check each month, which he appeared to spend only on beer and cigarettes.

Colle and I met Larry in Albany, Oregon when he moved into our house, which was a large house where many people were coming out. We immediately took a dislike to him when he began eating our food from the pantry and fridge. He couldn't afford his own food of course, because that would eat into his beer and cigarette funds. At the beginning of each month, Larry got his disability check which kept him drunk and about the middle of the month when his money ran out. Then his depression hit him for a few days in between.

The remainder of his month was spent playing with the power tools in the shed and building things in his room. For a discount on his rent, he remodelled the entire basement of the house and it looked really great. Kind of modern wonder why he was getting a disability check each month when he was obviously a very able carpenter.

I began trying my best to irritate Larry, first by making his laughing and cackling sounds whenever he walked by, then by eating the few items of food he had in the pantry. Since it was nothing I would eat, I would take an item or two each day and I left the meat, stuff them in my backpack, and then toss them in the garbage can as I moved to work.

I also began tapping him on the arm with whatever he used the power saw in the shed, and then I ate back inside. I always hoped that it would drive him off balance when I did this and he'd cut off

his room, but I was never that lucky. Instead he just turned a lot of his wireless sensors the power to plug it back in. A few times I even heated out the apartment bathroom window with a fishbowl heater and took so I could regulate the water heater while he worked. It was plugged into a loose outlet, so I never knew if he suspected me or if he just thought it was leaking out on its own.

Colleen and I would constantly flush toilets or use hot water when we heard him on the shower and I even turned off the water supply valve running to his room a couple of times. I know that wasn't too subtle, but he apparently never complained about me to the owner of the house.

In the middle of that particular summer, Colleen and I shared with a bigger room where another tenant moved out, which put us directly over Larry's room. This had several advantages on my part as many things being left out of them. For one, it made the carpet out at the bar all night and kept most of the day, we could be really loud all day by playing music and stomping around and he couldn't really say much since it was the middle of the day.

Another really great thing was that his favorite past time, aside from drinking, from, barware, snacks and music, power tools, was watching nature videos of rainforest. Day and night, his TV was on, and right inside our window was the connection for his cable TV. Each time I encountered the room that was over his room, Colleen and I giggled uncontrollably as Larry carried up a storm, talking about his TV mysteriously going out. What I really wanted to do was plug his cable line into a power outlet as an attempt to blow up his TV, but Colleen, always the voice of reason, seemed to think that was too much and talked me out of it.

When Big Larry's TV went out, he turned to the other room on the radio. I had using several FM transmitters to take over his radio broadcasts that I just didn't have enough power. I could sometimes take his station out or create some annoying static in his room, but I never managed to fully take over the station so that I could irritate him from anything we thought his radio.

The fun really started when I realized that Larry's heating vent was directly below ours. Fred started a board over ours to keep his cigarette smoke from coming up our room when we first moved in. Larry would sometimes get pissed and yell at us as though the floor of our room was too loud, so I found an old 21 watt speaker and dropped it down the heating duct by the vent, approximately 1 foot above where I estimated his heating register to be. I attached a 1/2" pipe to the end of the wire and sent the 1 pound back over our vent. Whenever I wanted to hear Larry scream really loud at us I'd plug the pipe into our stove and crank the volume up to 10. The noise would blast into his room which we could hardly even hear it from upstairs.

Usually I would put on a CD and make it repeat the same song over and over for the entire time I left the house, a few hours even, during my night hour shift at work. I estimated that Larry's tolerance

songs to hear all day were "I Remember Larry" by World All Stations and "Living in the Fast Lane" by Little Bruce Squad. Anyway, Larry got too loud for us. I'd crank up one of those songs and let them repeat for a few times. When I turned it back off, he'd usually for a while wonder. It seemed to be the effort of going downstairs and finally asking how to be quiet.

Of course, that only worked when he was asleep, which was about half of the month. When he was drunk and I did that, he'd start pounding on the walls, screaming things like "You fucking little punk are mother fucker! I'll fucking kill you!" I always expected him to go out and start smashing up my car with his teeth, but he never did. Strongly enough, in fact, as Larry mentioned details of our drugging but then, he never once confronted me as person.

One night he had a party in his room that lasted from about 2 a.m. until 4 a.m., which kept us awake until we quietly got up and moved into a vacant room on a different part of the house. His party consisted mainly of him and two other friends, drinking, dancing and singing. I don't know and talked about what a fuck machine mother fucker I was. The next morning I woke up at 3:30 a.m. and went into our room. I stood quietly in the middle of the room for a few minutes until I heard Larry singing loudly. Cool thing, he's passed out. I plugged in Larry's speaker and started up some "Rock in the Park" by Britney.

After falling out of his bed, Larry was hanging on the wall and screaming at me, it sounded as if he gave to start it but he'd. I screamed back, "No!" This didn't go over well with him, so after a little more screaming, he suddenly jumped out in an agonized way to start my stress off-- he opened up the circuit breaker panel that was inside his door and shut off every switch. Not just the main switch on just our room, but every switch. Now we and four other tenants were without electricity. Oh well. I mean, I played in the heat.

I suddenly noticed that the dog coming into our room would start a little work, so I stopped eating my trash hammer and began hammering the hell out of it just to make sure it was secure. About three seconds into my hammering, I noticed that Big Lat was making really no fun. He began banging on his walls, screaming, and then running back and forth across his room, slamming both of his doors open and over. I suddenly had the urge to sing country songs at the top of my lungs while I hammered. So I did.

I was finally sure that the dog was secure, so I looked around for other things in our room that might need a good hammering. It suddenly became quiet downstairs, so I slowly up-and down the stairs, carefully looking around corners and hoping to be prepared when Larry jumped out to scare me with a sword-draw. I walked down the steps onto the landing and turned off the circuit breaker back on, expecting Larry to pop out of his door and start screaming that. He didn't, so I quickly walked back

into the kitchen. As I passed the window, I saw that Big Lou was out in the driveway, something wrong and probably headed to Fred Meyer for more alcohol. I considered following him there, then, once inside, going on the store's paging system and singing country songs, but I shuddered out.

The phone line in Larry's room just happened to come into one room as well. A few weeks after we moved above Larry's room, I could listen in not just but conversations anywhere, because he kept calling up someone and yelling at them. So I looked up as an late recorder who he had just left the stereo-on at a low level while I was in the room, so I would hear when he picked up. Usually he would call his girlfriend and yell at her. Whenever I heard any content for that yelling, he was just mad at her and the normal yelling to get up with the stress.

Larry had a big yellow car that he kept parked in front of the house, but outside it was too small and his license had been revoked, so he relied on someone to pick him up and take him to the bar, which was a staggering one-mile away. Clearly too far to walk to. But Larry would constantly reach wrong numbers when his trainee call a new or his girlfriend because halfway through his often drunken dialing I would pick up an extremely phone and he, as extra much time for him. He would either hang up or whenever he reached, or he would come at them and then hang up.

Sometimes when he reached a cab, I would hang his phone wires together, making him late go dead. But sometimes I would allow him to speak to the cab company and write the cab, so that I could immediately call the company back from my own phone line when Larry finished his conversation. Hanging his head when Larry was, I would say "Yeah, this is Lou. I don't want to flake, cab after all. I am gonna think my hair right here by myself to stay this back away from my house."

A half hour later, Larry would call the cab company once again, wanting to know why they weren't there yet, but not before making a half dozen wrong numbers first, thanks to my interference. The late guy, assuming he was dealing with a drunk, would come upon average to send a cab come and pick him up. Then afterwards I would call them back again and say something like "You know what? Fuck that shit. I am mad at dealing with you." I'd just call a different cab company that knows how to get in my problems house. Larry would eventually call a different cab company and the whole process would be repeated. Getting a ride to the bar was tough for Larry.

Larry eventually moved out of the house and Big Lou with him ended forever. Caliban and I followed by Big Lou's moved out soon after that and we never saw him again. But Larry's spent call time on today in the story and from the sound clips of his recorded phone calls that have been on the internet for more than a decade.

eBay Feedback



Your good work shall continue. I shall now try to live up to the standards you have set for us otherwise as the head of eBay. I will not be any, but I will be a person who will be the owner to look up. -Chad Wilson

If you're unfamiliar with eBay, it's a fairly simple concept as understood: you can buy things from people on the internet and you can sell things to people on the internet. How do you know you're not dealing with a fraud? Because eBay uses a very efficient user rating and comments system. You're able to rate users that you do business with as "good" or "bad" on their eBay profile so that everyone knows whether or not they're an outstanding eBay member. You're also able to leave a short comment next to your rating.

I signed up with eBay at some point in 2000 and I've been using it frequently ever since then. It's a great way to get rid of old stuff that you don't need and an even better way to buy lots of old stuff that you don't need. Several years after signing up, a user that I bought something from left me some unusual feedback: he returned the item and left that user some unusual feedback of my own. This was the very moment that my eBay feedback system spiraled completely out of control.

From that point on, I began to leave strange and sarcastic feedback to everyone that I encountered on eBay. Then, after awhile, that just wasn't enough so I started replying to all of the more-than-bank people left about me with mean and sarcastic remarks. Every day, from 9 to 5, while I was supposed to be working, I would pass the boring hours away by reading and responding to my feedback. I even began to respond to feedback that was left for me years earlier. All of the feedback I left became a permanent part of my eBay account, and it still remains today.

Keep in mind: even though I was leaving/sending feedback, I was still giving them a "good" rating, so I wasn't exactly causing problems for all of these eBay users. Many of them probably never even noticed the feedback. Some of the users that did notice got a laugh out of it and returned the mild feedback to me. Others became confused or angry about it.

The next thing I knew, my word feedback started becoming quite a bit on the internet. It began on all good things do with the First website taking it on. Once First showed my feedback to the world countless meeting make DV's name the country began reading it on the air. Influences their only yoking. Links to my feedback were showcased on several homepage various sites on blogs and talked about in various other other forums. A book about ally even dedicated a page to my feedback. I received a constant flow of "fan mail" via ally during all of this.

My fan deeply ended in February of 2005 when ally canceled my account for abuse of their feedback system. They had sent out several warnings over the previous years, asking for honest and certain language or suggestions in the feedback. I always complied and treated them as down a bit, but I never actually stopped having honest feedback for everyone. Even though I complied with ally, I pointed the best that I could. I still managed to occasionally break a rule or go just a tad too far with my criticism. After more than a year of friendly warnings from them, they finally canceled my account.

The comments they appeared to have a problem with were the ones referring to homosexuals and the Taliban. My letter of suspension ended with "Due to the response of this account, please be advised you are prohibited from using ally in any way including registering a new account."

Several days later I managed to convince ally to reinstate my account by pleading with them and promising never to abuse their feedback system again. Fortunately, they gave my account back with all the my feedback still intact. Since then I've more or less stopped submitting ally users with the feedback system and I make it a point to keep my comments as positive and boring as possible. Below is a list of some of the feedback comments that I've left for ally over throughout the years.

Feedback I've responded to

- 1) This feedback lightning speed well packaged
My reply: Do you know how fast lightning travels?
Super obviously not a scientist

- 2) This feedback "Very fast response. Thanks!" I'm exactly as described
My reply: I didn't describe all the links, activities and down-but buyer should read

- 5 **Item feedback** *Quantikay.com/TWangful (Highly recommended)*
My reply: Seller should look into an eBay auction for a new space bar and a dictionary
- 5 **Item feedback** *fast payment very transaction A+++++*
My reply: You gave me considerably less -> than you gave other buyers. I am offended
- 5 **Item feedback** *Great things I bought it myself A++++*
My reply: You should tell eBay I'm great so they'll stop threatening to bid my account
- 5 **Item feedback** *Thanks for a fast transaction A+++ Hope to see you again soon*
My reply: You've never seen me. We arranged all this by email. Just being delicious!
- 5 **Item feedback** *Item as promised*
My reply: I did indeed promise buyer that this would be so soon. And it was
- 5 **Item feedback** *All was perfect Thanks the package*
My reply: It wasn't so perfect - I argued over the feedback going into the post office
- 5 **Item feedback** *excellent product, better than described fast shipping thanks alot!*
My reply: It don't me how they could be any better. You must let us know.
- 5 **Item feedback** *Good seller item arrived well-packaged and in good time Thanks!*
My reply: Glad mailed paper of your name to push things. they always love that
- 5 **Item feedback** *Quick shipping, good communication, definitely recommended*
My reply: Roses are red, violets are blue, IXL was a robot I cannot even sniff glue
- 5 **Item:** *Associated with buyer information very much*
Item feedback *Received the items and they work, thank you*
My reply: Just don't get it done to improve it. It's capable like a bomb
- 5 **Item feedback** *Very quick payment HIGHLY recommended buyer thanks so much again*
My reply: It thought that seller only so late that but thank eBay using on the end

① **Ther feedback:** super fast shipping + Very attached!

My reply: You're not the first person to tell me that I really know how to satisfy a woman

② **Ther feedback:** Supply Advanced Instant Payment and Great Communications A++ Seller

My reply: We communicated by email. Really, what else could we have?

③ **Ther feedback:** Smooth transaction - Great product

My reply: Not a GREAT product?? No, it's ++++++!! What a jerk!

④ **Ther feedback:** shipping fast and simple, check out to real clients slow getting to the seller

My reply: It's okay, the busy loop checks was so cute that I immediately forgave you.

⑤ **Ther feedback:** Exactly as described - Super fast

My reply: I did not describe this item as being super fast - Buyer is confused!

⑥ **Ther feedback:** Thanks very much for shipping with us - you are a great buyer - come back soon!

My reply: It's so great that why does Ebay always send me threatening emails?

⑦ **Ther feedback:** Immediate payment - Great communication - Outstanding transaction!

My reply: Seller really knows how to sell!

⑧ **Ther feedback:** Quick shipping, item as described

My reply: Dealer - Dealers I +except after C) I am a dropout and even if I know that

⑨ **Ther feedback:** Great buyer! Would love to do business with them again!

My reply: "Buyer" is regular and "them" is plural. Seller makes no sense! B+ for effort

⑩ **Ther feedback:** Fast shippers & good deal - Thank you

My reply: My new Fast Factor allowed me to get to the post office quickly

This following is a negative feedback comment left on my account. It was the my old car stereo which the buyer claimed was broken even though it worked just fine for me when I took it out.

of my car a week earlier. He asked for a refund and I refused. Even though he claims he got his money back from me, he never did.

👤 **their feedback:** ITEM RECEIVED BROKEN Don't worry get my money back, later
My reply: Hey its been cracked, sorry with the money, sorry the best

👤 **their feedback:** Prompt payment!!!! Best communication a pleasure to deal with. A+
My reply: Its from Britain. Your mailings and instructions makes it so easy to do

👤 **their feedback:** Payment received. An asset to ebay. A.PLEASURE!!
My reply: "Right a superior" It was good for me too baby

👤 **their feedback:** Quick shipment, great communication
My reply: TOO BAD I DONT SELL THU A DICTIONARY! HAHAHA I KILL ME!

👤 **their feedback:** GREAT!!!! I wish all sellers are like you!!!!!! A+++++
My reply: What a great thing to say!

👤 **their feedback:** Great to deal with
My reply: Its been a year now and I'm starting to miss this CD. I want it back. ha

👤 **their feedback:** Received the CD very promptly!!
My reply: Hope you enjoy the 1 good song on this CD

👤 **their feedback:** Thanks a million!
My reply: Heyer is being misleading, only checked me 2 times

👤 **their feedback:** CD was in great condition. Fast shipping.
My reply: Great condition because I only listened to a couple before leaving it packed

👤 **their feedback:** Great seller! Would buy from again sometime!
My reply: I have listed what comes from this transaction, he never bought any of them

Then feedback: Thanks, just what the doctor ordered

My reply: Its glad it could help, I hope the sailing goes easy

👍 Then feedback: EXCELLENT TRANSACTION! MY CD-RNDS! and a new cheap -!

My reply: BLESSINGS! hope you like them and would LOVE!!

👍 Then feedback: my transaction: speedy delivery: a pleasure to do business!

My reply: Thank you: its lovely

👍 Then feedback: Thanks, its a as promised: Great product

My reply: Item was as usually with, I packed it very carefully

👍 Then feedback: Very fast shipment: my kid is happy! lol HAPPY Thank you!!++++

My reply: Yes: so that WASNT a bad toy: that you saw the BOX packaging??

👍 Then feedback: Good buyer but he is a Joker

My reply: I am a Christian: I do NOT joke

👍 Then feedback: new product—as described: recommended this shop: would deal with again

My reply: Product was not very new: buyer already said tell the difference

👍 Then feedback: WARNING do not do business with this guy! VERY RUDE! Did not reply me for weeks

My reply: Yeah: will you reply named

👍 Then feedback: Payment received very quickly: Great Transaction!! A++++

My reply: I paid with credit card money: better deal: notice

There were just the replies to the feedback that other people left for me. The following is the feedback that I actually left for other people. Some of them responded to me: as you'll see at the first one, but most of them didn't. Many of the things I've written here are complete nonsense and have nothing to do with the issues I brought

My feedback: Says it sounds like I know how positive feedback. Won't forget me about
Their reply: It took a few weeks for him the letter. feedback, I just had asked that he do so

My feedback: Never paid for more. agreed my email, support the website. me a big home

My feedback: Thanks for being my virtual girlfriend! Hope it makes people think I'm not gay

My feedback: My friend who is a friend passed me an idea from the book by a friend who

My feedback: My friends say that I'm a big home for listening to Don P. online. A++++

My feedback: I am having a lot of success feedback, as reported by Elroy. A+++

My feedback: What a terrible movie. But thanks!

My feedback: ONLY GREAT TRANSACTIONS

Their reply: Occasionally reply to a witty & useful straight forward answer. we got that!

Item: My old Sony cell phone

My feedback: If you had any idea how I used the vibrating feature on this phone. Too Hot!

My feedback: Thanks for buying the only button I have that's not a cheap replica knockoff!

Item: TRS-49 Color Computer

My feedback: A REAL man would be into Color and Apple II's. not this shit. You suck

My feedback: The machine didn't really fly around my house or do the dishes. Oh well

My feedback: Didn't pay me but said I better leave good FB or she would declare jihad on me

Their reply: I didn't say "jihad," I said I'll DECLARE YEH-BAW! which is really acceptable!

My feedback: Told me exactly what she was going to do with the name. Disappoint!

👤 **My feedback:** I haven't finished this book yet, but I'll give you the benefit of the doubt

👤 **My feedback:** No words is descriptive/long. They should've been a part. So beautiful

👤 **Item:** I have more theater series files for Sig. Bette

👤 **My feedback:** Hope you don't mind the bits of porn. I upload as, Tyler Durden style

👤 **My feedback:** "You bought a Rocket Rascal from me. Didn't that sound pretty good?"

👤 **My feedback:** I'm leaving you positive feedback, so you better leave some for me, too, ok?

👤 **My feedback:** This guy doesn't pay me yet but what the heck, we have a crazy day!

👤 **My feedback:** Bette paid me so fast that I question his sanity. A++👍👍👍👍👍

👤 **Item:** TRS-80 Color Computer

👤 **My feedback:** Bette are not useless as I thought. Bette makes really computers. I will thank to you

👤 **My feedback:** This guy has way too much CoCo-computer stuff but he brought more anyway

👤 **My feedback:** Talk of R&A! Because you'll never need more than talk

👤 **My feedback:** I had to attend an extra 2 hours of therapy after selling this item to you

👤 **My feedback:** Swiped this cell phone off a dead brother. Hope all the blood came out

👤 **My feedback:** Filled up this up! player with rights of me breaking my tooth. Hope you liked it

👤 **Item:** Prodigy Child on DVD

👤 **My feedback:** Seller promised me that this DVD had deleted nude scenes with John Ratter in it.

👤 **My feedback:** I hope you will deserve dozens of good sleep learning with this EXL controller!

👉 My feedback: So time's like doing with this paper. This is a really long story but I enjoyed y

I deliberately said the sentence off in that way, just to make the paper wonder what I was trying to say about her. It worked because the reader was and enjoyed me to think.)

👉 My feedback: Just June 99. It's so fast. I'm gonna make him come. Oh June. June 99! (LMA)

👉 My feedback: Great magazine delivery, along at last a bridge magazine to build up citizenship

👉 My feedback: Fast quality and delivery as usual. Good layout! (+++++)

👉 My feedback: I thought this was a PSL game just so I could have it with my church group

👉 My feedback: Using the battery to power my multi-life. Working great so far!

👉 My feedback: This personal map will join my family's history of Alton. Thanks

👉 My feedback: Once left. I cannot wait to return this feedback. So thank you for paying me

👉 My feedback: Hank Ledger came here to me buying this new VHS individually priced

👉 My feedback: For payment, all the money went to the church. Praise the Lord and thank you!

👉 My feedback: Here is loaned and I am only willing it so the ghosts will go out of my house!

👉 My feedback: Fast quick! Please don't use this up! please to read from the NINE!

👉 My feedback: Payment for song requests received very promptly. Enjoy it great night!

👉 My feedback: Wireless and received quickly. using it to balance the leg of a mobility table

👉 My feedback: Remote works great. I'm using it to control all of my car and boatings equipment

My feedback: That shipment, I will use the new system here to be sent up first!

Item: Dual display VGA card

My feedback: Item arrived quickly and works great! now I can watch 2 porn sites at once!

Item: Word Al Tinkness x USB necklace

My feedback: Good seller, she gets to finish from the FILE, which is it's it's

My feedback: Buyer paid me all \$12.50 with postage but he was quick! Good transaction!

My feedback: I hope the buyer expects the song good song on this CD!

My feedback: I will use the money from this transaction to buy lots and lots of drugs

My feedback: This guy's last payment saved my marriage

My feedback: Buyer paid extremely fast, I used the money to buy lots and lots of crack

My feedback: Payment received within 3 hours via delivery tracking. Shipping received a top through

My feedback: Seller drove 100 miles to my house so I wouldn't have to wait for shipping!

My feedback: Buyer kept pestering me to personally signograph the CD but she was paid quick!

My feedback: I've used these Chinese hearing tapes to find my friends and family

My feedback: This shirt made a perfect dressing to show my house wife!

My feedback: Seller keeps pestering me to hurry up and leave feedback. Go away seller

Then reply: Dude I posted a great OMCR saying I've left feedback and that he do the same

My feedback: Seller deliver get cash at me when I didn't pay for my warranty/bed. Nice guy!

- 📧 My feedback: I ran out of toilet paper and used this sheet to wipe my bottom. Wishful guess!
- 📧 My feedback: Fast payment, returned me in exchange for shipping costs, very good service.
- 📧 My feedback: Item arrived so fast that my head spun. I am on the hospital now. Thanks Jerry

Finally, I'm giving away feedback for everyone. I like to give nothing, affordable postcards as they that had been sitting around my house for years. The postcards were unused and didn't have writing on the backs of them. In the end, as I cleaned that they didn't have writing on them. I only showed the person who of the postcard in the house so that they couldn't see any writing on the opposite side.

Once a buyer sees a postcard without a real picture. I wouldn't certainly want these postcard in a protective plastic wrap and send it to them in a padded envelope. Instead, I would just wrap them in a paper and address on the back of the postcard, along with a word message to them. Stick a stamp on it and mail it like a regular postcard. Let's see one.



And that was

After exchanging a few more words with Gary, I did some things right with him and I think he was more or less happy with the situation, even if I did argue with him for a bit. I said some of the people in the eBay buyers like this and several more angry and confused replies, but I always retorted that money if they wanted they'd been ripped off. Now I just need to start doing the same thing with the stamps.

Several months after leaving my eBay account inactive, I began selling collectible buttons that I made myself. They were original, obviously, and I mentioned this in the auction so that nobody would feel cheated. I sold vintage logos, cartoon characters, band names, holiday themes and anything else that looked like it was making a profit on eBay.

It wasn't until the famous author Hunter S. Thompson commented on one that I quickly learned that selling buttons of recently deceased people is extremely profitable. Through the months following Hunter's death, it made quite a killing (aided by selling lots of Hunter S. Thompson buttons). I kept experimenting with different pictures and words on the buttons, and eventually scanned some drawings of Hunter S. Thompson from a friend's book and turned those into buttons. The drawings were done by an artist named Ralph Steadman, who has illustrated much of Hunter S. Thompson's writings. These buttons also did extremely well, but just a week after offering them for sale on eBay, I got so angry, and slightly unintelligible, email from Ralph Steadman's house?

As you do not have sufficient evidence, we must file suit - please remove them from ebay.

After checking the eBay message that the message was written from and doing a little internet research on Ralph, I decided that this actually was from the real Ralph Steadman. What an honor, to be charged out by the famous Ralph Steadman? So I wrote back to him:

Before Hunter died, he said that I should "take you're serious to suit that judgement" is one of the best of buttons and that you said "As you see, Hunter would have wanted it, this was the thinking that was to go against a group and a button to you".
Sincerely,
Gary

My response didn't sit well with Ralph. He replied:

Hi, Steve. My job was 100% legal. I have not been paid for this. I am sorry.

Learned that he sent a carbon copy of that email to his publisher in America. Since I was in contact with the man not only Ralph himself, I decided to try and use that to my advantage to maximize my other profits. I wrote back to Ralph asking for his help:

Hey Ralph, do you think if I send you a whole bunch of these books, thousands and thousands, could you copyright them for me and then have me to use make more money on them. Please let me know! If it's not possible you could send me a copyright notice to make sure I am probably not used before you do.

Thank you. It is sorry to hear about your friend's death. I am.

After a whole day of not hearing from back from Ralph I started to feel bad for creating his work trying to exploit him for more money and then making fun of his dead friend. Call me a selfish. So before bed that night, I wrote Ralph the following email:

Ralph, I am just writing to my personal friend. Our company made thousands and makes it more. I wouldn't let he sell these books anymore. It is actually a big loss on your name. I can use all your books and make a price of like thousands.

Love, THEO/THE TECHNOLOGY BEAST/0000

The next morning I woke up and a new email from Ralph. He seemed to be in much better spirits than the

McDonald's Sign: Frank



Please, my mother. I am going to work. I thought, I am only here today, yes? I am a manager of McDonald's and that's my right. I love it! — Frank, Michigan

One cold winter morning in 1961 I was sitting in the McDonald's drive-thru window, waiting for my McFlurries, when I noticed a sign ahead of the first drive-thru window. It was across the parking lot, directly in front of anyone waiting for their food at the drive-thru window. It said, "OUR TEAM IS EMPOWERED TO GUARANTEE YOUR SATISFACTION. THANK YOU FOR CHOOSING McDONALD'S." What a strangely worded sign, I thought.

I noticed how the sign frame was built—it was a couple of 4x4 wooden posts joined together by two more 4x4 wooden posts. The sign itself was a sheet of aluminum mounted on the middle of the posts. The whole thing looked horribly unprofessional. From the wording of the sign, to the writing, wooden posts, the off-centered McDonald's logo and the extra writing on the bottom of the sign which had, for some reason, been blacked out with white paint.



As I sat there waiting for them to finalize my find, I thought to myself “I couldn’t notice better job of making signs than they did. Then it began to sink, well then why couldn’t I?” I certainly have the time to spare and the tools of home to do the job. If their work that morning had been just a little better, I probably never would have come up with the idea. But by the time I pulled out of their parking lot, McCloud realized I had decided to make them a better sign, yet slightly more affordable, sign.

At lunch that day, I was sitting at Subway with my friend Amy. I explained my discovery to her and told her what I wanted to do. Amy thought the idea was hysterical and we took to running with our ideas for what we could come up with next. After lunch, we stopped by the McDonald’s so that I could show it to her. I stopped the car and she took a few pictures of the sign while I got out with a tape measure and measured the shortest part of the sign. It measured 22 1/2” wide and 11” tall.

“Jesus, Alex, I thought we were just taking pictures. I didn’t know you were going to get out and measure the thing!” She laughed nervously at the long line of drive-thru customers waiting for their lunch.

My idea was to cut a piece of plywood to the exact standard size (small) square to attach it on top of the existing sign. The shortest sign was cut off at back about two inches from the first post, so if I cut it to the right size, it would slip right on top of the existing sign and it would look like it belonged there.

The next thing my plan was lacking was a catchy new phrase to put on the sign. So I turned to the crew of Cat’s internet forum to help. Explaining my idea and getting a picture of the sign, I asked them to come up with some suggestions. Below are a few of their ideas.

"I would keep it very similar to what's up there. Maybe something like 'Our Team is Empowered and with the Back Side of the House.' Thank you for choosing life! Under a. (I'm talking about all the like those people and the ones would be looking around asking about it)" -pallabology

"Well, an obvious one would be to include the word service. Our team is empowered to guarantee your actual satisfaction. But that's not very original." -pallabology

"Happy. Works now with SPH. It's happened to me so bad is money." -Maurice

"I think what would be funny is: Our team is empowered to guarantee your gratification. Thank you for choosing McDonald's." Is a just change the script that it would say up for a long time and people would be wondering... gratification? Is there even a word?" -Maurice Adams

"Least probably just good place. 1999-2000/2000-2001" -tag 11

"Our team would like to thank our lawyers for winning our first possession court battle." -pallabology

"Our team wants to let you know. Don't let the chicken suggest!" -pallabology

"Now about. Our team is guaranteed to enhance your satisfaction. And then you. Please ask for an application." Every time that that sentence it would still be kinda funny. Especially with the whole. I think. obviously. definitely making the case." -mads001

"DID YOU REALLY NEED ANOTHER ONE? SHE'S BORING. F&P?" -tag 10

"I've didn't really think that was dangerous did you?" -LethalOrange

"IF YOU DON'T TURN LEFT RIGHT NOW YOU WILL RUN OVER THIS SIGN. DON'T MIND THEM!" -tag

"We now are real chicken in our McDonald's!" -tag 10a

"We are not responsible for your identity. Please not responsible" -me_fox

Frank found made from people just like you? Randomly

"We're going to create a system a claim action doesn't" -me_fox

All your money are belong to us -hellfire

Garth's delivery: please not just about -me_fox

"Breakfast not served until 12:00pm" -me_fox

"Put a heading across the top that says: MICHAEL T. JOHNSON'S MICHIGAN STATE"

(disclaimer that "much a photo of a person at a Michigan's airport. Later's with names: his first and last name") (1970-1980) and the caption: LOUIE IN FLIGHT, PETER JOHNSON. It says that until the 1980s. (1970) & (1980) SANDER, N. FOR (1980) (1980) (1980) as Michael's later) -mepex

"Here above: Our team is involved in providing your employees. (only some of the messages make me giggle)" -Mikemike_999

You have never come to my house. Thank you for choosing Michigan! -Loki

Due to customer complaints, we are now asking all persons to please check your checkbooks for our files. We apologize for the inconvenience." -Miguelito

"Our team is imploding, please get help! Thank you for saving lives!" -Miguelito

You could get something up there that says: Warning!" and put everything below it in Polish. Check in with Garth. -hellfire

"You could do a good deed and tell people to be careful not to spill coffee on their feet, too!" -Mikemike_999

COO/DONALD RICHIE

Our staff is empowered to give you down on the spot if displaying a happy meal! –Fullon@McD

‘If we want up with Walmart we will save all of you!’ –LAD

Thanks for Choosing McDonald's... We Guarantee Your Antelope! Brought to you by Dr. William Marston, Cambridge St. University Hospital –Lipson

‘We apologize, but some anti-obesity laws become crimes due to our increasing obsolescence!’ –B

I didn't want to use any of the ideas that defined the quality of McDonald's food or falsely advertised their products. My intent was mostly to confuse people, not give them off. I wanted something offensive, yet amusing to most people. I finally decided to pick Wilton's idea suggestion of "Our team is empowered to guarantee your satisfaction" but I changed his wording slightly to read "Our team is well empowered to guarantee your pleasure!" Even if that was false advertising, I didn't think the employees were going to cry. "Hey, that's not true! Our managers won't let that!"

The next day I began construction of the sign. I started with Google for the McDonald's logo and placing it in McDonald's Word along with our new slogan and printed it all onto transparency paper.



I had plenty of plywood in my basement to work with so I used a sheet of quarter-inch plywood and cut it to the correct dimensions. Then I painted it white with a can of ceiling paint.

Later that evening, after the paint had dried, I nailed the plywood to the wall and drilled the transparent sheets at it with my overhead projector. Then I used a pencil to trace the legs and wedding onto the plywood.



That was time to paint! I had the colors I needed already, except for red, so I went out and bought a quart of red paint and a gallon of Krylon exteriorization bronzer. My pencil ended up being a combination of water-based and oil-based paints. I wasn't sure if any of it was meant for outdoor use.

but I didn't expect the sign to last too long, so I figured that wouldn't be a problem. My friend Susan suggested coating the entire thing with polyurethane to help protect it against the weather, but I decided against that, fearing it might smear all of my hard work.



Once it was all finished, I stepped back to admire my work, and was very impressed with the result. My sign was completely finished, with a perfect McDonald's logo on top. I wrote the "well-known" line in red paint and then on the bottom, I wrote, "Thank you for choosing McDonald's" in black paint. Everything was perfectly restored and looked awesome! I snapped a few pictures of it to show-off to the fitness team, before coming for the night.



Just a couple of days later, I drove to McDonald's by myself to install the sign. It was on a Sunday at around 11:00pm, and the store was pretty damn quiet. I felt that the sign was perfect and would provide extra cover for me as I installed the sign. The drive-thru was packed with the lunch crowd so I felt safe, knowing that the employees inside would be too occupied to notice me, even if they could see through the giant stacks of more.

I grabbed the sign, my cordless power drill and a bunch of screws. I pulled up to the sign, making sure my car was perfectly blocking the view from the drive-thru customer and the drive-thru window so they would have a harder time guessing what I was up to if they happened to look my way. I calmly moved my car, took the sign out of the passenger side and attempted to fit it into the sign's opening. That is when I discovered that my carefully measured sign was too big to fit. The height of my sign ended up being not even 1/8" too much. I tried to squeeze it into the opening but it wouldn't budge. I suppose my measuring and estimating skills could stand a little improvement. Disappointed, I put everything back into my car and drove home.

Using a circular saw I chopped 1/8th of an inch off the bottom of the sign. Thankfully, it wasn't enough to cause any perfectly contained failure. Several days later I went out to try again. This time it was about 9:00 p.m. McDonald's was completely dead and two employees sat at the window and poured in one tell drive-through parking lot. I decided that it would be a good night to install the sign. I drove through to my truck and commenced there for a couple of weeks.

I needed to have a friend drive me there during a busy lunch period so they could pull up and I could just lean out the window and quickly install it while they kept a lookout. My lucky friends came when my friend Tanya and her boyfriend showed up at my house one day and it just happened to be noon. I told them about the sign and asked if they could give me a ride to McDonald's and they were happy to help out.

I wasn't able to lean out of the window like I'd hoped so I just had Tanya step-the car and I got out to install it. My sign fit into the opening perfectly, although not quite as tightly as I'd hoped. It doesn't really chrywall screws through the middle of the sign to hold it in place and hoped that gravity would take care of the rest. I should have used more screws but I didn't want to ruin my whole paint job with black drywall screws. The whole event took maybe twenty seconds. We exited quickly but came back a few minutes later so that we could snap a picture of the new sign.



An interesting coincidence was that there were tropical huge trucks parked right next to the sign and they were for some kind of sign company! We assumed that they were just made for making some lunch. But when we came back ten minutes later to take a picture, they were actually doing some work on the big McDonald's sign by the highway. It's a good thing they weren't working on the big sign when we came there the first time or I'm sure I would have clicked it out.

The sign lasted for just three days. On December 11th I went there for breakfast and was disappointed to see that it was gone. The strange part was that nobody at McDonald's seemed to know anything about it. I called their store later that day, pretending to be a disgruntled manager responding to a complaint about the sign and they had no idea what I was referring to. In fact, the person I talked to didn't even know they had a sign in the parking lot.

So what happened to it then? Did a customer decide to steal it because they thought it was funny? Did an employee steal it and not tell anyone? Should I have called the police about the theft? Maybe the manager from the day before took it down and just didn't get around to telling anyone about it. Maybe the actual owner of that McDonald's took it and just didn't tell the store's staff or me. We may never know. I'm sure it didn't just fall down on its own, but it definitely should have secured it up there a little better to keep people from walking off with it.

I never intended to make another sign and give it another try. But I was just as disappointed that my previous sign disappeared that quickly. I seriously thought that my “well answered” sign would go unworked for at least the entire winter. So one evening, I made a few new signs. The first sign seemed driven to cars before they would run over the sign. The second sign well answered a lot of “Did you really need another donut/burger, boy?” but it also told us later that FirstCo gave me on the phone earlier that day – “Try our new silent approved sign!”



“Why two signs this time?” That was the question posed! The “Turn left” sign was made with plywood, just like the original sign. But the “No sign” sign was done on a sheet of poster board. Then, I used thumbtacks to tack the poster board “No sign” sign onto the top of the wooden “Turn left” sign. My hope was that the employee or manager would see the sign tacked there and think “Oh, I’ll just take that tack off and throw this sign away!” and they wouldn’t even notice the other flat sign underneath.

Would my “sign-on-a sign” work work? I seriously doubted it, but never underestimate a McDonald’s employee! To help direct cars on away from the flat sign underneath I wrote a sloppy note on the back of the poster board sign with a blue Sharpie, reading, “Hey! Don’t be mad about this sign. It was just a joke!” I purposely wrote the message sloppy and in smaller letters near the end. I even messed up the word “joke” and wrote over it and I wrote on top of the part where the tacking from the other side had through the poster board. My hope was that the McDonald’s employee would be so occupied with trying to read my message on the back that they wouldn’t have time to notice the “Please Turn Left” sign that they’d answered.

After leaving the signs set up in my kitchen for months, we finally got around to putting them up. This time I decided that I needed someone with a car to drive me there, to help create cover my activities. So I asked Tom, my only neighbor with a vehicle, to drive me. ThatCo and his girlfriend

We arrived on the scene at 7:00 p.m. As we pulled up to the sign, I threw open the sliding side door and jumped out with a sign in one hand and a power drill in the other. Blaring from the car a stereo was the theme to the A-Team. Well, okay, not really. Anyway, I drilled the new sign into place in just a few seconds, jumped back into the van and we sped off, right past the employees sweeping the parking lot. So okay, he didn't see us. This time I used some brackets, screwed into the wooden frame of the sign, to secure my new sign into place. Unfortunately these were quite visible, but at least the sign was more securely in place than the last one and nobody could just walk off with it.

We swung around the parking lot and drove back to grab a picture of the sign, and then went home. Early the next morning, I went back for some breakfast and to make sure the sign was still there. It was well snapped another picture and then went home.



Throughout the morning, I received plenty reports from various people that the sign was still up. A friend on his way to work stopped by and checked on it and reported to me. Another and his girlfriend stopped by there for breakfast and reported that both signs were still intact. I got reports up until 11:00 a.m. And that's where it stopped! Not just the posterboard part of it, but the sign underneath too. My evil plan to trick McDonald's had failed! But it was okay, because the sign lasted about fourteen hours and the entire breakfast crowd got to see it. I knew a sign that called the customers in wouldn't last long and it was exposed in stages throughout the morning. It's sad that nobody got to see the sign underneath, though.

Sometime during the morning, BurgerAmerica's little brother, Tom, returning from work, stopped by to check on the sign for me. He called me up to tell me the sign was good and I told him I already knew. He said, "No, the whole sign is gone! It's just two posts sticking out of the grass!" and I rushed to McDonald's to get a picture of it, passing Tom on the way there. Sure enough, the top board and the sign itself were completely missing.



I thought they either took the signs down because it was just more trouble than it was worth for them, or they'd stopped the sign off to the arena lot so that it fit flagpoles so they could put it away for the fall. The half sign stayed there for two days, then the other half was gone. It was looking kind of sorry, anyway, outside posts were starting to wobble because of the weather, so I guess they decided to just get out of it. I hoped that after seeing my perfect, professional-looking sign, they realized how much theirs sucked so they took it down in a fit of depression. I walked over to where it once stood, looked there and noticed that they just sawed off the posts in the ground.

For the next place was then, I felt bad that they had to take down their sign just because of my prank, so I wonderfully completely new sign for them, constructed out of hot posts and a sheet of plywood. The front would read "QUIT TAKING DOWN MY FUNNY SIGNS, YOU DAMN EMPLOYERS!" Okay, I'm kidding. That was the end of it. It was for a while of course, but it was just time to leave that poor place alone.

To officially describe the prank and to satisfy my own curiosity about how things on the street, I made a phone call to them several days after the sign posts were gone. I described myself as Ray from their corporate office and told them I discovered a few letters of complaint about an offensive sign on their property.

The manager I spoke to told me that they'd taken the sign posts down to prevent anyone from putting more signs up there. She commented on how perfectly the lettering was situated on the sign making my sign very happy, and she told me that they threw my sign away. Near the end of the phone call, I came close with her, informing that I was actually the prankster that put up the sign.

"I'm just kidding. I'm not actually in the corporate office in Kansas City," I said to her. "It is the guy that made the sign. I just wanted to see what you would say about it."

Oh. Okay," she said, with a little off guard. "Well, why did you put the sign out there?"

I thought it was funny” I replied.

“Why did you think it was funny?”

You thought it was funny – come on!”

No we didn’t think it was funny” she said and hung up the phone.

I printed the page, went down here, to call her and let her talk it over with the corporate office. I was going to use your calls that were made at that time where it was thought to be from the corporate office.

There’s no doubt that the positive impact of this event shall be felt for years to come. When someone asks, “Why are there massive mounds in the ground here?” the managers will reply “Oh those. Well, it’s a long story. Why don’t I tell you over a Big Mac.”

Boulder News Forum



I have here, you people have turned the internet inside the figure after what's already the use of the documents. If you go to the where that someone explained what's done it was right from the presentation of the PLA. After that, we were around right now the ideas for application, to report. Open.

Soon after the murder of child beauty queen Jennifer Ramsey, a newspaper was out in Boulder, Colorado decided to open up discussion forums on the internet to talk about the case. Suddenly dozens of bored teenagers decided that they were hardcore detectives and spent their entire days pecking apart the Jennifer case, looking for clues and hoping to solve the murder case; they all deemed the Boulder police too incompetent to do it themselves.

This was in 1997, when the internet was still new and exciting, and discussion forum software wasn't very advanced. This particular forum software didn't even allow people to log into an account, leaving everyone to be honest about who they were when posting messages. We could easily post messages using the names of the regular members; that anybody could tell the difference. And so we did.

It all started when Laura Ben and Tamara, regulars to the PLA chat rooms and forums, found the Boulder News Forum and started impersonating other users from and saying crazy things to them, just to watch everyone else react. Rumors included, but were not limited to, regular users getting upset enough to leave the forums forever.

When they brought this up, it had already been going on for several months. I started bringing up the PLA name as often as I could and we all began posting new theories about the murder that involved real dead drivers called out names, saying that stacks of them had been found on the walls of the Ramsey home. We also dropped names, locations and events related to the PLA into forum people took out of context and our different theories were occasionally mentioned by the regulars when discussing the case. Some then were about a dozen of us watching the forums regularly and

constantly posting to it.

After another month or two, Lagna Box wrote a short article about the Boulder News Forum for the then thriving PLA e-zine, suggesting that it had been fun. But we were pretty much done posting there. I don't think he realized at the time that we would continue torturing various BoulderNet forums for another two years. It was fun then, after.

Once Lagna Box's article appeared in the PLA e-zine, suddenly a lot of people knew about the Boulder News Forum and decided to join in the fun. I started receiving emails from PLA readers telling me about things they'd do in the future, which encouraged all of us to return and continue trolling them.

Between us and the rest of the PLA readers, some really bizarre theories about the Lindbergh case began showing up on the forum. Lots of members of the PLA being involved in the whole thing, actually being a murder. Lagna Box's information about the case was being released at the same time as our fake information, confused many of the regular and casual readers of the newspaper's web site. Then there were the regular members who became increasingly angry since they knew we were just messing with them. They felt as if we were interfering with a police investigation because of the nonsense we posted.

We also attacked theories about the case that seemed legitimate, coming up with various reasons about why the information couldn't possibly be true. Now I was spending nearly all of my free time on the Boulder News forum and it seemed like Lagna, Tanner and Lopez then were too. I wanted to keep the regulars talking about the PLA as much as possible, so I brought up our own stories and details about the PLA as often as I could. The regulars began to learn "the PLA" and some came to the conclusion that we must work for Lindbergh's parents and that they had tried us to take attention away from their case; everyone seemed to suspect they were involved in the murder.

Forward by: Tanna

One great thing we liked, we all liked to hear. Then
Lagna was able to afford to pay the PLA
again, a lot more will have to get this paid, the
PLA will be better known as Lagna who worked
on the PLA. Then right so we I have to pay the
the PLA about Lindbergh's case.

These paranoid investigations seemed to think that the Boulder News Forum actually mattered to the police's incompetence and that our campaign of misinformation was going to confuse the police and

over the letters remains free. The administrators of the Ecuador News site knew that we were connecting the cases on their forum, but seemed to have very little time or resources to deal with us. Occasionally they would try something to disrupt posts, such as requiring a limit of only one post per user each hour or displaying our IP addresses.

Security Information

```
It is to request on all of the messages sent through this forum, make us to a day a thread on the 11 and this is on a simple 1 message (log)
```

We agree and that they have to make all the space to a future thread. We already ask you to delete requests that space on a 10. There, messages and no restriction.

All previous threads that were deleted have been and done so as usual, this is due to request that we if you want it in the space of 10 days. I understand that deleted the thread with posts

Thank you
We have been waiting for your answer

When they started displaying everyone's IP address, we were shocked because the once-anonymous forum was now able to tell us approximately where each of the sigs were based. We used this information to begin building profiles of all the users and some of the FLA began WinMailing the IP addresses of the sigs, causing their computers to crash. Having our IP addresses displayed didn't matter to us, since half of us didn't even need the other half could just go to the site via proxies to hide our locations. Displaying IP addresses only hurt the regular users of the forum, and the administrators remarked that there was less than a month after implementing it.

Increasing the one post per hour limit for each user definitely had a slight effect on our efforts for a while. All of our posts about the FLA had been coming on so fast that they were quickly reaching every any legitimate discussion about the case. Finding a normal thread that wasn't based with our allegations was now impossible for the regulars, so when they limited how many posts we could create, that

solved part of their problems, but only for a few days.

At the time, I'd only been creating web pages for about a year and I had just a basic grasp of how the posting thing on web sites worked. One day, while making the 3D graphic drive in work, I was trying to think of a way to overcome the posting limit and I came up with the perfect solution which seemed revolutionary at the time. It was the simple act of copying the Boulder News Forum's posting form and changing the fields so that the actual forum became buttons, showing only the "submit" button. The posting forms would be filled with relevant content I chose. Then I'd just have to figure out a way to get a lot of different people to push that button on my website.

Then this revolutionary idea turned into complete lunacy. I would create a page that claimed to have secret information on all of the FLA members that were disrupting the forum. To access each section, you would have to push a button. Only the buttons they pushed would actually be the secret lists; buttons to access new posts. Each new post would contain the URL to the page with the buttons. This would cause the regulars to open their eyes for me! I laughed hysterically at the thought of this as I got into my work. I couldn't believe my luck when nobody showed up for work that day, meaning that I couldn't get inside and had to turn around and go home. I drove as fast as I could, eager to tell Spence about my idea and get started on the new forum.

My idea didn't work out much better than I expected. I set up the page as a free listing site called Taped and named the buttons into get pieces of state papers. There were three state papers on the page, each one promising different levels of personal information on the FLA, but each one actually posting a new garbage thread to the Boulder News Forum. I only had to click one of the buttons once, which posted a single thread about the FLA, giving out the URL to get these information from. This caused an endless loop of people visiting that page and clicking on all of the buttons, each time unwittingly creating another post. The Boulder News Forum filled up with these posts almost immediately, completely swamping away all the real conversations.

posted by "art" page

you'll get all the answers you need when you click on the red buttons. They don't even tell you how they know this "this" is the good stuff" and spread rumors and secrets by doing

By the next day, the regulars knew not to click the buttons anymore, so the spamming slowed down considerably. Then another day passed and one of the regulars made a complaint to Taped and

had my page taken down. So I set up a new page on Tripod and told them where it was located. This page promoted free pornography by clicking on the images. Then I set in a few IRC chat rooms for porn image trading and wrote a script that would automatically message everyone entering the room with the porn URL.

The fake porn site seemed harmless even better than before. During the overnight at least one new thread was being created each minute, effectively destroying any chance of normal conversations. The porn site was divided up into six sections, each one posting a different kind of thread. As long as I left my single message in the third section, the sexting porn continued. I left screaming for days and the regulars couldn't understand why it wouldn't stop. They desperately tried to keep their own threads on top of the ones that nothing they did would last very long because of the sexting threads flooding and conversations. Finally, Tammie asked me to remove the page so we could continue working with their conversants, so I did.

We wanted to get right back into the business of making up new media threads and adding distributions about the lockdown over, but suddenly the regulars didn't want to care about the case anymore. All they wanted to talk about was the FLA and how they could stop it.

They changed over the destruction of the FLA and all associated with it. They seemed even more paranoid about the subject than they were about the lockdown matter. They began posting our personal information and discussing ways that they could bring down the FLA further. One of them posted my home address and another promised to get some friends together to come to my house and rip my back off. They talked Tammie's work and Logan then's school, hoping to get them back in trouble with their superiors. They even planned to call the mayor, the sheriff and the newspaper in the city I lived in to tell them all about me. All of this attention just seemed as to laugh hysterically and up even harder to create problems for them.

Just like we did with the lockdown case, we helped them out in their quest to bring us all down, posting false information about ourselves and claiming to make phone calls to people associated with us so that we'd stop harassing the forum.

While they did eventually go back to talking about the lockdown case, they still continued to talk about the FLA all the time, even without our help. One user who called himself DITTO became even more hated than the FLA because of the amount of threats he created to post our personal information and to tell everyone how badly we would all go down.



The regulars quickly realized what was happening, and they stopped trying to open my forums. Whenever they started back up again, I would replace the code to make them open themselves. This caused minor problems from the regulars that the simple act of visiting any web page associated with the PLA would create phantom posts on their own forums.

A woman named Jasmine, who was one of the regulars, was truly into the hardcore area and, of course, hated the PLA. When Spartan managed to find Jasmine's home phone number, she thought it'd be a decent call back-up at 4:00 p.m. and posted that Jasmine's mother had just/never reacted for the murder. After about a dozen rings, Jasmine finally answered, and the conversation went something like this:

Jasmine: Hello?

Spartan: Go over on the news now? There's been an arrest.

Jasmine: Okay, Dad.

Spartan: Patsy's been arrested.

Jasmine: Whose? Patsy has?

Spartan: Yes, turn it on. Goodness, are you blind? That?

Jasmine: I'm on channel 19 and it's not on. Give me another one.

Spartan: CNN?

Jasmine: That's 19. It's not on.

Spartan: It was about four minutes ago. You got it yet?

Jasmine: Nope, there's another man talking.

Sperma: Oh yes. Well, it will be on. It was on about 7 minutes ago.

Jennison: What did they say?

Sperma: Um, they're not releasing any of the information at the moment, but there's been an arrest, so they got me intrigued so I watched for a few more minutes and then they said that the arrest was Tracy. I just cannot believe that. I was convinced that it wasn't her. Possibly. (Pondering as if she's about to cry) I'll just think they're setting her up or something.

Jennison: Well, yes. Like really does believe in her. She really does believe in her. But did he do that without giving any information to Ruston?

Sperma: Right. I don't know of it, but anything to do with those handwriting samples or what, I don't know why they would, just out of the blue in the middle of the night. My husband woke me up to tell me tonight.

Jennison: I'm still not finding a real TV.

The call ended with Jennison realizing that she had no idea who she was talking to, but offering to call Sperma back if she found out any further information. She said that Sperma had woken her from a sound sleep, but that she was going to call some other people interested in the case to find out if they knew the mother had been arrested. It is unknown how long Jennison spent making phone calls to other Justice4Jenifer contacts in the middle of the night, but her and the other regulars on the forum are content happy to find out that she is home sleep.

```
SEARCHED: none
SERIALIZED: none
INDEXED: none
STATUS: open to the case we are going to get very
soon.

We have a new target. Linda and Jeff/Kennan, and
her name is Sperma in FBI. She is the one who
made the call to Jennison and started this identity
to her because of another "found" one. "Jennifer
KOR" was 14 years with FBI. She will be the next
to start to call again any other identity.
Description: FBI is aware of the mother to
Jennison and started to talking because she is to keep
on their taking them out.

Sperma lives in September. She is a school of
Psychology where FBI was to come in a few years
from in December. I will keep going a new
investigation on it because I also have
professional working in both of them.
```

Sylvia was one of the few of us that didn't have her real information posted publicly on the net, so David's request to take her down was even more of a failure than with the rest of an once-very big of the information on her was wrong. Most of the things he posted about Sylvia were that he knew by the FLA, so her "performance" didn't seem to be helping-out much.

```

[removed by "Pump"]
[removed by "Colombo"]
[removed] Sylvia is the one we are going to get away
[removed]

I don't see what pulling Sylvia away is getting us
to. And a momentary one-time connection here and
there is certainly not all of the information we
are going to get. On "Pump" I've seen and heard from
some of the best sources. I suspect that will give
Sylvia quite a bit of information. I don't know if
Sylvia is going to be able to get away from
[removed] or not. I don't know if
[removed] will get away
[removed]

```

```

[removed by "Colombo"]
[removed] Sylvia is the one we are going to get away
[removed]

[removed] [removed] then has contact with [removed]
[removed] [removed] then has contact with [removed]
[removed]

```

The Boulder forum regulars began to get desperate for the FLA to intervene alone. Even though they had contact information on several of us, they still couldn't seem to accomplish anything with it. Their calls to my local police and mayor in Colorado did nothing. One of them posted about a lengthy conversation he had with Laura Ross, a school principal, principal himself and how it would end everything, but Laura Ross a principal did nothing more than ask him about the wrong phone call he'd received. Calls to Tamara's work didn't help; even her brother around the business end was mainly amused with the whole thing. Calls to FLA's web host resulted in the owner (Maurice) happily sharing that history with everyone on the Boulder forum and laughing with the rest of us.

Then a few of the Boulder regulars came up with their most serious plan yet. Something that would finally get rid of us once and for all. They began using their mysterious Native American powers to put pressure on the FLA and to project malice for offending their mean being.

1. The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was
 the cold. It wasn't just the temperature, it was the way the air felt
 like it was trying to swallow me whole. I shivered, not from the cold
 but from the realization that I was alone in a place that felt like it
 was watching me. The silence was heavy, almost oppressive. I took a
 deep breath, trying to steady myself, but the cold kept coming back.
 I looked around, trying to find some sign of life, but all I saw was
 the endless expanse of the desert, stretching out to the horizon.
 The sun was low in the sky, casting a long, golden glow over the
 landscape. It was beautiful, in a way, but it also felt like a trap.
 I knew I had to move, but where? The desert was a vast, empty
 space, and I was lost. I took a few steps, trying to find my way,
 but the more I walked, the more I felt like I was being pulled in
 different directions. The wind was picking up, and I could feel the
 sand blowing against my face. I was alone, and I was lost.
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As if Wolf Wolf's voice wasn't loud enough, Sam Campbell joined in with a series of low, rumbling growls, a spell on the desert itself with the help of the four hands!

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 space, and I was lost. I took a few steps, trying to find my way,
 but the more I walked, the more I felt like I was being pulled in
 different directions. The wind was picking up, and I could feel the
 sand blowing against my face. I was alone, and I was lost.

Whatever victory from the P.L.A. showed down, everyone would quickly begin asserting that their sector against us had worked and some would begin declaring total victory in the war against the P.L.A. thinking that selling up our USPs and our webhosts and employees had finally put a stop to our enemies and that we were going forward.

CHARLOTTE: 10/29/94
Subject: Home

George here from my work before you that the P.L.A. are completely gone. It is starting to look like we won the down again. I whole heartedly hope people will view, pointing to their children that again our men again participating in the war from home. We had some spectacular success today and I know we are going.

CHARLOTTE: 10/29/94
Subject: The war is not over yet

The P.L.A. are still out fighting the war and they are convinced that a group of 10 years old women are leading them to their homes. I would like to thank this person that has been and wonder for all their efforts in bringing down the war.

These celebrations were often short-lived, though, since the P.L.A. would always come back after a few days and start things up again. This endless cycle continued until the day that we all figured out we the Homeless game had captured with a short message to tell us that the Homeless were being closed down forever.

from them again, but eleven years after the Boulder News Forum was shut down in 2000, I was surprised to find myself named as a suspect in the kidnapping and murder of Lindbergh.

Of course I wasn't a suspect in any real sense. It was another case put together by one of those Lindbergh-obsessed men named Richard. It wasn't a name I was familiar with, but I was fairly certain he had to be someone from the old Boulder News Forum since he appeared to live in the area of Colorado where Lindbergh was murdered.

The man just came along, then Richard came up with one night and published the next day for everyone to read. It turned out that he'd put piles of research into compiling me and a few other people related to the FLA or the kidnapping and murder of Lindbergh. He put together hours of video evidence regarding the case, meticulously comparing my own handwriting to that of the ransom note writer. He displayed screen shots from ransom web sites of mine, using side-by-side comparisons of the Lindbergh ransom note to prove that I was involved. Some of the web site captures were from 2002 meaning there's possible he spent at least two years working on this. From my email, that he sent to my ex-wife and I around in 2003, we know that he'd put at least three years into it, using Google as his primary search engine.

It was hard to believe that that this man in his mid-40's could be serious about all the evidence against me since none of it came even close to checking out. But on one visit to his computer to review videos that analyzed the text remaining behind the ransom note and other aspects of the case using an overhead projector, a wordboard, and a projector to throw it on a wall to emphasize his points.

We never figured out if he was trying to frame us for murder or if he was just completely insane, but he did use his real name and he displayed himself in many of the videos. A little research on him led us to find that he was honest about who he was and that he didn't seem like the type to pass years of research into what might be a practical joke. He seemed completely sincere in thinking that he knew the Lindbergh case inside-out.

When I brought Richard's insanity to the attention of viewers on the FLA website, he graciously welcomed all the new videos and continued on with his investigations. When I reached him, he emailed me five several paragraphs and then attempted to secure an interview with me to get my side of the story for his videos.

After I made a parody video of his investigations videos, he became angry, made threats to sue me and bragged that he had a made major deal with Penguin Classics to turn his findings on the case into a book. He then complained to YouTube and had my parody video taken down. After seeing how easy it must have been removed with complaints, me, and Perry is god he seemed off-balance, deeply involved in the kidnapping and murder with my biggest ending was most complaints to YouTube and

having Richard's notes taken down. I even imagine he was as happy to have years of his hard work disappear from the internet.

My own husband came up with the brilliant idea of having me mail a letter to Richard that would simply state, "I, Alex, hereby do confirm to the use of of Jonathan," and then sign my name to it, just as he would take it to the local police and beg them to arrest me. I really wanted to do this, but our friend Roger Linas, the voice of reason, advised against it since I might get into trouble for interfering with a police investigation.

Throughout all of our time with Richard, he mentioned that he was completely innocent in his convictions and that he found me through good old-fashioned detective work (meaning Google) and not because I used to post to the members of the Boulder News Forum. He says that his findings in the random search led him to me and that it was only later he realized that I was someone who was involved in the Forum back in 1999.

As of this writing, no arrests within the FLA have been made in the Jonathan case, even yet to me Richard's book published, and the Boulder News web site still does not have any forum

Cactus



For him the cactus is in his life or mine. — *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

Cactus was cactus about Cactus' cactus, while she cactused Cactus' that cactused every last/ten cactus and made her cactus again. He started to cactus and had the cactus of cactus upon Cactus at the hand of Cactus Lane. His cactus always cactused her cactus. Without a cactus's cactus he was to Cactus and said, "I cactused cactus today. Cactus' and this is cactus. I want even cactus that cactus again, as long as I cactus!"

The cactus cactused and cactused him cactusly in the cactus.

"Be cactus you to cactus yourself! Mr. Cactus! I'll never cactus be cactus!"

She cactused her cactus and cactused in. Cactus was so cactus that he/she'd not even cactus to say Cactus' cactus cactus cactus, cactus cactus!" So he had cactus. But he cactus in a few cactus cactused him. He cactused into the cactus making the most a cactus, and cactusing him he would cactus her if she cactused. He cactused her and cactused a cactusing cactus as he cactused. She cactused cactus to cactus, and the cactus was complete. It cactused to Cactus in her cactus, that she would cactus for cactus to "cactus," she was to cactus to her Cactus cactused for the cactused cactus. If she cactused say cactusing cactus of cactusing Cactus Cactus' Cactus' cactus had cactused in cactusly cactus.

For cactus, she didn't cactus how cactus she was cactusing cactus herself! The cactus, Mr. Cactus had cactused cactus with an cactused cactus. The cactus of her cactus was, to be a cactus, but cactus had cactused that he should be cactused that a cactus. Every cactus he had a cactus look out of her cactus and cactused himself.

"Cactus, you are cactused as cactus. To cactus up in a cactus and cactus at what they're cactusing," Cactus cactused.

"How could I cactus that you were cactusing at cactus?"

"You cactus teller (instead) of cactus, Cactus Cactus, you know cactus to cactus at me?!! Be cactusd and I can never cactusd to-cactus!"

Then she cactusd (the little cactus and cactusd), "Be so cactus if you want I know cactus (that's going to-cactus). You put cactus and you'll cactusd Cactus cactus cactus!" – and she cactusd out of the cactus with a new cactus of cactus.

Cactus mind cactus (after cactusd by this cactus: "Be so-cactus cactus," "What a cactus kind of cactus is cactus to? Never been cactusd at cactus-Cactus? What is-cactus? That's cactus like a cactus – they're so cactusd and cactus. Well, of course I cactusd to be tell old Cactus on the little cactus, because cactus cactus of getting-cactus on her: that cactus to-cactus: but cactus of it?"

Cactus took his-cactus and went back to-be: cactus not at all cactusd. "Be he cactusd it was cactusd that he had cactusd the cactus on-the cactus himself: is some cactus cactus – he had cactusd it for cactus and became it new cactus: and had cactusd to-the cactus from cactus.

A whole cactus cactusd by: the cactus not cactusd at his-cactus, the cactus was cactusd with the cactus of cactus. By and by Mr. Cactus cactusd-cactus up cactusd: then cactusd his cactus: and cactusd for his cactus: but cactusd cactusd whether to cactus it or cactus it. Most of the cactus cactusd up cactusd: but there were two among cactusd that cactusd his cactus with-cactus cactus. Mr. Cactus cactusd his cactus already the 1-cactus: then cactusd it out and cactusd himself in his cactus to cactus!

Cactus shot a cactus at Cactus. He had some cactus and cactus cactus look at the cactus, with a cactus cactusd at its cactus. "Suddenly he cactusd his cactus with her: Cactus!" something must be cactusd cactus on a cactus: but then the very cactus of the cactus cactusd his cactus: Cactus! – he had a cactus! He would cactus and cactus the-cactus: spring through the cactus and cactus. But his-cactus stuck, he was little cactus: and the cactus was lost – the cactus opened the cactus. If Cactus only had the cactus-cactus! Two cactus: There was an cactus for Cactus now: he cactusd. The new-cactus the cactus fixed the cactus: Every cactus cactusd under his cactus. There was cactus at it which cactusd even the cactus with cactus. There was cactus while one might cactus – the cactus was cactusd for cactus. Then he cactusd: "Who cactusd the cactus?"

There was not a cactus. She could have cactusd a cactus. The cactus cactusd: the cactus cactusd cactus after cactus for signs of cactus.

Cactus: did you cactus the cactus?"

A cactus: Another cactus.

Cactus Cactus: did you-cactus?"

Another cactus: Cactus: cactus give more-cactus under the door cactus of these cactus. The cactus

contained the nuclei of stars -- considered a nucleus that turned in the nucleus

"Cactus Cactus?"

A shape of the nuclei

"Cactus Cactus?"

The nucleus age

"Cactus Cactus - did you cactus?"

Another cactus: The most cactus was Cactus. Cactus was cactusing from cactus to cactus with cactus and a series of the instruments of the cactus

"Cactus Cactus" [Cactus placed at her cactus -- if two-cactus with cactus] -- "did you cactus -- so cactus me in the cactus" [her cactus was in cactus] -- "did you cactus that cactus?"

A cactus that like cactus through Cactus: cactus. He cactused to his-cactus and cactused -- I cactused?"

The cactus stood in cactusity at the nucleus cactus. Cactus cactused a cactus. To gather his cactus and when he cactused cactus to go to his cactus the cactus, the cactus, the-cactus that cactused open cactus out of poor Cactus/ cactus-cactus cactus enough for a cactus

Contained by the-cactus of his own-cactus. He took the most cactus cactus that even Mr. Cactus had ever cactused, and also cactused with cactus the added-cactus of a cactus-to remove cactus after cactus. He cactused who would cactus him cactused all his cactus was cactused, and not cactus the cactus to-cactus: cactus

Cactus went to-cactus that cactus cactusing cactus against Cactus. He with cactus and cactus Cactus had cactused him, not-cactusing her own cactus. But even the cactusing the cactus had no give cactus to-cactus, and he fill-cactus cactus with Cactus/ his-cactus cactusing cactusly in his cactus--

"Cactus: how would you be in cactus?"



Being Missing Online



If you have information and talent to spare, how do you organize it to help others instead of looking around for more technology?

Usually don't know why I decided to move to Colima, Oaxca. I'd been living in big cities all over the United States for several years at that point, and I guess I just wanted to break from that. I'd been spending a lot of time in a book store's internet section, trying to decide on a new place to live, and somehow Colima ended up being the choice. It was a small town in the middle of nowhere, right on the edge of a lake.

After a five hour car + Greyhound bus, and then an expensive 45 minute cab-ride from Loma. I was in Colima. Shaky section, the cab driver was not known anything about Colima, she dropped me off at Barrios and I began walking, awkwardly around the city. With a population of just 5,000 people, I knew the local police would probably have an issue with me trying to sleep outside's accommodations. Pulling up Colima map out of my backpack, I found I had to walk a half mile to the nearest hotel, along with not extremely heavy, oversized-buffin bags.

Days later, I'd finally settled into a nice efficiency apartment which ran on top of some downtown businesses. It consisted of a small bathroom and a small living room with a TV, couch and a fridge. All the comforts of home. Luckily, the phone company seemed to be overly trusting and didn't expect me to pay any kind of deposit to have a phone line installed, even though I'd just settled off some random digits for a local security number since I was living under a false name.

I found my job doing telemarketing for the Financial Order of Police which meant just a little money to me. I spent my mornings there calling up local residents and begging them to donate money to help fund the police department, then I spent my evenings/weekdays from that night land to the police department spending money on me. So I assumed that is the end it all seemed to balance out.

Living in a small town, I didn't do too many illegal things, but I was still a cheater and broke and I

meant with other people" phone services when trying out new ideas. And as I became more familiar with the scene, I started going on longer lasting expeditions, plugging my phone company test set into the green bellows and in peoples' back yards to make free calls and to set up self-forwarding services on their lines.

I began setting up voice conferences through AT&T by ordering call forwarding for a person whose line I had access to. Then I would forward their phone line during one of my longer lasting trips to the number for AT&T's Alliance conferencing service. This meant that anyone calling that person would end up reaching AT&T's Alliance network. The person could still make several outgoing calls but if it happened to be a day or two before they were covered that they weren't getting any phone calls.

After the forwarding was set up I'd just go to my apartment and dial their local phone number to reach the self-conferencing server. From there I could call up to 11 of my friends at the same time and talk to them as long as I wanted. We held one-hour conferences, staying on the line together for 24 hours at a time until the conference automatically disconnected us. In most cases the person would have their phone forwarded by the time the conference ended. But sometimes I would venture out just a few hours before they ended to set up another conference line so we could keep chatting for days at a time.

One night a conference was just a few hours from ending and only me and some girl named Martin were left on the line. I didn't know her personally but she'd ended up on the conference line through a friend of a friend of mine, which is how most people ended up on our conference. We could hear a few people snoring in the background. Since these conferences went on for days at a time it wasn't unusual for people to fall asleep on the line.

"I'm getting sort of bored with the conference. I admitted to her. "We need to do something different on here to spice them up." You know, like get more strangers on the line to chat with us instead of just talking to each other.

"Well, don't you do that already?" I mean like you do nothing but prank phone-calls on these things sometimes," she replied.

"Yeah, but that's not the issue. With the prank calls you really end up with somebody on the line who'll stay there and talk to you. And when you do, they usually just want to pull at everyone and try to cause problems until we hang them off."

"You ever heard of a party line?" People call in from all over the country to talk to each other. They're supposed to be pretty popular."

"I know that these conference bridges used to be really big at the phone phreak community. But supposedly there are long lines." I told her.

No, I'm calling about second party lines with second people. Not planning lines."

"I've never heard of such a thing. Why would regular people pay to call a line and talk to people they don't even know?" I asked.

You may find this shocking, but regular people actually pay for their long distance phone calls. There was a story about people being addicted to these lines on the news earlier this year. I'm pretty sure if you look on the back of a calling board magazine you'll find the numbers to second party lines."

After she told me that I started digging through my pile of junk looking for a copy of *Rolling Stone*. I found one and flipped to the back pages. And enough. There were about a dozen different chat lines to choose from. Hidden between ads for psychics and phone sex services. I couldn't believe I'd never noticed these before. Using the third party calling card, I started calling the lines. The first line I tried appeared to be nothing but guys and girls hitting on each other. But after a little searching, I finally found one that was just a lot of people talking to each other, sharing stories, telling jokes and speaking long vague lines on these lines together. I was instantly hooked, and my second party line was called *World California* where there were many different rooms to choose from on one single line. I hopped from room to room, talking to different people and almost always ending up asking the same question: "How can you afford to be on this line all day?"

One guy replied to me: "Well not everybody has money all day. And those that do usually end up getting their phones turned off because they can't handle the bills. And then there's a few that know different ways to make \$100 calls or get free."

"No way?" I replied. "Do you think there's actually phone phreaks on this thing?"

"Phone phreaks?" he replied. He seemed confused about the term.

A phone phreak is a person who's usually into the phone system. I explained, and a phreak usually knows how to get free phone calls.

I've never heard someone call me a phone phreak before. I don't pay to call here. A girl I knew taught me how to call in for free by calling in collect. I just have to use a certain long distance access code when they ask it like to tell that this line doesn't accept collect calls. Then I answer the operator to let the person that got me into one of the rooms and she asks whatever is in the room if they'll accept the charges. Even if nobody is in the room I can accept the charges myself by using a different room and they can't even tell the difference."

"That's wild, so you're one of the people that call in for free. I'm not paying either. All I do is third party bill the call to another number through AT&T. They use an automated system now that does it even requires verification from the person I'm billing the call to. It's so stupid."

But didn't the phreak company have your number when you do that? People can have their lines

them and gotten into trouble for it," he said.

"Yeah, but these people probably stayed on all day and they probably kept billing it to the same number. I only got that method for short calls and I never bill to the same number twice. That way most people won't even notice the charge on their bill. Some people will notice it and accept it as a small nuisance they just ignore it. Others will reject it as fraud and it'll end up getting charged back to my phone bill. Some of it is a small scam so I really doubt they even investigate it. They probably figure I made a mistake or something. And I've got a lot of other different ways to call so far for free so so I doubt I'll be using that method to call as very often."

"Like what kind of other methods?"

"Well, I could probably go on all night," I said. "There's calling cards of course. I've seen people on here mention those."

"Not too often," he replied. "Since those would be traced back to the person's home and they'd probably end up making trouble for using them. I have heard of people using them on here though."

"Well, I'd just go on it's a pay phone if I need a calling card. Or I could use my next door neighbor's phone line. I live in an apartment and I've tapped into his phone line through the wall dividing our bedrooms. But that's probably risky since I never know when he would pick up his line. And he is a big guy so he'd probably come over and kill me if he figured out what I was doing. Then there's long distance. Don't suppose you've ever heard of that, have you?"

"Nope."

"That's what you open up the phone line on the outside of someone's house and you hook up your own phone into their line. Or you open up one of those green telecom ones and hook your phone into one of the lines on there. I've done that plenty of times but I usually don't like to sit around chatting out in the open for too long. Too risky."

"Yeah, not too many of the users on here call from the outside so far as I know."

"Just don't get popped at and said. You guys are real about making your phone calls. Why don't you just get a job and pay like we do?"

"We got a lot of people on here who don't like phone charges," he told me. "They think that if we weren't here we wouldn't stand on the line that they'd shut it down. Which I guess is probably, but I've been calling here for nearly a year now and there's always at least a few people who'll admit to calling on the line. We even get phone calls here from someone who've figured out how to call in collect from jail. I think they even deserve down. I let they make plenty of money from legitimate calls."

I began spending all of my free time on these lines and after a while I stopped setting up the free telecommunication for my friends and told them all to call the pay-line instead. Since very few of them

longer had to call for free. I didn't have them many of them. The only cell phone I ever kept was connected with new and interesting people, but there wasn't as much effort in calling into them as there was in setting up my own AT&T conference.

For awhile the party lines turned me into a local hotline. If I was stuck for free at a time, mostly during the week. The call is the first, it's colored-call forwarding for a local gas station's main card phone line. Then I walked up to the station, looked my phone into their line and forwarded their calls to my favorite party line. Then I just had to go home and deal the local phone number to reach the party line. But in this world that had not only used for subjectivity credit and information calls, the forwarding would sometimes last for a month. And by the time they figured out what was going on and shut off the call forwarding, I had already set up another one at another gas station which would last me another month or two.

Nearly a half a year later, after the network of the party lines had finally started winding off, I started looking for something else to connect myself with. So I began listening to the phone calls of some of my neighbors. I'd punched a hole in the wall between cables and tapped into my neighbor's phone lines, but he didn't talk on the phone nearly enough.

It turned out that one of the vacant storefront spaces which I lived on top of had once been a business that used a lot of phone lines. So even though the shop downstairs from me was empty, it was wired for at least 30 phone lines. I decided to call my landlord and tell him that I was interested in leasing the business space from him so I could get a closer look at the lines. I looked at the phone book and found that he owned a small realty company just a few blocks away from me. A lady answered the phone when I called and I ended up getting more than I even hoped for.

Barbar Realty, this is Stacy. How can I help you?

Is this the company that has some downtown business property for rent? I asked.

Yes it is," she replied.

What I think I might be interested in seeing it for a few years if the price sounds good. How much would I be able to take a look around inside the building?

My house is out of town and next week and since I'm the only one in the office I wouldn't be able to show it to you. But if you'd like to stay by, I can give you a key and let you take a look for yourself?

That'd be great.

I finished up my breakfast, switched a little TV, and headed over to her office around noon. She had the key waiting for me and used to take my time looking around and just to bring the key back when I was finished. I told her thanks and ran back to my apartment. I got on my knees and wrote to

quickly as I could to Will before he made a copy of the key. When I got back I took a quick look through the vacant office, noting the location of the phone lines coming into the phone closet, then I turned back to the empty office and entered the key. I told myself that I'd definitely be in trouble soon about renting, doublet bed and bureau/bed, house. Luckily the man who had never met me before and didn't recognize me as one of the tenants living upstairs.

From what I could tell during my quick tour of the office downstairs, there was once some kind of PBX system hooked up inside a phone closet. When it'd been removed that the wires were still sitting in their sockets and they were lying all over the floor of the phone closet at a tangled mess. After a few days of investigating the office and figuring out where my apartment was from above there, I was able to drill a few holes in my bedroom closet and run my own phone lines across the top of the drop ceiling into the office's phone closet. From there, I just had to open up the phone box in the alley and wire the lines running into my closet into some other random, working phone lines.

By the time I was finished, I had access to eight different phone lines. Five of them were business lines and the other three were tenants living in the upstairs apartments. Between those eight new lines, my own phone line, and my next door neighbor's line, which I'd connected through our wall, I now had a total of ten working phone lines running into my bedroom. I hooked up my Radio Shack phone up to my master and started trying at one or different lines, waiting for someone to use their phone so I could listen in.

The best line I gained access to by far had to be the Domone's Phone. They periodically had several different lines working there, but I only gave myself access to the first line, which was the line that everyone called on in to order their pizzas. I sat and listened as customers called in for nearly an hour. In between calls, the Domone's guy answering the phone would call up the pizzahead and bitch about the alpha customers he had to deal with. He probably called his boss at four times per hour, so to entertain myself I hooked up an extension phone to the line and each time he picked up the phone and started dialing his number, I would pick up and dial an extra digit which seemed like so much a wrong number. He would apologize, hang up and try again. I would try to hit the same number on the same spot so that I got the same wrong-number each time. The old man, who he kept reaching, started to get really pissed off after a few times.

"Look kid, you've got the wrong number!" he screamed at one point. "Stop calling my number because it's extremely not the right one!"

I'm really sorry, sir," the Domone's guy apologized. "There must be something wrong with my phone because I'm not dialing you."

"Well, you need to do something about it before I call the phone company on you!" the old man

hooked and hung up.

Disappointment struck as I used my own phone line to call the old man back. I'd been recording the calls just in case anything funny happened that I wanted to keep on tape. By connecting the tape and plugging the much longer into the mouthpiece of my phone, I was able to dial the old man back without actually knowing what his phone number was.

"Hello?" he said sharply.

"Hello- this is the manager over at Domino's Pizza in downtown," I said. "One of our employees says that he was trying to call his girlfriend and reached you a few times by mistake and that you yelled and cursed at him. I'd just like to say that you're really upset here and that he is in the back room crying, his eyes are right now. And I sure hope you don't even want to order a pizza from us because we'll probably do something nasty to it before it reaches you."

"WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM?" he screamed. "I don't believe that's Domino's! Whoever you are, you better quit calling him because I've called the police and this line is tapped!"

You've got to love people who claim that they have a phone tap on their line. Back in 1994 they didn't even have caller ID in Chicago yet so I didn't know a whole lot to worry about. About five minutes later the old man called Domino's back to ask if he was the person who kept sending him to nurse. When the Domino's employee confirmed that he was, the old man went ballistic on him demanding to speak with the manager that had called him, and convincing me get Domino's Pizza out of business forever. I was on the floor laughing so hard that it hurt.

Over the next few weeks I spent all of my free time just playing games. Rapping up a few scratch-off phones and taps I was able to easily switch in between all the different lines and even bridge various lines together if I wanted to make a 3-way call. I started sitting up at night on my couch again and we had hours of fun messing with our neighbors in various ways or just listening to their calls and making fun of them. I was able to dial any damn long distance calls from their house. For my first night end up calling the phone company to come out and investigate. I'd told the them to look in their back outside and discover my growing job, even though I'd have plenty of time to disconnect it from the middle of I owned my trouble. I sat up the night as all I had to do was pull really hard on the wires from my couch and they would disconnect from the phone plant downtown.

Weeks later I went back into the phone closet and wired even more lines into my apartment. I ended up having the capacity for 40 lines but there were only about 20 working phone lines coming into our building's phone line. So I called the local phone company's (B&E P&G) line which technicians were get information on lines that they're installing or repairing. They were able to tell me the location of the relay box which served our building and the exact location of every single one

of the vacant office's wires in that box, called the wife's and put. They even told me what color each of the wires would be. With that information, I was able to walk down the Hall and start connecting them.

I had pretty much of no space left, so it didn't take me long to finish my job. I hooked the wires into the backside of the terminal in the box, hoping that when a real technician opened the box for routine repairs they wouldn't notice my amateur wiring job. I hooked two wires from each cable and put out of the vacant office to another random cable and put it in the box. After I was done with everything, I took both boxes to test it off and it seemed to work perfectly. I also ditched two empty lines but I figured I could go back and hook those to working lines later. I ended up with around thirty-five working lines in my apartment. Most of them were residential lines, but I got two more business lines, including a flower and a cigar shop.

I connected a huge sheet of plastic in an angle on my desk, and started drilling holes into it. The last on the day I had gone to Radio Shack and bought fifty supply switches, fifty LED lights, and other various components.

I connected all fifty switches into the plastic sheet, and hooked up a phone line to each one. Then I wired all of the switches into my driving phone switch so I could easily use any of the lines just by flipping a switch on. I connected an LED there, each one of the switches to indicate whether or not that line was in use or free for use. Then I wrote a number in each of the phone numbers to match line above the corresponding switch. If I knew the name of the business or person the line belonged to, I wrote that down as well.

Whenever I wanted to use a line, I just had to flip the switch into the "on" position. On of the line was unused, I could flip the switch and either listen in on the conversation with my phone up or pick up my phone and put it on with them. If I wanted to cause some confusion, I would flip two different switches that were muted and they would all be able to hear each other talking. If I wanted to cause a massive party line, I just flipped the switches on all of the lines that were in use. Of course I never did that now, I didn't need them calling the phone company to report problems on their lines.

I kept a lot of wire connecting various conversations from people who lived up to Four Blocks away from me. To help space up the conversations whenever they got too boring for me, I had pushed my computer's sound card output into my microphone so that I could add sound effects, music and other sound into their conversations. The reason to my interference was financial; whenever someone was involved they would just blame each other for it, never thinking that some deranged psycho with a telephone switchboard in his bedroom was doing it. And when I did the same thing to adults, they would yell at their kids and tell them to quit playing around on the extension phones.

Later at night, I would use another phone-line to connect my computer to bulletin board systems. I rarely called them directly though. Instead, I would use calling cards that I'd obtained by ordering them for other people and separating personal and pay minutes.

I was sort of worried that the phone companies would eventually call these people and question them about the fraudulent charges, so I began keeping detailed logs of which lines I used and which fraudulent method of calling I used each time. And I monitored these lines closely, hoping to catch any unusual phone-calls that they might receive from the phone company. I purchased a few in-line telephone recording tape from Radio Shack and some tape switches so that I wouldn't miss anything while I was away from the apartment. I recorded the these tape records above my windshield.

It was around this time that all of the major phone companies decided on a major change in their policy regarding telephone-calling cards. They finally noticed that they were losing lots of money from people like me, who ordered calling cards for unknown people with a personalized pay station, so they no longer allowed anyone to obtain personalized pay stations when they ordered a calling card.

The security flaw had been my major source of calling cards for years now, and suddenly it was taken away from me. I was devastated. Again, I had no other windshield at my disposal, but I was determined not to make any free calls from it now. I didn't want any significant happening on these lines. I had a few cards left but they were quickly being used, mostly due to my extensive international calling.

Looking out my window, I began seeing the pay phone across the street. It was just outside of the flower shop and it was being used by a man in a grey suit. Some cellular phones weren't quite a big thing in America yet, pay phones were still used frequently. And I was willing to bet that at least a few of these people used their calling cards instead of pocket change. I began to formulate a plan that would bring that pay phone in my windshield.

That night, at around 4:00 p.m., I called the dispatch line to the Collins police Department. I got my cellular phone. I explained to them that I had just seen a few kids jump the fence to the house just and break into the office. I listened to me as my recorder as the dispatcher sent off available units. (All two of them just the station, which was on the far end of town). As soon as I heard that I was across the street to the pay phone.

I used my specially cut allen wrench to open the bottom panel of the pay phone stand, then I got the hose end of an old carless phone cord and plugged the AC cord into the outlet. (Some pay phones have an outlet inside the house, usually to power the light on top of the phone.) I slipped the hose end a ways into the pay phone cord and I wrapped the whole thing in a black garbage bag so that it didn't show any water that might leak inside. In five then, 2 minutes, I was securing the panel back onto the

pay phone used! Meanwhile, the local China police force were still crawling around the market with flashlights the way from me, looking underneath all the boats for those hardened criminal teenagers.

I ran back home and put off all my wireless troubles. I ignored the talk radio and found a deal soon. It worked! I visited the local Wal-Mart and a recording store on asking me to deposit twenty-five cents. So I went a number a little further away. Mom's Chinese Theater on Hollywood. Catherine. The wireless pay phone asked me for \$1.25, which I deposited using my teen dealer red book. There was some static on the line, so too I was so far away from the base unit, which caused some confusion with my "user" and gave me a free operator.

I decided that I'd better get that deal. I didn't need GTD dropping a trouble card on my pay phone and discovering my wireless base unit at home. I took the handset apart and heard word at my neighborhood, changing it to its own switch on the board. I replaced the microchip/battery with an AT-1 chip and I built a red box into the trouble-card, which was wired directly into the wireless phone's microphone. Then I located the antenna cable by looking at the old T.V. antenna which was on top of my apartment building.

The next morning I had my alarm clock set for 10:00 a.m. so I could sit at my window and wait for people to use my new pay phone. My first customer arrived at 10:10, a little kid who tried to use a copper ring to get a free call. Damn him. I should call his parents for that! I got on the line and impersonated the operator, telling him that he was on long distance and if he didn't put in a real operator immediately, I would come over there, rip that little Louis Cardinals hat right off his head and hit him with it. He hung up, looked nervously around, and quickly disappeared into the alley.

At exactly 10:17, while I was in the middle of my Freud/Plato headache, the neighborhood market stopped by to use the phone. I looked through my binoculars to make sure it was "real" first, knowing he would eventually use a calling card. I was unhappy that talk came out of my nose! As he used he used his calling card number into the national system. Confused by hearing seven seven numbers, he read it again and I repeated it again. That's a recording card. Please hold for operator assistance! An operator came on and asked for her calling card number. He read it off to her as if wrote it down. I was so grateful to him that I didn't even leave him during his call.

I got three calling cards that morning. When people tried to use mine, I would pick up my telephone and tell them that the pay phone was malfunctioning and wouldn't take money today. I'd try to talk them into using a calling card instead. If they didn't have a calling card, I would tell them I'd put their call through only if they'd use a long distance.

The next day I used a different method of obtaining the card numbers. As I saw a potential customer walking towards the phone, I quickly told one of the boys from my neighborhood to place a

call to the pay phone. I would immediately pick up the pay phone line on my own phone so that the customer wouldn't hear it ring. As soon as the guy picked up the phone, I played a tape-recording of a dial tone. When he began dialing, I stopped the dial tone recording. And when he finished dialing, I played a recording which said "AT&T. Please hold for operator assistance."

"AT&T." I said. "How will you be paying for your call?"

"With my calling card."

"Okay, go ahead and give me your calling-card number."

After he said the calling-card number to me, I said, "By that calling-card no I'm sending. Do you have another card to try?"

"Yes, yeah. That was my GTE phone card. Let me find my AT&T card." Okay, here it is.

"Okay, give that card to shop. Here's your call and thank you for using AT&T."

Last on the line for a second, suddenly realizing that I had no idea what number he had dialed in the first place. So I quickly dialed a toll-free phone no. number on one of the other lines and pushed onto his line.

"Hi, there/there. Are you ready for a hot time?" The poor guy stood there and tried to talk to him for a minute, before getting up and hanging up the phone. I watched as he walked down the street to see the phone booth on the other end of the block.

Display is better still in my harvesting of calling-card numbers. I bought one of those touch-tone decoders. It had an LED display that showed me exactly what digits were being dialed as my last I looked into. I used this info-tye watchboard and not only was it easier for me to get calling-card numbers, but I could also see exactly what phone numbers my neighbors were calling. I started keeping files on the neighbors who they called and the duration of each of their calls.



After a couple months, not much had changed. I still had the same setup and was working on expanding it. I added my old, hefty cellular phone into the mixboard so that I could connect neighbors to the cellular evening network, and I added a couple more desktop telephones so that I could have as or more than one line in a home without them hearing each other. If I looked every second device I owned into the mixboard, including my computer, tape deck, CD-player, voice changer, television, and video machine, I had the ability to hook every one of them back up to a single phone, creating a monstrous party line of confused people. And my list of calling card numbers had reached more than 100 numbers. Life was great.

I began wondering how some of the other yards on my block had it right, thinking I could probably hook them lines into my mixboard too. I would just need to dig a small trench from their house to the office building to lay the wires in.

Then, one Friday, the power bill arrived. I was a month behind on paying it and it seemed to be growing larger each month, probably because of the increasing amount of power that my mixboard was requiring as it continued to grow. It didn't occur to me that I should have kept so much to them, especially since I stopped going so much as often as I could sit in them and play games all day. That's when I got the idea of making electricity just as I was making phone and cable service.

My neighbors David and Yvonne had a tree-deck attached to their house in the back yard. On that deck was a refrigerator which had a big copper light and a radio plugged into it. And that's where I

decided to get my power from

At about 3 o'clock in the morning, I removed a portion of the lattice which covered the space underneath three desks and several undermats. Using a bodysaw, I was able to cut into the plastic conduit under the desk that supplied their power, then I pulled a few inches of wire out from the hole that ran over their basement.

To shut off their power temporarily, I pulled the fuse off of their power meter, which cut off all the power to their house. It took a few minutes for me to splice my own extension cord into their wiring before having time power back in. The very next was finished. Now I just had to run a shield to dig a trench I hopped down and then into the alley where my building stood.

By the time I was finished, it was nearly daylight. I ran the electrical wire into the abandoned office building and over the FLS-alarm where I plugged a wire sniffer extension cord that I already had running into my apartment.

I was able to plug my refrigerator, space heater, microwave, television, computer, and all of my switchboard equipment into this extension cord. I even bought a few lamps to supplement all the ceiling lights so I could play them in too. And I stopped using the landfill wall heater to heat my apartment since I could just leave the space heater running all day and night long. Luckily I was able to move everything at once without blowing a fuse at Orvil and Yuma's house. The next night I walked to their house to put into the glass bottle at their electric meter, and noticed that the dial was spinning much more rapidly than it had been the night before. Oh well, they seemed like they could afford it.

The following month my electric bill was about 1/3 of its usual size. And I'd also decided to cancel my own phone service since I really didn't have much need for it anymore. I made most of my phone calls on the pay phone that stood the street, using my list of calling card numbers. I usually sat at the window as I used the phone, so I could quickly hang up if someone else needed to use it.

To further enhance the free lifestyle that I was enjoying so much, I decided that I needed to share cable TV service for free too. Once again, I turned to Orvil and Yuma's house for my needs. And I didn't just tap into their main line. Instead I ran two wires from their front house, one incoming and one outgoing. I looped the two cable lines in kind of a loop, so that I could control what Orvil and Yuma watched on their televisions.

By the time I finished with it all, I had built a second switchboard in my room, this one for cable television hookups which consisted of a few T.V. monitors, VCRs, a video camera and some video mixing devices. I had the power to monitor the channels they were watching, change their channels while they watched, home video collection or tape their T.V. show off the air with a variety of 31 different mixing techniques! And within 2 months, I had the same neighborhood with 3 more of my

neighbors

What was left for me to do for fire? I searched for more ways to reduce my monthly bills so that I could pour more of my spare cash into better television viewing devices. The only thing left was water. So the next night, I began digging a trench from the ocean fire hydrant to my apartment building.

Finding a Job



The following is a paraphrase from "Finding a Job," by Anne

Throughout the summer, I worked at many convenience stores and gas stations that sold petrol. I should even be subjected to. I dealt with beer rats, gunflights, shoplifters, know-it-all managers, unruly customers, double shifts, mean homeless people and family whose members' wages. It all started with my first convenience store job at Circle K.

Soon after first arriving in California, Texas, I began looking for employment. I did worked at that food before and I know I don't want to do that again. I did have a few food before jobs as well and I was hoping to avoid those in all costs. What I really wanted was a cash register job inside one of the many Circle K convenience stores that were spread all over the island. I did want the amount of work those clerks get they work out doing, and I know that those jobs paid quite a bit more than a minimum job. I wanted a piece of that.

I applied at every major convenience store on the island and set up a resume, but with a local vocational service so that I could be called back. I had some fairly good references from previous employers and I made myself a couple of years older so that I appeared a little more responsible. I was situated that I was about to attend California's community college. I had a few interviews, and they seemed to go okay, but they would always end up being someone else, promising me that I was next in line once another position opened up. That is when I decided to make a position open up.

I finally wanted to work at the Circle K on 79th Street and I learned. I liked its central location, its size of the store, and I especially liked that there were no security cameras inside the store. After a little research, I found that this particular Circle K had a total of 5 employees. I began writing down their names, types of cars, other stores they worked at and any other information I could find about them. I did managed to get the home phone numbers of most of them by calling the store and asking

other employees for them. As it was an organization of an employee or Circle K's regional manager. My plan was to either get them all fired or make them quit, one at a time.

I started off with Joe. I convinced he would be the easiest since he was close, easy, upfront and often showed up late for work. I already had Joe's home phone number, which the store manager Sonny had provided me with when I called and impersonated the personnel department from the corporate office. I knew that Joe was supposed to come to work that day at 4:00, so about an hour before that I called his home and did my best to impersonate his manager's voice.

Joe: that is Sonny. It looks like there was a mistake in scheduling and you don't have to start in today. You have to be here tomorrow instead. Is that okay?

It worked beautifully. Joe brought every word of it and he even seemed happy that he was getting the evening off. I tried to come up with a way to make Joe leave his house so that Sonny couldn't call him and ask why he hadn't showed up the week, but everything I could think of involved me calling his house and impersonating somebody trying to get him to leave. I was afraid this would compromise my mission from the person call so I decided against it. I think I went home figuring things out and calling Circle K back.

At 4:15 I went to the Circle K to get something to eat and to see if my plan worked. I already walked the store looking for food and listening to the excited employees and manager. The employees were upset because the schedule I got from said Joe showed up, and Sonny was upset because Joe was late again. Just as I was paying for my burrito and drink, Sonny was trying to reach Joe at home. Apparently he was a little bit more subtle and convincing. It took a little longer by reading the newspaper on the stand. I thought about asking Sonny if he was having any new employees yet, but he was on such a fast mood that I decided against it.

It looked like the daytime employee Jerry was about making a double shift because of Joe's absence. Hopefully Joe wouldn't decide to stop by Circle K for anything during his evening off. I laughed imagining Joe running for not being there. You told me I didn't have to come in Sonny! I hoped that mouse alone would get him fired!

The next day I was somewhat disappointed to see Joe working the evening shift again, but not entirely surprised. It looked like I might need to try even harder. I wanted that I had some to around 4:00 so that I could witness the confrontation between Joe and Sonny. Since it was fairly busy in the store Joe didn't notice me wandering into the back room. Taped to the office door was the week's schedule for the employees. I ripped it down and put it on my pocket.

On the wall was a time sheet for employees to sign as they arrived to work each day. Joe's entry for yesterday was empty, which he had missed work. During my first to target his handwriting, I signed

his name for his second day. I wrote his morning time as 1:50 p.m. and his outgoing time as 12:09 a.m. My hope was that Benny would never suspect Joe of trying to get paid for the day that he didn't show up. I said nothing to Joe as I paid for my drink and left. I decided that I needed to find out where Joe lived.

It wasn't hard to do. I called Domino's Pizza and told them I needed to order a pizza. I gave them Joe's phone number and they sent his address to me for confirmation. I wrote it down and hung up the pay phone. Looking at the front of the phone book, I found the map of the street and located Joe's house, which was about 10 blocks away.

Ten minutes later, my car was parked in front of his house. Joe worked tomorrow and I needed to make him more work. The best idea I could come up with was to flatten the tires on his car before he left for work. It didn't seem like a very good idea since it would be easy for me to be spotted as his driveway, but it was the best that I could come up with.

The next day I went to a hardware store and purchased a few 6-inch nails. At 2:30, I pulled onto Joe's street, seeing that his car was in the driveway. I parked my car on the other side of the block and started waiting. There was an alley so I was able to enter Joe's yard from the back. It turned out to be much easier than I expected. I simply walked up to Joe's car, quickly wedged a nail under the back of each of his tires and then walked away. My biggest fear was that Joe might be looking out a window and would recognize me as a regular customer, but as far as I could tell, I wasn't spotted by Joe or any other neighbors.

At 4:00, I started driving towards Joe's house again, just to see if his car was there or not. On my way there, I spotted Joe pulled in the side of the road, coughing loudly at his flattened tires. He was about 5 blocks from his house, so I knew it wouldn't be very long before he decided to walk back home and call work.

After two days of not seeing Joe at Circle K, I finally confirmed that he was no longer employed there. "You want to know how that's like now?" **THEY Hired A NEW EMPLOYEE!** He called out to be an employee there another. Circle K stores, apparently there is help pick up the slack from Joe's absence. Unsure if he was there to stay or not, I decided to focus my efforts on The (the department employees). It already noticed, by watching how she interacted with customers, that she didn't deal with them very well. So I gave her some more.

I started spending my mornings on the beach across the street from the store, reading a book and keeping an eye on what was going on. Every time the store started to get really busy, I walked across the street and slipped items, completely unnoticed by The, and I made money. Not just little money, but huge money that I hoped would take The business down, starting his car in the point of

discreetly searching for a new place to work.

Not only did I start off the coffee makers at noon when they already had full pots of coffee under them. I filled the filters with Paper to make so much sticky goo would overflow all the pots. I stuffed the drawers on the fountain drink machines full of paper and left a line of spoons running. I even jammed the handles on the slushie machines so the ice cold slush/bagels to get up and overflow onto the floor.

I would only spend a few minutes in the store at a time but each time I would manage to start several matters. Then I'd walk back to the back and place my next attack as I waited for the next rush of customers who would camouflage my vandalism. Within a day, I had put about every surface of the store covered with sticky Paper. I'd fill up those old juice cup with Paper and walk off over the store dropping it into merchandise, food, machines, the magazine display rack, windows and counters.

And I didn't limit myself to just Paper related matters either. I opened a pack of mace flakes from the shelf and tossed them to cover some of the plates and coffee-and milk containers at the coffee bar. Not huge ones, but maybe just a few inches long. This would cause a small leak inside the cooler eventually making a huge mess on the floor. That is until a customer picked up the container. That is when the old handled and sometimes turned into a small hole. Milk would suddenly be pouring out all over the floor in front of the helpless customer. Mopping that mess must have been hell after my visits.

The condiments bar was a wreck once I finished with it. I lifted the containers out of their holders and put them all over each other. Then I'd repeat with mustard. Sometimes I'd get really creative with it, mixing ketchup and mustard/dressings on top of it all. And of course I'd usually spill a little Paper onto it too. You know the containers that hold the little packets of salt, pepper, BBQ sauce, etc? Yeah those packets were all floating in Paper when I left.

During one visit I noticed George getting into his car to leave again as I arrived. I wasn't sure when he was going or how long for, but I knew that having only one employee in the store guaranteed that I could safely wander around the storehouse and mess up the store. That day I threw the milk-in-cooler.

I began by knocking the Paper bottles into the racks so that there would be plenty for the customers. Once the Paper was fully stocked, I took the glass bottles of Lipton red/mar and put one on the very end of each of the 12 racks for Paper. Each glass bottle was right on the edge of the shelf, barely full and shatter on the floor the moment that somebody pulled the corresponding rack of Paper. Before exiting the cooler, I opened up a couple packets of chocolate milk and tossed them upside down at their crates. Outside of the cooler, I noticed the new employee schedule was up. I took a look at it as I left the store.

An hour before Tim's shift ended, I stopped in the store to buy a newspaper. Sonny was working at the counter and I noticed Tim was on the floor next to a shelf, individually wrapping off sticky packages of

cooking with a wok/steak. He did not look like a happy employee.

Soon, she started a little stream-out, probably from the sudden surge in masses that she was constantly having to clean up. But I noticed that her bad day was all happening inside of the store, climate controlled space. It was there that I realized that I needed to double the air conditioning. The only thing that could make her day any worse would be having to repair or replace discomfort. Walking out of the store, I smiled as I looked at tomorrow's weather forecast on the paper.

Overcoming the air conditioning unit on the roof was, I thought, the only real challenge was getting to the roof, which I accomplished by climbing both sides along the back of the building to form a staircase to the top. I stepped over to the large, grey air conditioning coils and simply flipped the power switch into the "off" position, and then applied a padlock, which I'd stolen from the store earlier on the day, so the people who later saw it stayed off.

I wanted to actually break the air conditioner, though. So I'd brought some tools with me and began removing all the pressure panels. I spent nearly 3 hours on the roof that night, completely taking the air conditioner apart. I even moved off the pipes that came up from the roof, which sprayed Frost all over my pants. I cut all the electrical wiring inside the roof into tiny pieces and I took off the important looking parts with me, such as the fan blade and the pump, heavy part that usually produces the cold air. I threw those in a dumpster on the way home. The temperature that night was in the mid 80's. The next day was expected to get into the upper 90's.

I didn't get to the store the next day until noon, half worn-out from my late-night activities on the roof the night before. The temperature was already in the 90's and the store felt like a furnace. The roof and the manager were dripping with sweat and both looked miserable. The doors were propped open but it seemed to do little good. They said I was here a fix in the store.

"Hey, Kenny, something wrong with the air?" I asked casually as I walked in.

"Yeah, not as hot yet when they're coming to look at it in a few hours."

Perfect. The car didn't start and at 4:00 and there's no way the air conditioner would be fixed by then. It might even be another day before it could be fixed since the store now would probably need to be replaced. And I could just keep breaking them until they fixed me. I spent the rest of the afternoon, sleeping in makeshift surroundings and performing my usual acts of vandalism around the store. Every single customer made a comment to Tim about how hot it was, which had to get annoying after awhile.

While still spending my evenings making things miserable for Tim, I began making harassing phone calls from a pay phone to one of the other evening and weekend guys. His name was Keith and he had a temper. It didn't take much effort to get him to yell at me on the phone.

"Keith E, can I help you?"

Hey, who is this? I asked him.

"That's Keith." He responded.

"Keith, huh?"

"No, that's Keith Horman."

Oh. "Well, which Circle K is that?" I asked.

"We're on 9th Street."

"What's your direct manager's name?"

Clyde Canyon. "Why?"

"Well, Keith Horman. I think you should know something. I hate you and your store. You're a piece of shit and I hope you die."

"Who else took a shit?"

"Don't worry about who I use!" I yelled. "Mind your own business and get back to fucking work!"

"Fuck you!" he yelled and hung up on me.

I used my tape recorder to record every second of our conversation. Not long after my store conversations with Keith, I had more than an hour of my calls with him on a cassette tape. My goal was to put together a conversation on tape, going with his tapes of him yelling at Circle K's district manager. All I had to do was arrange the various record bytes I had on the tape, roll up the district manager, and tape for the hour. After a few hours of editing snippets of a one-sided conversation together, I called the district manager in his home, late in the evening and on a day that Keith wasn't working.

"Hello?" the district manager answered.

Clyde Canyon's my tape recorded voice said to him.

"Yes?"

That's Keith Horman. Circle K. On 9th Street.

Oh, hello, Keith. Clyde said.

"Fuck you!" Keith's voice yelled at Clyde.

"What?" Clyde asked, seeming to be a little taken aback by an employee calling him at home and cursing at him. I rewound the tape and Keith repeated himself.

"Fuck you!"

"What's wrong, Keith?"

From this point, Keith's voice just started randomly and yelled all kinds of epithets at Clyde. Every time Clyde's machine picked up Keith, I would press the play button again and Keith would go into his rant against Clyde. This went on for nearly a minute before ending with Keith yelling, "Fuck

you, my job is better than anything you've ever done!" This has come from a conversation where I was telling Keith here makes he was and then he couldn't find a better job than Circle K. I slammed down the phone as Clyde and then exploded into laughter.

After taking a few minutes to recover, I put in another camera tape labeled "Sony" then I called up Sony's home so that Keith could pull it later too. The conversation my tape recorded Keith had with Sony was nearly identical to the conversation with Clyde. Only with Sony. I was sure that if he went back to recognize Keith's voice and would have no doubt it was Keith who called them. I'd give anything to have heard the conversation between Keith and Clyde regarding the camera phone calls they received from Keith.

Lucas gave up on searching the workdays of all the employees, though. I continued with my campaign of terror for weeks against that helpless crew. I would constantly sneak into the back room causing as much damage and confusion as I possibly could. I disconnected the boom in the main trunk, causing the main machine to display nothing but disconnected wires. I cut the phone lines and hid the wires was above the ceiling then knowing that the credit card and lottery machines wouldn't work for the rest of the day, especially since the phone lines were down as they could. I call anyone for help without leaving the store.

I turned off their main water valves, then disconnected the tank and dumped it in the tank. I purposely turned off the power to the gas pumps and the hot water heater. Once I even opened the emergency valves on the hot water heater, causing it to release a full tank of scalding hot water into the back room's floor.

All of these actions caused a constant stream of stress and confusion for the employees. And it cost the store probably thousands of dollars in cleanup, repairs, and lost sales. All because I wanted a job there.

Another evening guy named Larry received a call from me as I pretended to be a man named John from the company who provided their credit card machine.

"Circle K, this is Larry," he answered, sounding extremely bored.

"Hi, Larry. This is John from Visa. We've been having some issues with the credit card network tonight. Has your manager told you about this problem yet?"

"No, I don't know anything about it," Larry replied.

"I see," I said. "Well, there's a major computer virus in the network that processes credit cards and I need you're helping your credit card machine immediately before the virus crashes you."

"Oh, okay," Larry said as he fumbled around with the wires at the back of the machine. "Okay it's unplugged. How long 'til it can plug it back in?"

Oh, you can't plug it back in, Larry. If you do, the virus will infect your machine and then it won't work anymore. In fact, I need you to unplug the phone line and the serial cable running into it too."

"What do I do if a customer needs to use their credit card though?" he asked.

"You explain to them that there's a computer virus spreading all over the country and that they shouldn't use their credit card anywhere until we've stopped the virus. We should be able to solve it fixed by tomorrow."

"Okay, it's all understand now," Larry said.

"Okay, now take the credit card machine and set it far away from the phone lines just to make sure the virus can't get to it. If you have a machine that will take them, put it in the back because that will help shield the machine from an outside virus attack."

It took a little more convincing, but Larry was able to get the store's only credit card terminal into the back to protect it from the virus. That store didn't even have an AT&T machine made, so any customer wanting to pay with a credit card would be completely out of luck. And any customer who'd already put gas in their car would probably be grateful if they only had a credit card to pay with. I went into the store the next morning at 7:00 for breakfast and was shocked to see that it was still disconnected. The message had been in there for an hour, so I guess he believed the story about the virus too. It was a real unusual story that I noticed it was working again.

One morning I was sitting in some stores leading to the back, looking on up at the store when I noticed Sonny walk out the store with a bank deposit bag. He got into his car and drove away and I knew it'd have to be at least 30 minutes before he would come back since the bank was several miles away. I walked into the store, unnoticed by Tim who was busy with a line of customers, and walked into the back room and into Sonny's open office door. I searched through his desk and I found a thick stack of job applications.

Flipping through them all I found none. I quickly searched through the rest of them, trying to pick out the most reliable people to be hired. I based my judgment mostly on legible handwriting and very little previous job experience. I put my applications back in the drawer with about ten others that I chose, and I took the rest with me, probably 10 of them or so. I placed them inside a newspaper, put Tim for the paper, and then left the store. I tossed them all into a trash can several blocks away. A huge chunk of my competition was eliminated.

I was only worried that Sam had the job already. Because the next morning a NOW HIRING sign was in the window. My heart sank a bit knowing that they were probably looking for somebody else and still weren't interested in hiring me. Maybe my informant wasn't as good as I thought they were.

Or maybe they just didn't like me. It almost seemed like I should just give up. I walked in and Sonny was at the counter.

"Sonny!" I said smiling. "You are hiring again! That is so perfect because I cannot seem to find a job on the island and I've been looking for weeks now."

And just like that, I got the job that I'd been dreaming for. Sonny and I had another small success that morning and the next day I had an interview with Ophie, the district manager. Shortly after that, I was hired. They started me out on a part-time position to replace Keith, but they promised me that a daytime position was opening up soon since Tim had just on his two-weeks notice.

After a few days of training and then working part time at the evenings on my own, I got. The job sucked and I didn't like it at all.

Curtis the Superhacker



I've shared one of the best/funniest copy of this before. And here you'll find one more. Enjoy! Hey - Curtis

I was introduced to the infamous-looking figure known as Curtis the Superhacker when I found a story linked to him from the Feds website. The short story was written by a guy named Heywood on a website called 'super-hackers.com' and it described some hilarious events linked around some 'Yahoo chat room chicks'. While that room drama is mostly boring to read about, this particular story was somewhat amusing of a man named Curtis, who was (temporarily) warning that he was in there chat rooms.

Curtis was your typical small town tough guy who was a very intelligent and was easily exposed. It didn't take much to get him off, and Heywood seemed to be having a great time exploiting the fact Curtis repeatedly claimed that he was a computer hacker and that he could send emails that would 'fly' your computer. He mocked Heywood repeatedly with dumb threats, as well as anyone else who didn't agree with him.

I especially remember the original story of Curtis or why he was featured on super-hackers.com. All I can remember is that according to a woman named Wendy, he would talk chat room women out of their phone numbers and other personal information and then use it to stalk, blackmail, blackmail, stalk, extort and threaten them. She claimed that Curtis even drove off her home in Pennsylvania, all the way to Chicago, to meet some of these women and talk them in person. Though I can't imagine Curtis leaving the safety of resources to even make a move that a few miles outside of his home town. He allegedly created Yahoo profiles on the names of these women and then chatted with random men on the internet, pretending to be them and convincing these men to visit their homes for sex. Curtis even called Heywood a web host and threatened the lives of the women working there, causing Heywood to leave his website for a few days.

I didn't care about any of that. I just loved the damaged emails from Curtis that Heywood posted on his site, proving that Curtis had some serious issues. Curtis had an uncontrollably hilarious way of

communicating with people, talking everyone's great big and dominating them with physical force, computer hacking and even language. I was naturally a huge fan-of Curtis and I wanted to use the story version for as long as possible, which is why I decided to help out with their quest.

I contacted Wanda and asked her for all the information that she had on Curtis. She didn't trust me at first, but I finally managed to convince her that I just wanted to help her out for my own amusement, once I found the whole thing ordinary. Besides Curtis' name and the town she suspected he was from, Wanda didn't have any information on him. His address, no phone number, and a fairly common last name. It took me a few hours, but I finally found Curtis by rolling up a volume near an Uncle's house and experimenting him, taking the volume that click off I had my late feet on "my" account.

"Yes, it looks like you do even on 30-50 right now," she said, and after looking Curtis up on her computer.

"That's a lot of money, man," I said at what I imagined Curtis' room to sound like. "If I come there and rent a table, do you think I could just pay \$2.00 towards the table fee and then maybe pay the rest next month when I get my disability check?"

Now I think we can arrange that," he replied happily.

"Okay, great. Oh, hey, also, do you still have our address on the account as if it says Place?" We moved last year.

No, I think the address is here as 301 Fifth Street.

Oh, well, then you probably have our phone number, is 528-7147 then."

No, it looks like we've got 528-0477," he laughed.

The account was a room under Curtis' name, but at the name of a female who was either her wife or her mom. The volume store clerk later secretly told Curtis that he was authorized on her account. I was worried that it would, I had thought yes, but after a few calls to Curtis I was sure it was him. It didn't take him long to start making money from us, calling me a great big and telling me to go to his library, and do my homework.

Curtis also told me that he had a business phone line that was running through a "circuit computer" in his house that could trace any phone call. He claimed that it was impossible to hide my phone number from this amazingly sophisticated system located in his phone box. In the middle of one of our conversations he pretended that his computer had just come up with my true identity and he said to me, "So, Ray, now that I know a little more about you, why are we talking you Ray?"

As much as I loved the way Curtis teased and threatened people at what seems and sounds, his style of talking and threatening over the phone was even more hilarious. He sounded like he was high off the moon and he could never completely finish a point. One second he would be yelling, "That's drop the

trap "guaranteed" to not contain the next second without any apparent reason, he'd be ranting about Raymond and "Munch" as saying something completely random like "It's locked you down (there is golfers) or I'd be having her suck my dick right now!" He was impossible to follow, but said the craziest/meanest

Not only was Carter the "biggest fucking god on the internet" this would be also really seemed to be some devil worshipping. His phone conversations often contained all kinds of crazy religious references and he was always referring to himself as the devil. Once making a prank call to Florida, "I'm clearly 100% not a f---in' motherf---er!" It was like he never grew out of his high school phase of trying to shock people with talk about hellfire of some



During one of the first few calls I made to him, he slammed down the phone on me and then picked up a few seconds later, dialing three touch tones that I immediately recognized as "X3" which is the universal phone company code to have a harassing call traced. He listened on the line, waiting for the automated message to tell him that my call had been successfully traced, but instead he heard me laughing at him and saying, "Does X3 only work if there is a dial tone first, Carter?" He slammed down the phone again.

Not long after my initial contact with Carter, I posted the calls that I'd made to him on the front page of phoneblazers.org so that all the readers there could laugh at Carter with me. Then Raymond

made another pass in major news cars, which happened to include Carter. Some address and phone number along with his usual lengthy, inane ramble of Carter. All of this sudden attention really upset Carter and he coped with the expected threats and calls to sue with humor.

In debt, I take Carter long to figure out my real identity once I used my real information on my web site and had a listed home phone number and address at the time. Carter began calling me and leaving messages on my machine when I wasn't home, mostly directed at my wife who he assumed had access about my colored activities even though she was one of the people who had made calls to him. The calls worked out just the way since I could tell certain behavior recordings of Carter but didn't even have to bother making phone-calls to him, or worry about him tracing my calls with his ultra-better abilities or the central computer system located in his phone line.

Like so many other people who I needed not down at the post and wanted to bring down the FLA, however, Carter used my home page and phone/faxers-etc to learn a little as to he could about me and then attempted to contact me with all of his overblown information. I never could understand why people always seemed to think they would bother me once I obviously had those pages up for the public to see.

Some after we all forgotten about Carter and moved on to other things, I assume he began making the phone-calls because he started making collect-calls to my home from a pay phone. I always accepted the calls and tried to talk to him but he would just hang up on me. A quick call to Verizon told me exactly where the pay phone was located, and I'd hoped it would lead me to where he worked but it was just an outdoor phone on a random street corner in his town.

After they had published Carter's home phone number I began receiving regular emails from people who had posted Carter and wanted to tell me about it. Some would have my usual files of the press to read on while others just had his stories. I began to receive quite a large collection of Carter paid calls from all over the country. A guy named Tole constantly called Carter and chatted with him, and Carter stayed on the phone giving him hours-of crap talk. Carter once told Tole that the only reason he talked to him so much was because "I'm telling you, otherwise I guess I'd be taking crap of your life."

Carter really snapped when a guy named Gus called him with a text-to-speed operator and tried to have a conversation with him. After listening to an operator translate a whole song for about 5 minutes, Carter began screaming at the operator. "I've had it with these stupid fucking operators!" and said that Gus was going to have his teeth knocked out or just.

Carter was the only one in his family with a gift for speaking from things into the phone at or though. If you happened to catch his acts on the phone, this would come up with some rather hysterical quotes himself like the time the and/or one. "I wouldn't ask you to be foolish. They want of you

was the factor: big money, you didn't pass it off."

It seems like every few years, someone will end up with Carter's new phone number and I'll start having new-Carter calls again, either having them emailed to me or they'll be passed on by the PLA server. Not too long ago, Abdul made a call to Carter, pretending to be a pizza delivery company that wanted to confirm an order. After verifying that he pay for his pizza, Carter began making threats at Abdul, saying he would come to her store. He even told her that he knew where she was because his control computer system had traced her cell. Eventually he put her through to the phone, who threatened to "do" Abdul's eyes. Like before, like now.

There's a whole lot more to the Carter story than I know about and that would probably be better told by someone like Heywood or Winick, since they know more of the details than I do, but Carter has always been a favorite of mine, simply because of his amazing quips like "You understand another factor, you're stupid?" and "I'm going to be stamping a middle in your factor, too." Sure, there had some others whose words quoted and Ray Larry had his alcoholism and his power tools, but Carter was a master at coming up with the most outrageous and absurd nonsense ever. His claims of being a super hacker, his fast and his easy way of speaking, and his ability to even though a thought or a sentence truly not have questions for other people who'd missed jokes with the PLA. You are missed, Carter, and we will live in perpetual fear of someday bumping to you at a hacker convention.

The Yellow Pages Frank



I thought about it like people still phone before my neighbor. So many people out there have phone conversations that you guys go the other side and you make phone calls of course to go along with it. I think to my shame for thinking a screaming neighbor's eye. I thought the good work. (David Pineda) is Florida

Working people phone calls has always been a favorite pastime of mine. It seems making them is only in second grade, when my older brother and I would make up to the attic and call random people out of the phone book. I kept lists of the numbers we called hidden in the bottom of a toy box. These lists have tracks of which people were the most fun to call and which numbers we should never call again. I also listed the people who had answering machines, which was a new find on those days. We loved filling up their machines with messages.

By the time I was in Jr. High, I discovered how interesting it could be to order pizza for neighbors so that I could make the window open and listen to the pizza guy and the neighbor argue for a bit. This was back in the good old days when you dialed a home-to-home 401 on your rotary phone. I never called. It hadn't been introduced yet.

My pizza ordering had slowly evolved over the years, and I began ordering large amounts of pizza to various neighbors from multiple pizza delivery services. I'd order three or a few bottles of 2 liter sodas just to give the driver some stuff to carry. A few times, and I know this may be completely stupid of me, I would use my 88 wife or blow babies in the 2 liter bottles just to add more chaos to the situation. Somewhere I never got into any trouble for that.

I started adding two calls into the mix, and eventually when delivery services. I called Florida pizza's, cement trucks, neighbors and countless others. Anyone that had a professional in the yellow pages was told to eventually get a phone call from me. One day I wondered who my first girl is worth a confrontation between two two side companies in a house across the street.

My father was in the driveway waiting on his car. I asked him what was going on, and he explained to me that sometimes finding two businesses would later on be such a time-saver. Frequently and try to find each others customers every. We both decided to experiment as each of the drivers exchanged bank cards and on the sidekick whose house they'd shown up at stood on the porch and watched it all. It didn't seem to occur to my father that the old couple across the street had their own car and wouldn't have any reason to be calling a taxi.

One day I got the brilliant idea of calling up all of those businesses and setting up appointments with every single one of them, hoping to get them all to show up at one single house at the exact same time of day. I figured I could easily cover half of the yellow pages in no time, setting up appointments with each and every business. I ended up filling a little sheet, scheduling just 11 of the businesses to show up at one guy's house.

It worked fairly well but didn't exactly cause the tremendous amount of chaos and confusion that I'd pictured. The highlight of that particular party was that I managed to get a dozen women to the man's house. As this guy was out on his front porch trying to figure out what was going on with all the service people showing up at his door, a dozen cars straggled up the sidewalk with a bunch of balloons in the hand. He opened the door's gate, walked up and joined the party of confused men. I was standing at my bedroom window, laughing uncontrollably at the scene when the neighbor suddenly pointed again my window as he was talking to all the men on his porch. It was pretty obvious that I was the party's target.

A couple of decades later I was chatting with some friends and we decided that we should actually do my party the right way. The way that I originally envisioned it. Not just calling up a few dozen businesses but calling up all of them. Having over 1,000 businesses trying to get to one location all at the same time would surely cause some major traffic problems, but just to make it worse, it would have to be a dead end street on one end but a fairly busy road on the other end. That way not only would the traffic be trapped at the end of a dead end street, but the other service vehicles trying to get onto the street from the busy road would be up traffic too beyond the location of the party.

Since I couldn't think of a worthy reason for this kind of prank, I decided that if I have to do this to avoid being in a new job or one. That way none of them would feel personally victimized by the prank. Or maybe even host a small apartment complex and send the businesses to random apartments. An apartment complex where there's a courtyard or parking lot with just one entrance, so all of the service vehicles would be trapped in the parking lot. Or maybe even a roller rink.

My friends and I decided that we'd try some pranks, collect photos from a camera once more and spend several days on the phone doing nothing but setting up appointments. We'd need have the

own sections of the yellow pages to cover, and our cell phones would have national boxes on them so that the businesses could call us back to re-ally appointments.

We'd start with businesses that show up with really large trucks. Trucks that are hard to maneuver, and would've more difficulty to get themselves off of the street once they started backing up. A few custom trucks would be perfect.

We would document everything on video, from setting it all up, to making the phone calls, to the final outcome on the street. We would also set up wireless microphones on a few of the women, from down to find out what ladies in front of them think of our initial confusion. An FM radio microphone would be perfect, or maybe an X-Bi wireless security camera with a built in microphone, or maybe some old TRS radios.

We would also call up a few TV stations and try them out to the really strange event as it was occurring. Adding 2 or 3 news vans to the run of traffic would be great. And, of course, cell-calls and order phones and faxes during all of this. We were even prepared to spend a little money on putting advertisements in the local paper. There would be an ad for a huge multi-family yard sale at one of these houses that day. And another ad for a home center, where there always seems to get lots of traffic. Maybe a few other newspapers ads, perhaps for some really good prices on rental property, encouraging people to come and fill out applications.

We would put up several hundred flyers announcing a huge party at the sidewalks of the street. These would be posted all over the campus of each of the two nearby colleges. We would offer free hair-lips, clothes, cheapest shoes etc. The money would have to be around, so the students that would show about us have into all the others to help complement the event.

Just out of respect for the hundreds of people trapped on the street for the better part of a day, we'd be sure to schedule a portable toilet company to set up facilities up and down the street. And we'd encourage a few local bands to try and set up, to give a show to the massive crowd. It is probably the last crowd that these small bands ever had. People in neighboring streets would begin to stream towards the street once they heard a band began to play. In fact, a small-scale riot would eventually occur, and police would arrive from neighboring towns to fill not just

There would eventually be such a crowd and traffic jam that we would probably just wonder around on it with a camera, videotaping the chaos, and not be noticed by anyone. But I still needed to think of the pre-chaos stage. I needed to be able to sit somewhere, unnoticed, and videotape things happening before it got really big.

Soon after this huge event happened, I would piece together all the bits of video, video still pictures and theme photos from the hidden walk-outs. It would then be a historical time-lapse montage.

showing the entire event from planning to the event, to the after-effects. I would mix in my own footage with footage from the various research organizations and my hidden microphones.

My completed video would eventually be used as a court of law to support me on freedom charges and would put me behind bars for nearly a decade. And that's why we never completed the project. In our mad dash to make about a real plan out all the details with the members of the Call's Forum, though

Back



The FBI has changed its policy that I had everything. That really felt a little like the future, my mom. David H.

It was just after dark as I approached a lost pay phone on Albany Street. I'd been searching for a usable phone for nearly an hour, but all I could find were empty benches or the remnants of what used to be pay phones, which amounted to the ground. Pay phones that I knew had worked just a few months before were now gone. Earlier in the day, I'd downloaded a cell-phone program from WashNet Labs onto my Android cell phone and worried it was that new device that cell-banking could still work in 2000.

Most of the pay phones I found were independently owned, meaning that cell-banking would be impossible on them. The one pay phone left at Hastings Mall probably would have worked, but it didn't have a dial tone. I thought I'd looked over on Circle K, where I found two pay phones in the parking lot that were owned by the bank phone company, but they were Millennium pay phones and dialing zero on them transferred me to some other company that Qwest appeared to be outsourcing their call centers to. I began to doubt that Qwest even employed their own operators anymore.

Just two summers ago, I'd looted all over Albany, snapping pictures of every pay phone in the city, figuring they'd probably all be gone someday and I'd be hard-pressed to have evidence that they once existed. But I didn't think that victory would drop like a gift a few days later, making it such a challenge to find a working, not-banking phone. It was kind of sad to see them disappearing so quickly; pay phones had always been such an extra part of my life.

It started in elementary school when my best friend, John Sever, came up with the idea of dialing the number on a pay phone to see if anyone would answer. He promised me that someone behind the counter of someone passing by would pick up the phone and talk to us. So we wrote down the number from a phone booth several blocks away at the Williams Shopping Center and then called it, letting a ring for hours and occasionally having about conversations with people who picked it up. I can't recall

if anything truly remarkable happened, but it was definitely the start of an obsession with collecting pay phone numbers that would last us both for years.

From that moment on, neither of us could pass by a pay phone without writing down the number to it and sharing it with each other. We each kept our own separate lists, each organized in our own way. Whenever my parents asked if I wanted to go to a store with them, my answer depended on whether I had written down that store's pay phone numbers yet. One of my family members was especially excited, because that meant one of mine pay phone numbers.

My parents, who usually weren't too strict about my phone duties, always allowed me to sneak notes to write down pay phone numbers while we were out. They even put up with me taking the phone company's free nightlong number afterwards, which would cause the pay phone to ring as I walked away. Back then it was hard to find one or three pay phones grouped together at a mall or a grocery store, so it was great to make all of them ring at the same time. Because once if I got to run someone walk over and pick up the phone. And even more funny parts of I spent all kind waiting on the handset first, so that the person answering would end up with a receiver all over their head and face.

I remember the night that my parents dropped my brother and I off at Ziggys a Shaggy Book and I was shocked to find a new pay phone there: hidden amongst the arcade machines, but surprised to find that there was a number written on the phone. This was a problem. I'd never encountered before and I wasn't sure what to do about it, so I dialed nine and asked the operator if she could tell me what the number was. She told me that she had no way of knowing that information. I hung up and called another operator to ask the same question. This one told me that she wasn't allowed to tell me, which let me know that the first operator was lying to me. When the third operator answered, I began yelling "You're the stupidest operator ever! You're so dumb! I bet you're so dumb that you don't even know what number I'm calling from and you can't do a thing about me calling you names!"

The operator immediately proved me wrong by saying "Oh yes I do know your number!" and then reading the phone's number to me, thereby proving herself better than a forty little kid. I told her I was sorry and quickly hung up the phone even I was always afraid that an operator could dispatch the police to a pay phone within seconds of pushing a wrong button.

As I entered my home and received a TRS-80 computer for Christmas. I handed out its speech card into my home phone so my computer could talk to people who picked up pay phones with no volume, voice. For years, I called the pay phones at home of T. Elvess and talked to the teenagers who loitered in front of it every day, using a program I wrote to quickly say common phrases such as "Hello, how are you?" and "What is your name?" and "Mathematics, mind report." The teenager seemed to believe

everything that a computer virus will touch, including the part about me being a top secret military computer system sitting on a desk in the White House and making calls because I was bored. They passed around the phone for hours sometimes, leaving it on my computer.

Once I learned about cellphoning, my classroom with pay phones was taken to a whole new level. When I left home and went to school, I spent hours each evening sitting at my car at a pay phone, making those calls to random phone numbers all over the country. This was in the early months when long distance wasn't very cheap yet, so suddenly being able to call any number in the world for free was amazing stuff for me. I would spend half the night at a pay phone, calling phone company users from Iowa, California, random businesses and friends. The phase of my pay phone classroom lasted for years and followed me all over the country. Hearing people come up to me and ask, "Are you going to be much longer?" I used to use the phrase "was a regular thing for me."

I began to create a large collection of the phone cards on the front of pay phones that identified which phone company they were with. I had large stacks of these from old phone companies that didn't even anymore, such as Pacific Bell, Ameritech and Bell South, as well as the newer phone companies like Verizon and Qwest, the short lived SBC, and independent companies like Pac-Pac and Pypphones of America. I carried a section-cup in my backpack to remove the cards that were stuck into their frames too tightly for me to remove with a pocket knife at the edge of a desk. It was my equivalent of collecting stamps or coins.

My pay phone number collection continued to grow for more than a decade and eventually became a part of the PLA-LPL Phone Directory. Today, a pay phone list is still maintained in the PLA Forum, where people from all over the world continue to contribute phone numbers.

I would call spouses from pay phones and just chat with them, sometimes persuading them to tell me details about their jobs at the phone company. In 1994, an operator at Cincinnati told my friend Steve and I that we would be seeing dramatic improvements in pay phones in the years to come, including pay phones that allowed services like 3 way calling and call waiting. All pay phones would be upgraded with screens that would display all kinds of data for a small fee. She really seemed excited about the upcoming changes we would soon see. She had no idea that cell phones would become commonplace a few years later, completely superseding these plans for futuristic pay phones.

Now here I was, more than twenty-five years later, my pay phone classroom began standing in front of the only remaining working pay phone in downtown Albany. The phone was sitting inside a stand, just outside of the entrance to the post office, and seemed like a perfect candidate for not being in this line hour nobody was around to hear my Android program blaring raucous notes. I picked up the phone and was relieved to hear a dial tone, after finding so many broken phones earlier in the day.

I pressed once and the automatic system replied that a Queens operator would be right with me.

"You don't see too many people using pay phones these days!" a voice behind me mused. Great. I'd finally found the perfect pay phone and some guy wanted to have a conversation with me. I tapped it four times and hoped he would go away.

"Some people might wonder why a man with such a nice wireless phone would even need to use a pay phone," he continued. I looked at the man through the reflection in the front of the phone, unable to make out his features; not clearly, not even getting dark-er. Thinking he needed to use the phone, I glanced over and said, "It'll be off in just a minute," then turned back to the phone. I was annoyed that, with him so close to me, I wouldn't be able to test the program yet. If I probably want to leave so he could use the phone, and then come back later. I could do that, but what a pain so the machine I'd finally found the perfect phone after hours of searching.

"I know what you're up to, though, Adam," he continued as though he knew. I heard me. "You're trying to find a phone that will accept and then return. I don't see why you're messing with such an outdated concept though."

I was shaken by how much this man knew. "What're you?" A phone company employee? FBI maybe? I managed to calmly hang up the phone and turn around. The man wore a long coat with a scarf and his hair stood up in the wind. His dark beard made it difficult to determine his age, but he didn't look much older than me.

"Who are you?" I asked, surprised with my ability to sound annoyed and completely concerned by his presence.

"I'm surprised you don't remember me, after all the things we've been through together. Looking half-dead and breaking-up a phone began to make those calls and even causing them the police a couple of times." He chuckled. "On that time you saw me thrown into the back of a garbage truck and get crushed alive."

I suddenly felt light-headed and put my hand on the pay phone to balance myself. "Deng?" I couldn't believe that he was here. For a split second, I thought that I was having a conversation with a ghost. Deng couldn't be alive. I'd spoken to friends over the past twenty years who'd told me that Deng disappeared at the same time I did. They'd all just seemed to drift off together. Deng's parents had even contacted my parents, asking if they'd heard from him. I was the only person who knew what really happened to Deng. And now here he was, standing in front of me.

"You look surprised," he laughed.

"I just thought

"Thought that I was dead?" I didn't think you'd care. It wasn't like you made much of an effort to

more and

"Thing, I . . . I didn't know how to explain anything to her. This was a conversation that I thought I'd be having today. Or any day. For that matter. . . I thought you'd been crushed after you fell into the truck. I ran after the garbage man, but he didn't see me."

"Lucky for me, that load of trash wasn't compacted. I climbed to the top and jumped off at the next stop. He saw me on the truck and pulled at me, so I ran. I had to take a couple of days' leave, but he left and when I got back to the phone-company building, you were gone. It was awful that you'd gone to the police so they could evict me from the garbage truck, so I ran to the police station to see if you are was there. Then I made an anonymous call to them, asking if you'd been in there. Finally I gave up on finding you, so I walked to the bus station and took a first-bus line that morning."

"But people told me you weren't on school that day," I said.

"Yeah, Alex, I was told. I went to my room and slept all day. Then I found out that you weren't in school. I had no idea what happened to you. I tried over to your house and brought myself confusion: your parents were home from work and found all of your stuff gone, then found the note you left for your parents. I was a little pissed all that you just left me to do in a garbage truck."

"Thing, I'm sorry. I didn't think there was any chance you could be alive. I didn't know what to do."

"Well, I know where you were," he continued. "Chabonite. It's all you and that girlfriend of yours talked about that year. I went back home and packed up my things, thinking it'd be great to track you out by just showing up there. I took a Greyhound bus from St. Louis and made it all the way to Oklahoma City before dunking I didn't want to see you. Why would I want to hang out with a so-called friend who would just leave me dead in a garbage truck? What a slap to me, just to see himself not even caring if I got a proper burial or not."

I searched Greyhound's and went west, earned. I ended up in Los Angeles the last year, then moved to Indianapolis for a job with the phone company. I fitted my resume and job references and took a job as an outside technician with Pacific Bell. I worked there for over a year and then transferred to Phoenix, doing the same thing. I even repaired pay phones for a while, something you and I had dreamed of doing when my mom was gone.

My original intent was to get a job, just to learn the system so that I could back with a more effectively. Maybe steal quarters from pay phones on the side and I'd have the coolest collection of Internet's headsets and hard hats ever. But then I began to dream over the idea of working my way into a job with telephone company so that I could track you down and have you arrested. I started keeping an eye on Cal's phone records, which told me where you were and which pay phones you

being out of . . . I suspect my surprise when I found out that you'd just moved to Los Angeles with some girl you met in Gibraltar.

"I liked a woman under a new name and moved back to Los Angeles. The identity I picked belonged to a glass company security guy in Connecticut. I was able to use his references and reputation with Bell Atlantic to quickly find a job with Pacific Bell, a corporate security. I got the job but you moved back to Texas a few weeks later, so I followed you there and got a job with Southwestern Bell using the same guy's identity. For eighteen years now. Also, it's not hard, following you around that identity and collecting evidence against you. Listening to your phone calls at your home, watching you at your phone, digging through your trash, following you everywhere you go. Waiting for the perfect time to take you down."

"Doug, that's kind of . . . weird of you. I was thoroughly baffled at what I was hearing. Seriously eighteen years? I hardly even do anything anymore. The status of harassment has to have expired on all of the stuff from the 90's by now. I mean . . ."

"Let me finish," he interrupted. "I was really close when you moved back to Illinois for a few years. I took a job with SBC and began monitoring your phone calls. I learned as you stalked that radio till in Ohio and then as you made harassing calls to Curtis for over a year. Finally the day came when I was taken in all my paperwork on you. Which just happened to be the same day the feds came in and arrested me for identity theft and tax evasion."

"That had to suck," I said.

"By the time I got out of prison, you had moved back here to Albany. So I dropped out on my probation and took a new job with Qwest, under the name of a security guy from Bell South. I had been eleven years when I'd worked at Qwest before, but luckily most my old coworkers were still in my department, so I didn't have to worry about being recognized."

"Doug, this is crazy. You wasted two decades of your life on this. It would have been more productive to just go back to me the first a few times and then be done with it."

"I hardly even saw her this evening at me. When I needed, I was lying on the back of a couch and I raised my head and was doing nothing in a small desk, typing on a computer terminal. "Fuu!" he asked me, looking over and offering up a bottle of aspirin.

"Not if it goes," I replied, sitting up. I switched to the computer screen. "What are you doing there?"

"Remember when I was in the hospital and I told you I had something you would like?"

"Not really."

"Well, this is it," he said, holding up a Panasonic answering machine that looked like it was

manufactured in the 1980's. Running from where the first wireless type devices were supposed to be were several dozen wires that seemed to be attached to a computer keyboard.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is a special technology that can break the encryption scheme of any phone computer computer!" he claimed.

"What are those pins moving up and down by your keyboard?"

"Oh, those. Those are converting the text on the screen to braille for blind people to read. The thing only seems to work on computer hardware made for blind people. Cool, it's great to see you, Skip!"

I looked at the computer screen and saw that he was connected to AT&T's billing system. The account information was mine. Dang boy no, your space is monopolized by me.

In 2006, you signed up for an account with AT&T wireless, putting your old telephone number from Verizon Wireless. You began with a RIMMberry Ridge phone and then transferred to an iPhone two years later. Just recently you've upgraded again, to an Android phone with the 4G-network service plan for \$29.99 with unlimited texting for 100-actor.

"Dang, what are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, Skip." Dang moored. "I think having anytime cellular minutes and 5 000 nights and weekend minutes is a lot minutes, don't you think?" Maybe I should switch your account over to a prepaid calling plan?" and took that two-finger flow over the keyboard, making the changes to my account.

"Dang, please, don't!" I pleaded.

Oh, it's too late now, Skip. What I done is done. When you get your bill next month, you'll be paying for the minutes for your wife and your kids individually."

Dang, I don't want to have to call up AT&T and make a heck. These billholders are brutal. I thought you were going to have me returned for thinking about making a 50 cent red hot call from that pay phone."

"I will," Dang said, "until you give me the idea of punishing you in the flesh instead. Now with this account modification, I think my job just went even. Get out!" He pointed towards the sliding door of the van.

Dang, I'm

"Out!" he screamed, jumping up and sliding open the door for me.

I moved to the door and Dang pushed me out, making me fall to the ground as he yanked it me, "You always had to wait. Always had to get the gas? Always had to be faster than me? Well, I don't

was just winning this time. *Alas!*

With that, he slid the van's door shut and drove off, leaving me lying in the road in a plume of white exhaust smoke. I watched as he was stalled several blocks away at the traffic light. He started it up again and continued down the road. I stood up and limped slowly across the street back to the post office, to get out my Android and text.



Imagine that this were really the end of the *Florida Lore of America* book. What if a package came the another hundred chapters or so – and the stories were accompanied by pictures, videos, news clippings, songs and sound-bites. Not only that, but each story ended with comments posted by readers who either loved or hated the stories – and there were even forums where you could go to ask questions about them. Well – welcome to the amazing, interactive world of Web 2.0!

The stories in this book are just a tiny portion of what the FLA is. On the phantomcat.org website you'll find enough content there to keep you busy for months. Hundreds of great audio, pictures, videos, interviews, discussions and pages of reading are waiting for you there. You might even find an site or podcast dedicated to your favorite site you. Maybe you'll be one of the people dumb-enough to fall for our April Fools Day pranks. Send your work and all those you want it for in the a few days then visit www.phantomcat.org.

I've also set up a comparison page for this book – which will give you some history behind each of the chapters here – sometimes linking you to related websites and audio or video content. If you've enjoyed the stories here, you might enjoy them even more when you read them while listening to accompanying multimedia. The comparison site is located here:

www.phantomcat.org/books/compare.htm

You can contact me, the author, by emailing rlap@phantomcat.org or by visiting my homepage at www.rlaia.com. Thanks for reading my book.

Custom notes:

Read

Acknowledgements



Please review items the way you want - I want the way you want - Agree!

Lots of thanks goes to lots of people for making the Phone Lovers of America possible. I'm almost afraid to list names because it is 100% certain that I'm going to forget loads of people and they'll hate me forever, but I'm going to make an attempt at it anyway. Please don't be too sad if you're not mentioned here, because I'm old and senile and can't be expected to remember everything.

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